

NEW
SILVER SONG
FOR THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL.
BY W.A. OGDEN.

F-46112

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NEW SILVER SONG:



CONSISTING OF ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO PAGES OF

BEAUTIFUL SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY

W. A. OGDEN,

ASSISTED BY NUMEROUS ABLE CONTRIBUTORS.



TOLEDO, OHIO.

Published by W. W. WHITNEY, 111 Summit St.

DEC., 1872.

FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS AND MUSIC DEALERS GENERALLY

P R E F A C E.

THE great popularity, and steadily increasing demand for "Silver Song," have induced the author and publisher to add *eighteen pages of the choicest of Sunday-school Songs*, enlarging the book to one hundred and ninety-two pages, and also to provide new plates throughout, from clear diamond type, and new and handsome title pages. In fact, every attraction that experience could suggest has been added to improve the work; and we now offer to the Christian Public "*New Silver Song*," earnestly hoping that this gift to the children may be as a "Lamp and a guide to their feet," leading them with the many others who—as the superintendents of various schools tell us—"have expressed their love for Jesus and joined the church, their conversion of which is attributed to the influence of the beautiful songs sung in the Sunday-school."

The words are a choice feature in a Sunday-school work, and the author has used only such as breathe a spirit of true devotion. These have been wedded to fresh and beautiful melodies, harmonized in a plain but careful manner.

The book is not the result of a half year's study, but of a *life-time devoted to the best interests of the Sunday-school*, and the author has labored to give it the impress of a soul overflowing with love for the cause to which it is devoted.

With each song, we pray the accompanying influence of the Holy Spirit, to lead the children into the clear light of gospel truth, and finally home to the city of the "*New Jerusalem*," whose light is Jesus; where they shall "Behold the Lamb," and hear the "Loved Ones gone Before," "Singing round the Throne" in that "Glorious Kingdom."

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DECEMBER, 1872.

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THE SILVER SONG.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. (Chant.)

W. A. OGDEN.

TENOR.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed

be thy name;

ALTO.

Give us this day our

dai - ly bread,

SOPRANO.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver

us from evil;

BASS.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on

earth, as it is in heaven;

And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive

those who trespass a- gainst us;

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the

glory, for - ever and ever, A - men.

NOTE.—This is to be chanted every Sabbath morning, at opening of school.

WE ARE COMING.

Music by W. A. OGDEN

Spirited.

1. We are coming, we are coming, Blessed Je - sus, at thy call; In the dew-y time of morning, Ere the

dark - 'ning shadows fall. We are coming, blessed sav-ior, With our willing hearts and true, Out of

CHORUS.

ex - 'ry tribe and na - tion, Out of ev - 'ry clime and hue, We are com - ing, we are
We are com - ing, we are com - ing, Blessed

WE ARE COMING. Concluded.

5

com - ing, Bless-ed Je - sus, at thy call; In the
Je - sus at thy call; We are com-ing, we are com-ing, Bless-ed Je - sus, at thy call; We are

dew - y time of morn - ing, Ere the dark - 'ning shadows fall.
com-ing, we are com-ing, In the dew y time of morning, We are com-ing, we are com-ing, Ere the dark'ning shadows fall.

2. We are singing, we are singing,
Songs of gladness as we pass;
For thy love, in us distilling
Like the showers upon the grass:
For the home in heaven preparing
To receive our weary feet;
For thy smiles, our pathway cheering,
Songs of praises we repeat. *Choro.*

3. We are coming, we are coming,
Speeding onward to thy throne,
Where in majesty thou'rt waiting,—
Waiting to receive thine own.
Out of every tribe and nation,
We are gathering at thy call,
For thy glorious coronation,
Jesus, Savior, Lord of all. *Choro.*

THE BETTER WAY.

W. A. OGDEN.

Andante.

1. There's a bet - ter way of go - ing, There's a light-er load to bear, Than the heav-y, grievous bur - den
 2. There's a voice for - ev - er sounding, In the wear-y pil - grim's ear; Voice of ten - der-est com-pas-sion,
 3. "Cast on me your heav - y bur - den, Cast on me your loads of care; I in-vite you, I en - treat you—

CHORUS.

That so man - y of us wear, Cast your care on Je - - - sus, Cast your care on
 Framing sweetest words of cheer.
 All your burdens I will bear." Cast your care on Je - sus, Cast your care on Je - sus, Cast your care on Jesus,

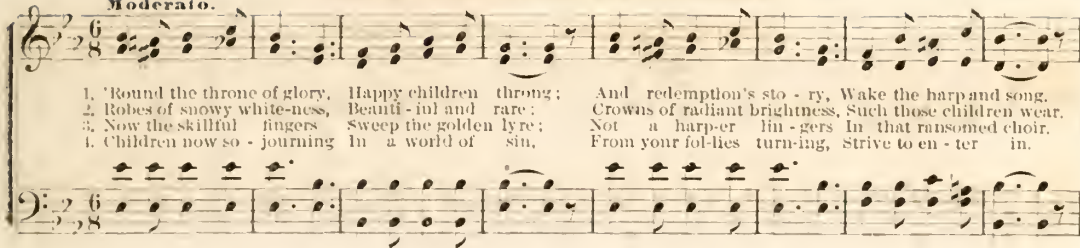
Je - - - sus, Cast your care on Je - - - sus, He will your bur - den bear.
 Cast your care on Je - sus, Cast your care on Je - sus, Cast your care on Him, He will your bur - den bear.

'ROUND THE THRONE OF GLORY.

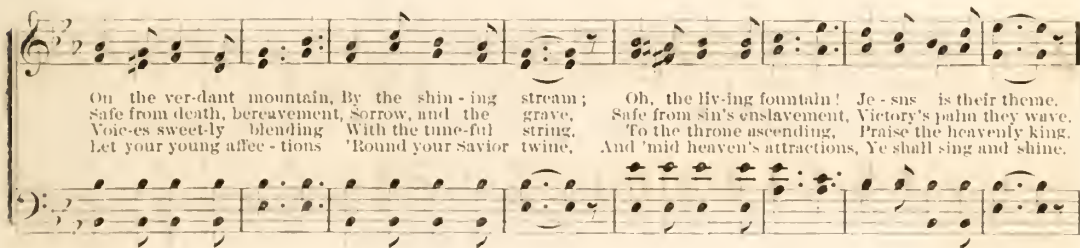
Music by
W. A. OGDEN.

7

Moderato.



1. 'Round the throne of glory, Happy children throng; And redemption's sto - ry, Wake the harp and song.
 2. Robes of snowy white-ness, Beauti - ful and rare; Crowns of radiant brightness, Such those children wear.
 3. Now the skillful fingers Sweep the golden lyre; Not a harp-er lin - gers In that ransomed choir.
 4. Children now so - journey In a world of sin, From your fol-lies turn-ing, Strive to en - ter in.



On the ver-dant mountain, By the shin-ing stream; Oh, the liv-ing fountain! Je - sns is their theme.
 Safe from death, bereavement, Sorrow, and the grave, Safe from sin's enslavement, Victory's palm they wave.
 Voic-es sweet-ly blending With the time-ful string, To the throne ascending, Praise the heavenly king.
 Let your young af-fec-tions 'Round your Savior twine, And 'mid heaven's attractions, Ye shall sing and shine.

CHORUS.



children, hap-py children! By the crys-tal stream; Sing-ing with the an - gels; Je - sus is their theme.

CHILDREN'S RALLYING SONG.

Words and Music from "Little Sower," by permission.

1. Chil - dren, ral - ly! ral - ly! ral - ly! For the ar - mies of the Lord; Ral - ly

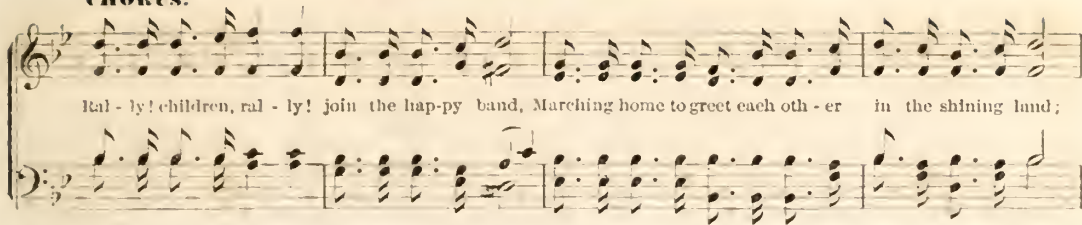
round the roy - al en - sign, 'Tis the ban - ner of your God; Come and be the Sav - ior's chosen, Come and

join the hap - py band, Who are marching home to greet each Oth - er in the shin - ing land

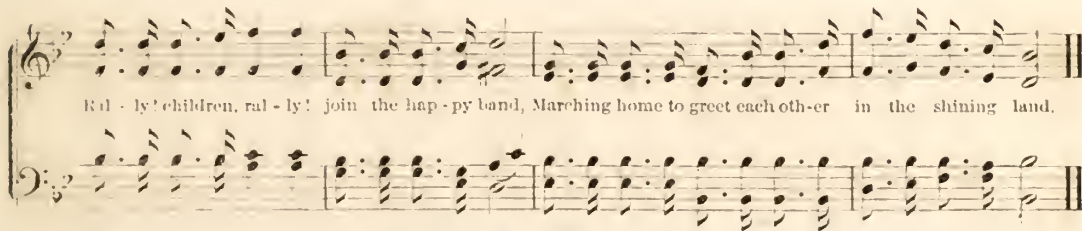
CHILDREN'S RALLYING SONG. Concluded.

9

CHORUS.



Ral - ly! children, ral - ly! join the hap-py band, Marching home to greet each oth - er in the shining land;



Ral - ly! children, ral - ly! join the hap-py band, Marching home to greet each oth-er in the shining land.

2 Children, rally! rally! rally!

For we want you all to come;
This is why the Savior told us,
In his kingdom there was room;
For he wants you all to meet him,
He will guide you with his hand,
And will bring you safely through the
Dangers, to the shining land.
Rally! children, rally, etc.

3 Children, rally! rally! rally!

To the standard of the Lord;
For the world is full of evil things,
To tempt you from the road;
Come and own your Lord and Savior,

Come and choose him for your King;
Come and seek the way to glory,
Where the holy angels sing.
Rally, children, rally, etc.

4 Children, rally! rally! rally!

Oh, we want you all to come!
Tell the poor, and sad, and lonely,
That there still is room, is room,
For the shining bands are waiting
To enroll your name with theirs,
And the faithful ones that love you,
Offer up unceasing prayers.
Rally! children, rally, etc.

GLORIOUS KINGDOM.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. There is a glo - rious king - dom, A king - dom bright and fair; And man - y lit - tle
 2. O in that glo - rious king - dom, Is built a throne of gold, Its or - na - ments are
 3. O in that glo - rious king - dom, And on that throne of gold, There reigns the bless - ed
 4. The chil - dren of that king - dom, A - round that glo - rious throne, Have palms and crowns of
 5. Come, all who love that king - dom, That king - dom bright and fair; Come, give your hearts to

CHORUS. *ff*

chil - dren Are with the good King there. Yes, chil - dren, chil - dren are
 Jew - els, And rich - es all un - told. And chil - dren, chil - dren are
 Je - sus, Those chil - dren are his own. They're sing - ing, sing - ing there,
 glo - ry, And harps of sweet - est tone. All praise him, praise him, there,
 Je - sus, And dwell for - ev - er there. We'll praise him, praise him, there.

2d time *pp*

in that glo - rious king - dom! That king - dom, king - dom, for - ev - er bright and fair.

Words by ALBERTINE.

THE UNSEEN LAND.

Music by J. C. MURRAY. 11

Andante.

1. There is a land the eye hath not seen, And mortal hath nev - er trod, Where beautiful beings who
2. The saints ur - rayed in robes of white, Are singing the glad new song; And rivers of love and
3. Our sails are set for that heavenly land, The boatman will row us o'er; And soon will our bark touch the

CHORUS. *ff*

nev'er knew sin, Are chant-ing the praise of God. Oh, that land, that beau - ti - ful land! Where
glad de - light In - vite the an - gel - ic throng. Oh, that land, etc.
gold - en strand, On the oth - er and bet - ter shore. Oh, that land, etc.

dwel - eth in light the an - gel band; There is no night, but end-less day, For sor-row is wiped a - way

WHO'LL BE FOR JESUS?

Arranged and partly
composed by W. A. O.

1. Onward, press onward, the great command, Who'll be the first to join our band? Who from the snares of the
 2. Onward, still onward our way pur - sue, Work - ing with zeal and cour - age too; Bearing with patience the
 3. Onward, press onward, the prize is sure, If we un - to the end en - dure: Je - sus has promised a

CHORUS.

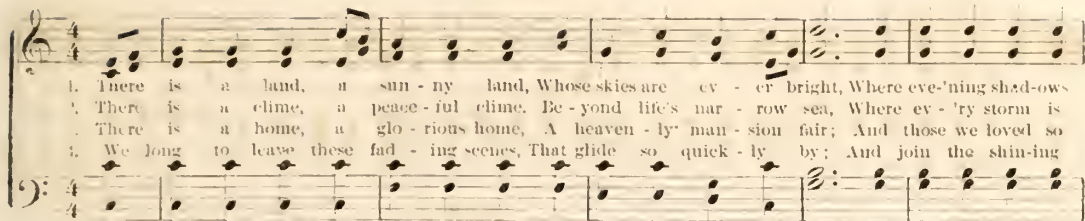
world will fly, And prove the joys that will nev - er die? Who'll be for Je - sus? Who'll be for Je - sus?
 ills we meet, 'Tis grief that makes our joys more sweet.
 crown of life, If we con - quer in the strife.

Who will the Savior's banner bear? Who'll be for Je - sus? Who'll be for Je - sus? Who will the Sav - ior's banner bear?

THE BRIGHT FOREVERMORE.

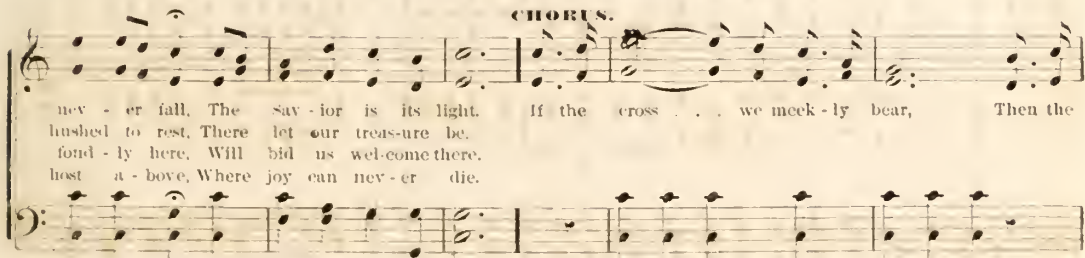
W. A. OGDEN.

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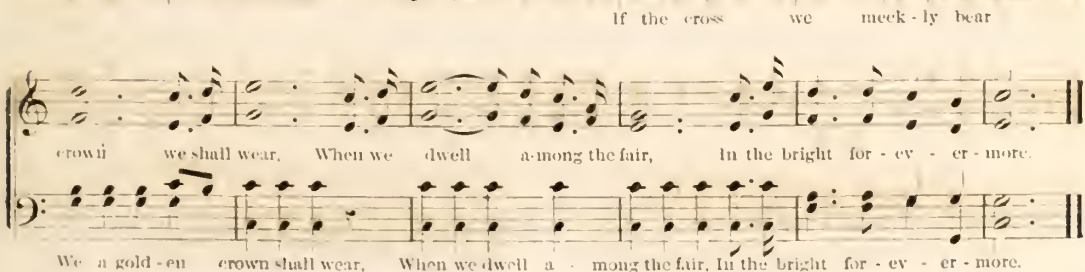
1. There is a land, a sun - ny land, Whose skies are ev - er bright, Where eve-'ning shad-ows
 2. There is a clime, a peace - ful clime, Be - yond life's nar - row sea, Where ev - 'ry storm is
 3. There is a home, a glo - rious home, A heaven - ly man - sion fair; And those we loved so
 4. We long to leave these fad - ing scenes, That glide so quick - ly by; And join the shin - ing

CHORUS.



nev - er fall, The sav - ior is its light. If the cross . . . we meek - ly bear, Then the
 hushed to rest, There let our treas - ure be,
 fond - ly here, Will bid us wel - come there,
 host a - bove, Where joy can nev - er die.

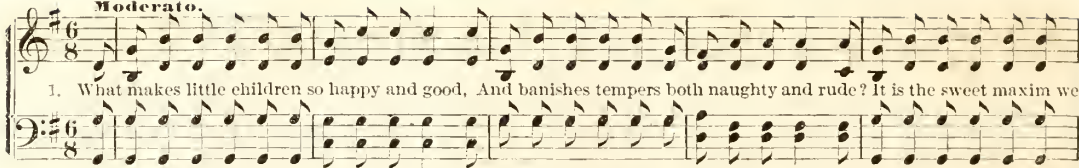
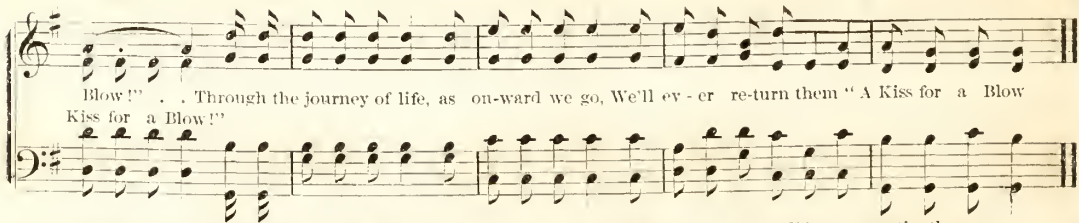
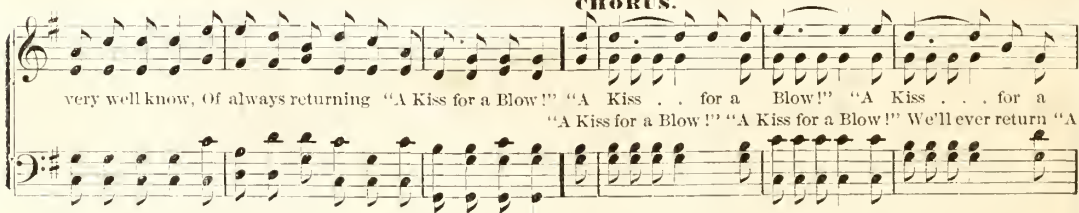
If the cross we meek - ly bear



crown we shall wear, When we dwell a - mong the fair, In the bright for - ev - er - more.
 We a gold - en crown shall wear, When we dwell a - mong the fair, In the bright for - ev - er - more.

"A KISS FOR A BLOW."

W. A. O.

Moderato.**CHORUS.**

2. In each stage of life, e'en from infancy's years,
To manhood's last step in this valley of tears,
There's naught which can yield us such pleasure below,
As always returning "A Kiss for a Blow!" Cho.

Through this journey of life, as we patiently go,
We ever will render "A Kiss for a Blow!" Cho.

3. Though men should condemn us, and call us but fools,
Yet still we must love them, and pray for their souls;

4. Should any assail us in deed or in word,
Oh, then let us act like our meek, patient Lord;
Who, e'en in the depths of the bitterest woe,
Returned in his anguish "A Kiss for a Blow!" Cho.

DO N'T YOU HEAR THE ANGELS SING?

A. N. JOHNSON 15

SOLO.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

1. Don't you hear the an - gels sing, By the shin-ing riv - er? Lil - les white, and ros - es bring
 2. Don't you hear the wa - ters flow, In the shin-ing riv - er? E'er a - bund - ant, crys-tal, clear,
 3. Don't you hear the heav-en-ly song, By the shin-ing riv - er? Song, and harp, and gold - en string

CHORUS.

These are ours for - ev - er. These are in the bet - ter land, Where with rap - ture
 These are ours for - ev - er. Soft - ly past the ver - dant shore Glides the bil - lows
 These are ours for - ev - er. Oh, the fra - grant hap - py land, Where with rap - ture

we shall stand, Crowned with flowers, im - mor - tal, rare! These are ours for - ev - er.
 ev - er more, Shore and crys - tal wave we view! These are ours for - ev - er.
 we shall stand, Flowers, and stream, and crown, and harp! These are ours for - ev - er.

SOMETIME I'LL SHINE.

Words and Music by W. T. GIFFE.

Moderato.**1st time.****2d time.**

1. { I am looking to-night at the stars so bright, And I fancy I'd like to be there;
They are lighting the sky in their orbits so high, (Omit.) And they're sending their light down here

Those beautiful orbs that are shining so high, Are lighting the world as it's passing by, And they're sending their light so bright and true

CHORUS.
That methinks sometime I may shine there too. Some-time I'll shine, Some-time I'll

Sometime I'll shine, Sometime I'll shine, Sometime I'll shine, Some-

SOMETIME I'LL SHINE. Concluded.

17

shine, Some - time I'll shine, Some - time I may shine there too,
time I'll shine, Some - time I'll shine, Sometime I'll shine, Some - time I may shine there too.

2 The earth robed in green hath their beauty seen,
And responds to the call of seers;
While old Time in his flight, is telling to-night,
The story of old, old years,

How the glory of God was revealed on earth
By the stars that were shining at Jesus' birth;
And those orbits of light in heaven's own blue,
Are saying to me I may shine there too. Cio.

PRAYER. 7s.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Blessed Jesus, meek and mild, Stoop to hear a little child; At thy feet I come to pray; Savior, cast me not a-way.

2 Take away my load of sin,
Make me clean and pure within;
Teach me all I need to know,
Be my shepherd here below.

Help me every sin to leave,
Lest thy loving heart I grieve.

3 In my childhood may I be
Gentle meek and pure like thee;

4 Tender Jesus, thou didst call
To thine arms the children small;
Lo! I come, and humbly pray,
Savior, cast me not away.

HILLS OF HEAVEN.

From "Song Garland."
J. WM. SUFFERN.

Earnestly.

1. There are hills be - yond the val - ley, Where the riv - er glid - eth by, Where the E - gen flowers are

The first system of the musical score is written in 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

blooming Un - der - neth a cloud - less sky; There the state - ly palms are sway - ing, In the soft and balm - y

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It maintains the same 3/4 time signature and key signature. The lyrics continue below the staves.

CHORUS.
breeze, Birds of Par - a - dise are sing - ing, From the ev - er - ver - dant trees. On the hills, a - cross the

The third system of the musical score begins with the word "CHORUS." in bold capital letters. The melody and accompaniment continue. The lyrics conclude with "On the hills, a - cross the".

HILLS OF HEAVEN. Concluded.

19

Alc.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

riv - er, There the wear - y hearts find rest, In a Sav - ior's love for-ev - er, On his kind and faithful breast.

2. On those hills beyond the river,
Is our Heavenly Father's throne;
And the brightness of that city,
Mortal eye hath never known.
Oh, its gates are shining brightly
In the never-fading day.
For the sunshine is eternal,
And can never pass away.

3. Angels walk the golden pathway,
In their flowing robes of white,
And their crowns are gleaming brighter
Than the stars we see at night,
Oh, the songs that they are singing,
As they bow before the King,
While they strike their silver harp-strings,
Till the sweet, glad echoes ring.

4. While we walk along the valley,
We may sometimes gain a view
Of the hills beyond the river,
Underneath the arching blue;
if our footsteps never falter
In the path that should be trod,
We may one day claim a dwelling
In the city of our God.

CLARK'S GROVE. C. M.

W. A. O.

Slow.

Two systems of musical staves. Each system has a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest.
2. I came to Je - sus as I was, wear - y and worn, and sad.

Lay down your wear - y head, lay down your Sav - ior's breast."
I found in him a rest - ing place, And he has made me glad.

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

Moderato.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! I lan - guished for one gleam Of all the glo - ry
 2. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! Where sun sets in the west, It seems the gate of
 3. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! There all our birds that flew, Our flowers but half un-

fold - en In dis - tance and in dream. My thoughts, like palms in ex - ile, Climb up to look and
 glo - ry, The cit - y of the blest. And mid - night's star - ry torch - es, Thro' in - ter - me - diate
 fold - en, Our pearls that turned to dew; And all the glad life mu - sic, Now heard no long - er

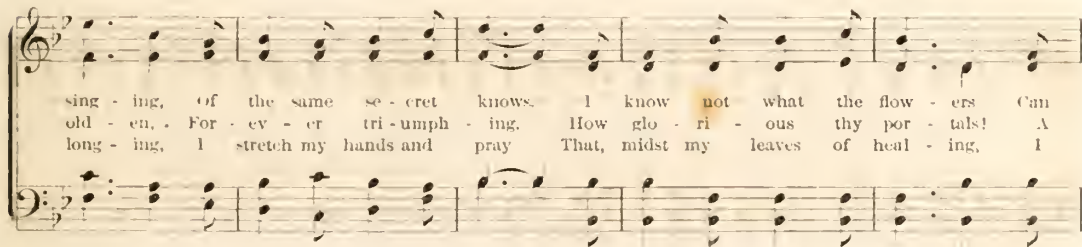
pray For sight of that dear coun - try. That now is far a - way.
 gloom, Are way - ing with their wel - come To thy e - ter - nal home.
 here, Shall come a - gain to greet us, As we are draw - ing near.

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN. Concluded.

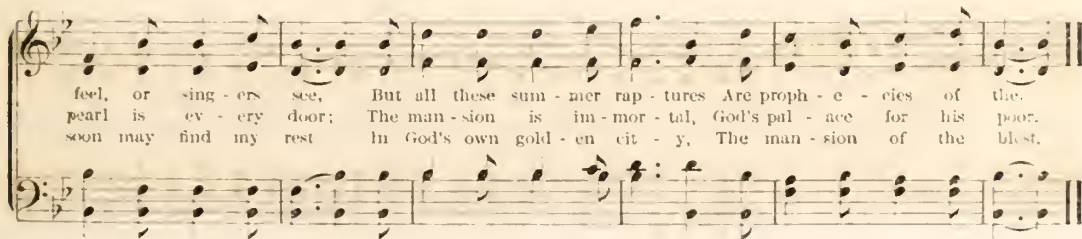
21



Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, Me-thinks each flower that blows, And ev - ery bird a
 Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, Where loft - i - ly they sing, O'er pain and sor - row
 Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, I toil on day by day; Heart-sore each night with



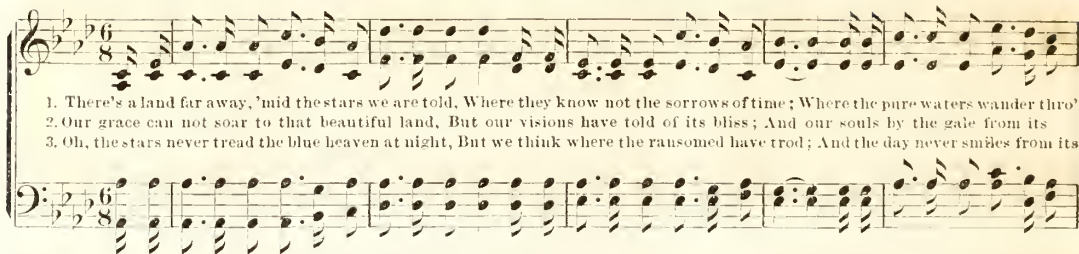
sing - ing, of the same se - cret knows. I know not what the flow - ers Can
 old - en, For - ev - er tri - umph - ing. How glo - ri - ous thy por - tals! A
 long - ing, I stretch my hands and pray That, midst my leaves of heal - ing, I



feel, or sing - ers see, But all these sum - mer rap - tures Are proph - e - cies of the
 pearl is ev - ery door; The man - sion is im - mor - tal, God's pul - ace for his poor.
 soon may find my rest In God's own gold - en cit - y, The man - sion of the blest.

EVERGREEN MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

J. WM. SUFFERN.

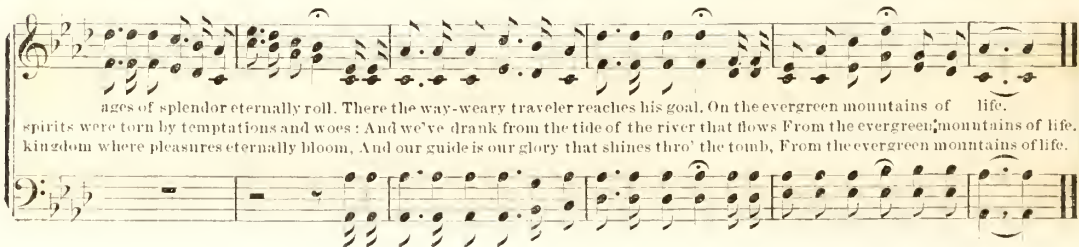


1. There's a land far away, 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not the sorrows of time; Where the pure waters wander thro'
2. Our grace can not soar to that beautiful land, But our visions have told of its bliss; And our souls by the gale from its
3. Oh, the stars never tread the blue heaven at night, But we think where the ransomed have trod; And the day never smiles from its

DUET.



val - leys of gold, And life is a pleasure sub - lime. 'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul, Where the
gar - den are fanned, When we faint in the desert of this. And we sometimes have longed for that holy repose, When our
pal - ace of light, But we feel the bright smile of our God. We are traveling homeward through changes and gloom, To a

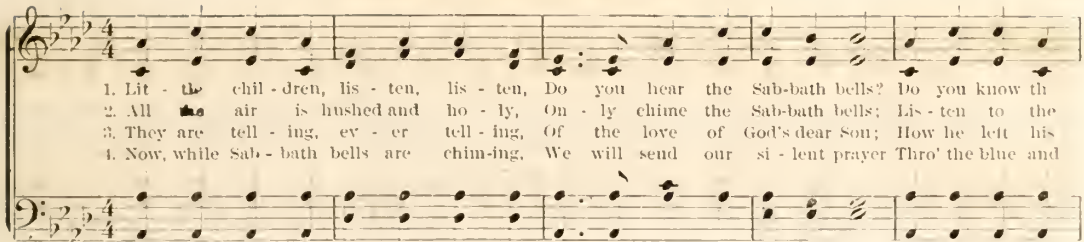


ages of splendor eternally roll. There the way-weary traveler reaches his goal. On the evergreen mountains of life.
spirits were torn by temptations and woes: And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows From the evergreen mountains of life.
kingdom where pleasures eternally bloom, And our guide is our glory that shines thro' the tomb, From the evergreen mountains of life.

SABBATH BELLS.

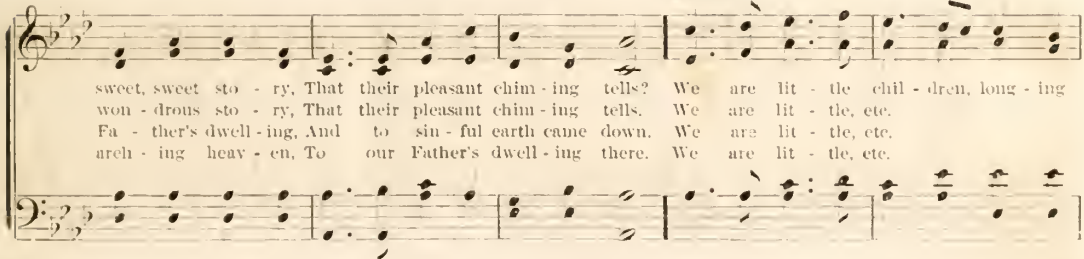
Contributed by C. T. DONDORE.

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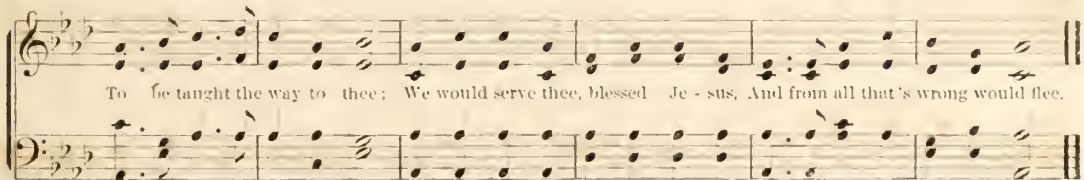


1. Lit - tle chil - dren, lis - ten, lis - ten, Do you hear the Sab-bath bells? Do you know th
 2. All air is hushed and ho - ly, On - ly chime the Sab-bath bells; Lis - ten to the
 3. They are tell - ing, ev - er tell - ing, Of the love of God's dear Son; How he left his
 4. Now, while Sab - bath bells are chim-ing, We will send our si - lent prayer Thro' the blue and

CHORUS.



sweet, sweet sto - ry, That their pleasant chim-ing tells? We are lit - tle chil - dren, long - ing
 won - drous sto - ry, That their pleasant chim-ing tells. We are lit - tle, etc.
 Fa - ther's dwell-ing, And to sin - ful earth came down. We are lit - tle, etc.
 arch - ing heav - en, To our Father's dwell-ing there. We are lit - tle, etc.



To be taught the way to thee; We would serve thee, blessed Je - sus, And from all that's wrong would flee.

BRIGHT MORNING HOUR.

GEO. B. LOOMIS.

1. To Him who dwells a - bove, Be - yond each shin - ing star, Where an - gels sing his
 2. He knows our si - lent thoughts, And all we wish or do; Though dark-ness round us
 3. What - e'er we do each day, God's an - gel writes it down; To those who watch and

love To worlds on worlds a - far. In this bright morn - ing hour, We
 fall, His eye can pierce it through, Oh, keep our lips this day, From
 pray, He gives a star - ry crown. If I like Je - sus grow, And

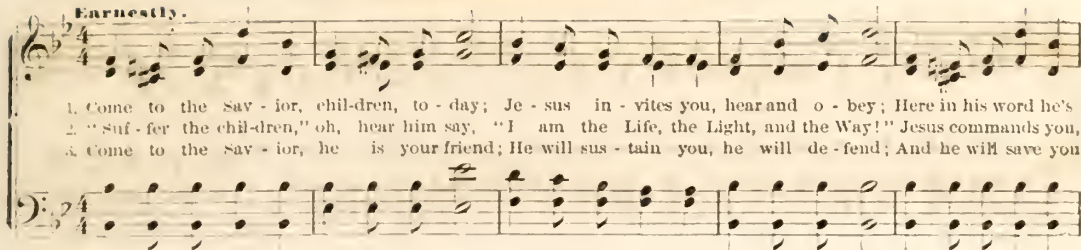
lift our hearts in song, And praise the won - drous power, To whom all worlds be - long.
 words un - true, un - kind; And help us day by day Thy truth to keep in mind.
 his sweet will o - bey, In that bright world, I know, I shall be blest al - way.

COME TO THE SAVIOR TO-DAY.

Words and Music by
W. A. OGDEN.

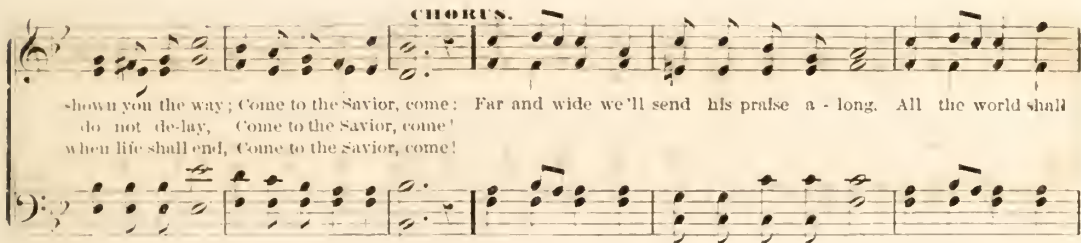
25

Earnestly.

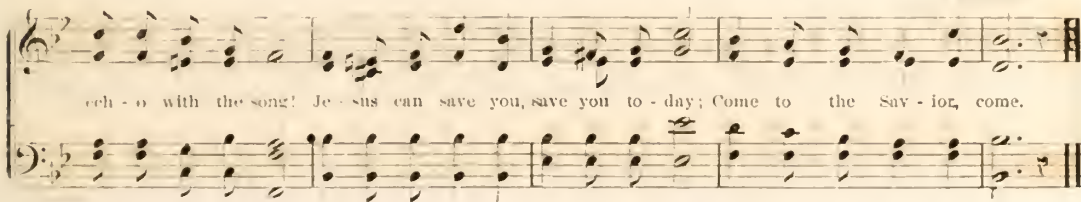


1. Come to the Sav - ior, chil-dren, to - day; Je - sus in - vites you, hear and o - bey; Here in his word he's
2. "Suf - fer the chil-dren," oh, hear him say, "I am the Life, the Light, and the Way!" Jesus commands you,
3. Come to the Sav - ior, he is your friend; He will sus - tain you, he will de - fend; And he will save you

CHORUS.



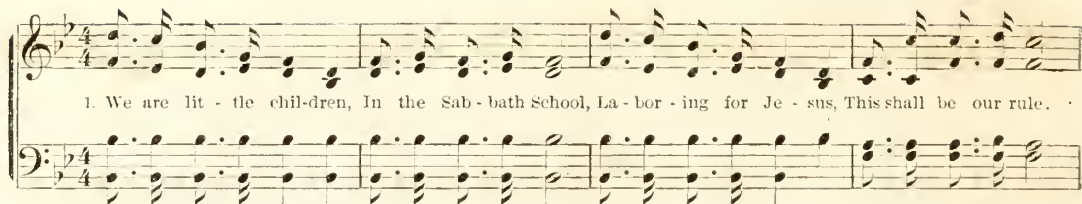
shown you the way; Come to the Savior, come: Far and wide we'll send his praise a - long. All the world shall
do not de-lay, Come to the Savior, come!
when life shall end, Come to the Savior, come!



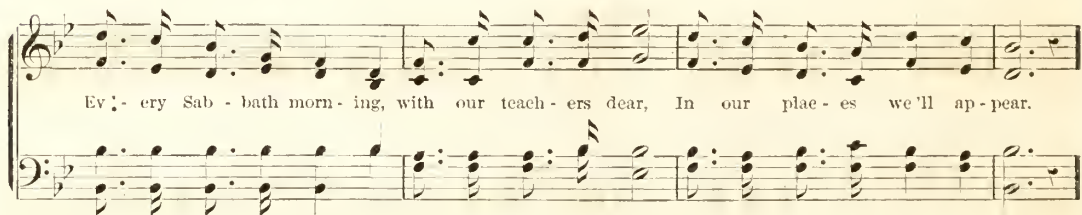
ech - o with the song! Je - sus can save you, save you to - day; Come to the Sav - ior, come.

LABORING FOR JESUS.

Words and Music by W. A. OGDEN.



1. We are lit - tle chil-dren, In the Sab - bath School, La - bor - ing for Je - sus, This shall be our rule.

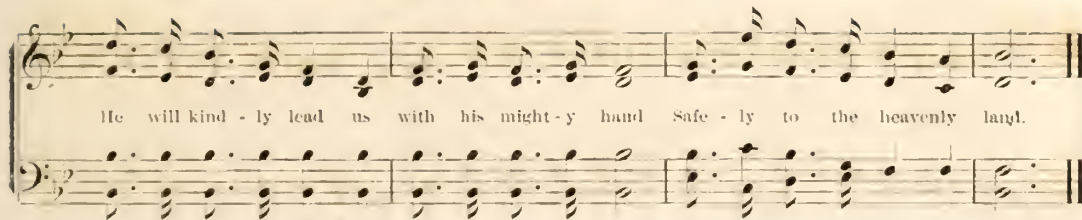


Ev - ery Sab - bath morn - ing, with our teach - ers dear, In our plac - es we'll ap - pear.



CHORUS. ff

La - bor - ing for Je - sus! Work - ing for the Lord! Toil - ing in his vine - yard, We his voice have heard.

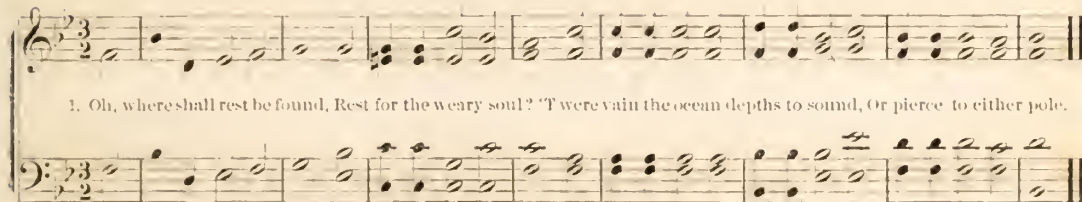


2 We are little soldiers, fighting for our King;
While we march to conquest, loud his praise shall ring,
While we wear his armor, we will boldly sing
Praises to his holy name. CHOR.

3 We are little travellers, journeying below,
To that happy land where all good children go;
Soon we'll reach our home where there's no pain or woe,
And where sorrows never come. CHOR.

REST. S. M.

W. A. O.



2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

SING, O YE MOUNTAINS.

W. A. O

Not too fast.

1. Music, sweet music, from an-gels a - bove, Ten-der - ly mur - mur-ing low; Par - don and peace from our
Send the glad tidings o'er land and o'er sea, Joy to the cap - tive pro - claim; Hope to the dy - ing, sal -

2. Wand'rer, return to the por-tals of light, Mourner, no long - er re - pine; Come to the fountain, so
Courage, ye fearful, by sor-row oppressed, Sol-diers, be val - iant and brave; Mar - i - ner, see, there's a

CHORUS. *ff*

Fa - ther a - bove, Waft - ed to mor - tals be - low. }
va - tion is free, Hope through Im - man - u - el's name. } Sing, O ye mountains, with gladness,
pure and so bright, Lave in its wa - ters di - vine. }
ha - ven of rest, Yon - der it smiles on the wave. } Sing, etc.

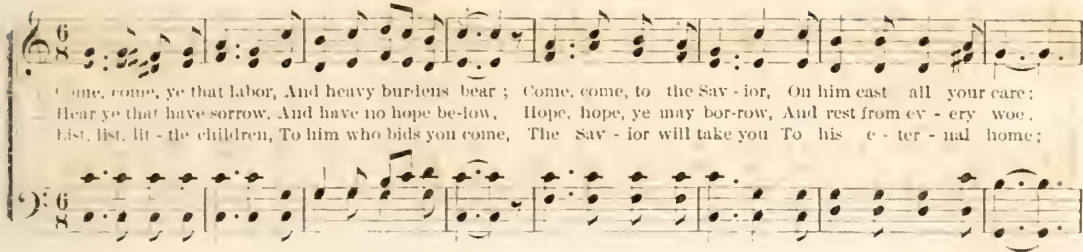
Joy to the captive pro - claim; Hope to the dying, sal - vation is free, Hope thro' Im-man - u - el's name.

COME, YE THAT LABOR.

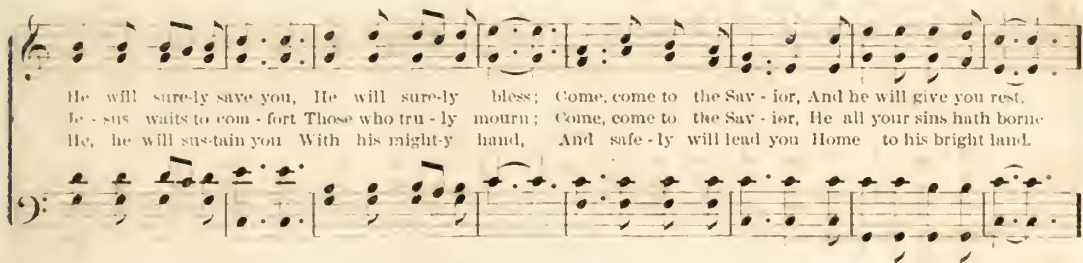
W. A. OGDEN.

29

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

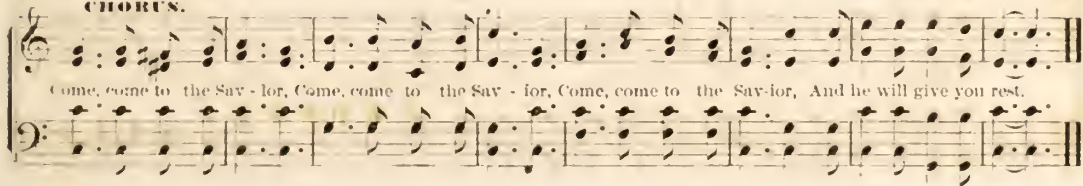


Come, come, ye that labor, And heavy burdens bear ; Come, come, to the Sav - ior, On him cast all your care ;
Hear ye that have sorrow, And have no hope be-low, Hope, hope, ye may bor-row, And rest from ev - ery woe.
List, list, lit - tle children, To him who bids you come, The Sav - ior will take you To his e - ter - nal home ;



He will sure-ly save you, He will sure-ly bless ; Come, come to the Sav - ior, And he will give you rest.
Je - sus waits to com - fort Those who tru - ly mourn ; Come, come to the Sav - ior, He all your sins hath borne.
He, he will sus-tain you With his might-y hand, And safe - ly will lead you Home to his bright land.

CHORUS.



Come, come to the Sav - ior, Come, come to the Sav - ior, Come, come to the Sav - ior, And he will give you rest.

THE EDEN ABOVE.

Words and Music written expressly for
Silver Song by W. W. WHITNEY.

Andante.


1. We shall meet in the E - den a - bove, In that beau - ti - ful land of the blest;
2. When we meet in the E - den a - bove, When we en - ter that bliss - ful a - bode,
3. The saints of all a - ges are there, The proph - ets and mar - tyrs of old;



All our tri - als and pains will be o'er, When we en - ter that man - sion of rest.
All the good who have passed on be - fore, We shall meet in the cit - y of God.
The children whose voic - es on earth are still, Now sing in that cit - y of gold.
D. S. We shall rest ev - er - more in his love, In that beau - ti - ful E - den a - bove.

CHORUS. Repeat Softly.**D. S. F.**

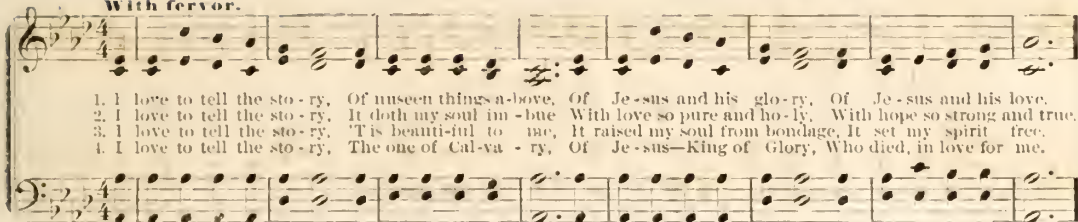

In the E - - - - - den a - bove, In the E - - - - - den a - bove,
In the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful E - den a - bove, In the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful E - den a - bove.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

31

Words and Music by W. A. OGDEN.

With fervor.

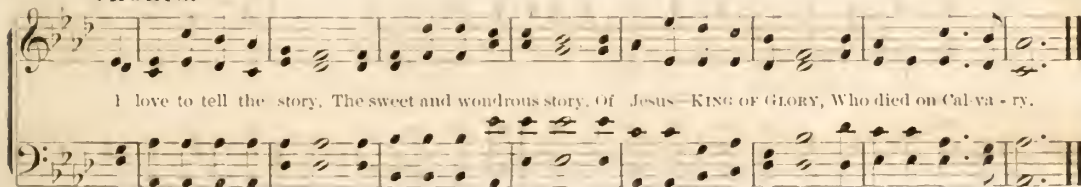


1. I love to tell the sto-ry, Of unseen things a-bove, Of Je-sus and his glo-ry, Of Je-sus and his love.
 2. I love to tell the sto-ry, It doth my soul im-bue With love so pure and ho-ly, With hope so strong and true.
 3. I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Tis beau-ti-ful to me, It raised my soul from bond-age, It set my spirit free.
 4. I love to tell the sto-ry, The one of Cal-va-ry, Of Je-sus—King of Glo-ry, Who died, in love for me.



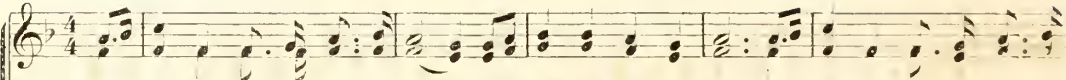
I love to tell the sto-ry, so mer-ci-ful to me, And when I rise to glo-ry, Its theme my song shall be.
 I love to tell the sto-ry, I know it all so well; It fills my soul with glo-ry, When I that story tell.
 I love to tell the sto-ry, That I so oft re-peat, And when each time I tell it, To me it sounds more sweet.
 And when we meet to sever No more—in hea-ven above, I'll sing the praise fore-er, Of Je-sus and his love.

CHORUS.




I love to tell the sto-ry, The sweet and wondrous sto-ry, Of Je-sus—KING OF GLORY, Who died on Cal-va-ry.

MARCHING ON TO CANAAN.




1. Fling out our ban - ner to the breeze, Its folds gleam one by one; We'll bear it on through northern
 2. Our Cap - tain is a tower of might, His name makes foes to flee; He bat - tles ca - ly for the
 3. Dark Sa - tan's host must sink in pain, And pass to shades of night, For Christ, our King, on earth must



seas, And 'neath the trop - ic sun. The flag we bear is bathed in blood, Our arms shine bright and
 right, And Christian lib - er - ty. Christ is his name, his ban - ner high Floats wide o'er all the
 reign, And sway the world a - right, Then onward press, thou might-y host, Led on by Ju - lah's,

CHORUS.



fair, We on - ward press through fire and flood, Our foes we do not fear. We'll march
 world, And far be - yond the stel - lar sky, It free - ly waves un - furled. We're marching on
 Lord, Pro - claim re - demp - tion to the lost, Sal - va - tion through the word.

MARCHING ON TO CANAAN. Concluded.

33

Ca - naan, We'll march to Ca - naan, We'll march to Ca - naan, Our Sav - ior leads the way.
 Ca - naan, We're marching on to Ca - naan, We're marching on to Ca - naan, Our Sav - ior leads the way.

ALIDA. C. M. Double.

D. B. THOMPSON.

How hap - py ev - ery child of grace, Who knows his sins for - given;
 This earth, he cries, is not my place, I [Omit] seek my place in
 D. C. The land of rest, the saint's de - light, The heaven prepared for

Fine. heaven. A coun - try far from mor - tal sight, Yet, oh, by faith I see;
D. C.
 me.

SPEAK FOR JESUS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Chil-dren, let us speak for Je - sus, Tell the world his power to save; He who gave his life our
 2. If the flame of zeal is burn-ing, If it glow from heart to heart, In the bless-ed cause of
 3. We must live and work for Je - sus; What-so - e'er we find to do In the vine-yard of our

CHORUS.

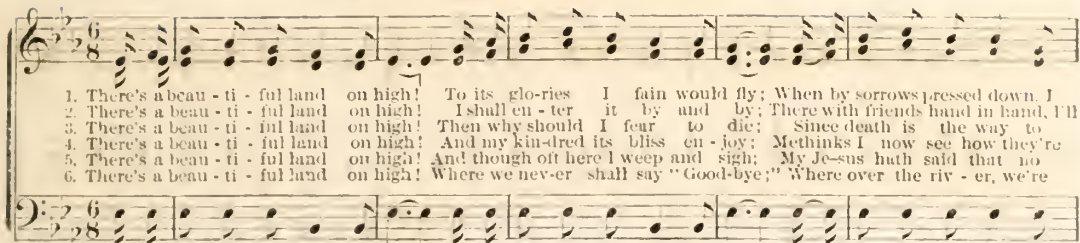
ran - som, Rose tri-umph - ant o'er the grave. Glo - ry, glo - ry, joys e - ter - nal Wait us
 Je - sus, We shall try to do our part.
 Mas - ter, Let us with our might pur - sue.

On that hap - py shore: There we'll sing his praise for - ev - er, When we meet to part no more.

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

W. A. OGDEN.

35

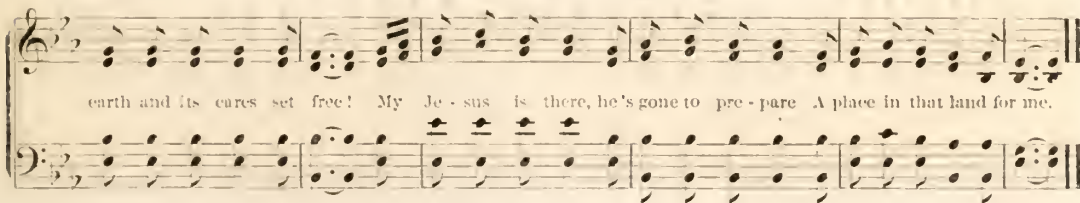


1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high! To its glo-ries I fain would fly; When by sorrows pressed down, I
 2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high! I shall en - ter it by and by; There with friends hand in hand, I'll
 3. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high! Then why should I fear to die; Since death is the way to
 4. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high! And my kin-dred its bliss en - joy; Methinks I now see how they're
 5. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high! And though off here I weep and sigh; My Je-sus hath said that no
 6. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high! Where we nev-er shall say "Good-bye;" Where over the riv - er, we're

CHORUS.



long for my crown, In that beau - ti - ful land on high. In that beau - ti - ful land I'll be From
 walk on the strand, In that beau - ti - ful land on high.
 the realms of day, In that beau - ti - ful land on high.
 wait - ing for me, In that beau - ti - ful land on high.
 tears shall be shed, In that beau - ti - ful land on high.
 hap - py for-ever, In that beau - ti - ful land on high.



earth and its cares set free! My Je - sus is there, he's gone to pre - pare A place in that land for me.

1. There are lit - tle chil-dren sing - ing round the throne. In that heavenly land, In that heavenly land : They are

CHORUS.

singing round the bright eternal throne, The great white throne of God. We shall meet them in their bright eternal home. We will

sing with them round the great white throne; We will sing of him who died, Of our Savior crucified, Round the great white throne of God.

2. There are angels, happy angels round the throne.
In that heavenly land, in that heavenly land :
They are happy round the bright, eternal throne,
The great white throne of God. *Chor.*

3. We are little children, striving for the throne,
In that heavenly land, in that heavenly land ;
We are striving for that bright, eternal throne,
The great white throne of God. *Chor.*

4. We are marching onward, marching to the throne.
In that heavenly land, in that heavenly land ;
Come and join us in our journey to the throne,
The great white throne of God.

Chorus for last verse only.
We will gather in our bright, eternal home ;
We will shout his praises round the "great white throne!"
We will sing of him who died, etc.

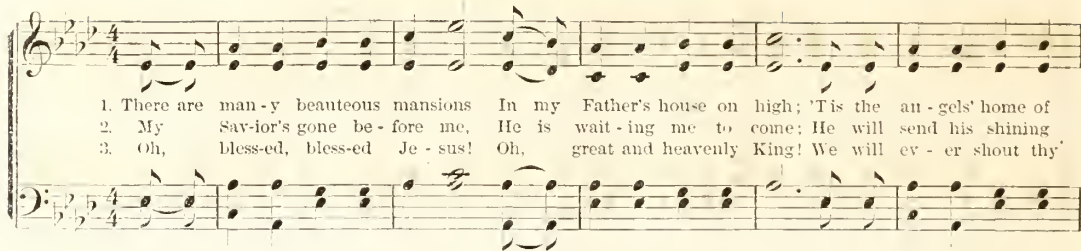
1. Lit - tle hearts, O Lord, may love thee, Lit - tle minds may learn thy ways; Lit - tle hands and
 2. Lo! each Sub - bath comes to cheer us; Truth and love our teach - ers bring; Great Re - deem - er,
 3. Low - ly now we stand be - fore thee; Wi - ser may we dai - ly grow; Help us ev - er

REFRAIN.

feet may serve thee, Lit - tle voi - ces sing thy praise. Ho - ly Je - sus, come and bless us,
 be thou near us, Make us grate - ful while we sing. Ho - ly Je - sus, etc.
 to a - dore thee, And through life thy grace to show. Ho - ly Je - sus, etc.

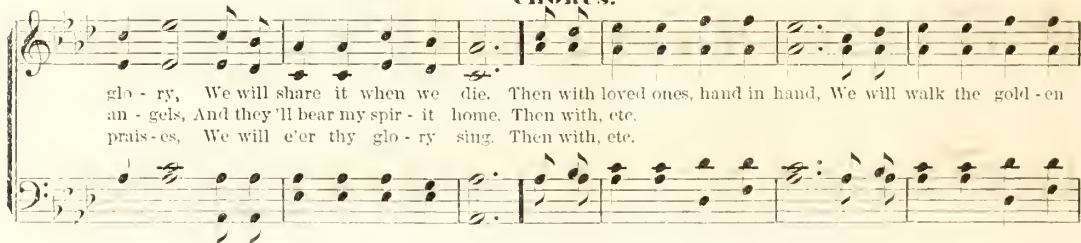
* Bless us while thy praise we sing; Great Re - deem - er, be thou near us. Guard our weakness 'neath thy wing.

BEAUTEOUS MANSIONS.

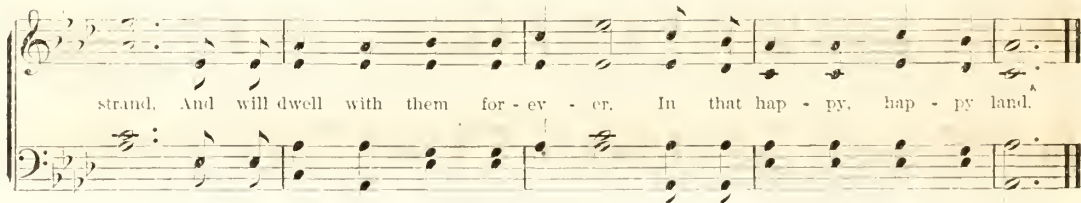
Words and Music by
W. A. OGDEN.


1. There are man - y beauteous mansions In my Father's house on high; 'Tis the an - gels' home of
 2. My Sav - ior's gone be - fore me, He is wait - ing me to come; He will send his shining
 3. Oh, bless - ed, bless - ed Je - sus! Oh, great and heavenly King! We will ev - er shout thy'

CHORUS.



glo - ry, We will share it when we die. Then with loved ones, hand in hand, We will walk the gold - en
 an - gels, And they'll bear my spir - it home. Then with, etc.
 prais - es, We will e'er thy glo - ry sing. Then with, etc.



strand, And will dwell with them for - ev - er. In that hap - py, hap - py land.

MY HOUSE ON A ROCK.

W. A. OGDEN.

39


Spirited.

1. Oh, if my house is built up - on a rock, I know it will stand forever; The floods may come, and the
 2. For he whose truth is last - ing as the hills, Whose word is unchanging ever, Hath said my house on the
 3. Then I will build my house up - on a rock, And there it will stand forever; The floods may come, and the


CHORUS.

rolling thunder's shock, May beat upon my house That is built upon a rock, And 'twill never fall, Never fall, Never, nev - er,
 solid rock shall stand, He'll hold it by his might In the hollow of his hand,
 rolling thunder's shock, May beat upon my house That is built upon a rock,


nev - er. Its foun - da - tion is sure, and will stand for - ev - er - more, Yes, it will stand for - ev - er.



1. Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren; Once he took them on his knee, Gen - tly put his
 2. Je - sus loves to see them kneel - ing, And with hands to - geth - er pray; Loves to hear them
 3. He will give his Ho - ly Spir - it, He will make their bad hearts clean; And will show them



arms a - round them, Say - ing, "Let them come to me." Once he gave his life to save them,
 call him "Sav - ior," If they think of what they say. He would have them love each oth - er,
 if they'll ask him, What their Bi - ble vers - es mean. Gen - tle Je - sus, now thy mer - cy

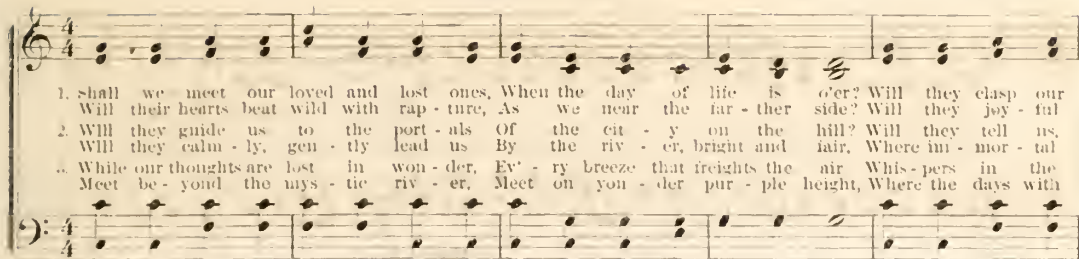


Back a - gain from Sa - tan's ways, And at last bright an - gels make them, In his heaven of joy and praise.
 And be truth - ful, meek, and mild, And do what their par - ents bid them, As he did when once a child.
 On us lit - tle chil - dren show, That we may be - lieve and love thee, As we of thy good - ness know.

SHALL WE MEET OUR LOVED ONES THERE ?

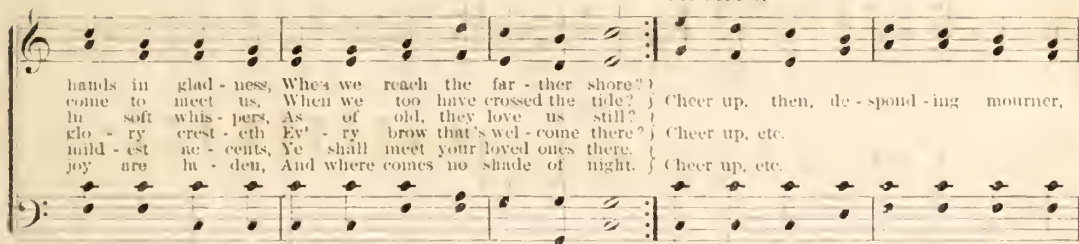
41

Contributed by C. T. DONDORF.

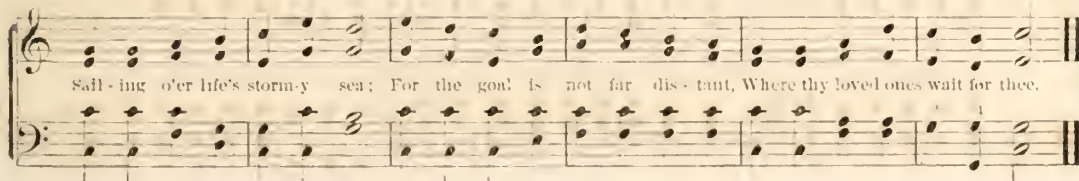


1. shall we meet our loved and lost ones, When the day of life is o'er? Will they clasp our
 Will their hearts beat wild with rap-ture, As we near the far-ther side? Will they joy-ful
 2. Will they guide us to the port-als Of the cit-y on the hill? Will they tell us,
 Will they calm-ly, gen-tly lead us By the riv-er, bright and fair, Where im-mor-tal
 3. While our thoughts are lost in won-der, Ev'-ry breeze that freights the air Whis-pers in the
 Meet be-yond the mys-tic riv-er, Meet on yon-der pur-ple height, Where the days with

CHORUS.



hands in glad-ness, When we reach the far-ther shore?
 come to meet us, When we too have crossed the tide? } Cheer up. then, de-spond-ing mourner,
 in soft whis-pers, As of old, they love us still? }
 glo-ry crest-eth Ev'-ry brow that's wel-come there? } Cheer up, etc.
 mild-est ac-cents, Ye shall meet your loved ones there. }
 joy are lu-den, And where comes no shade of night. } Cheer up, etc.

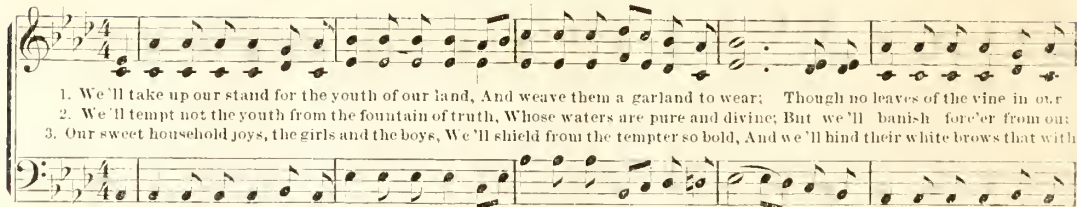


Sail-ing o'er life's storm-y sea; For the goal is not far dis-tant, Where thy loved ones wait for thee.

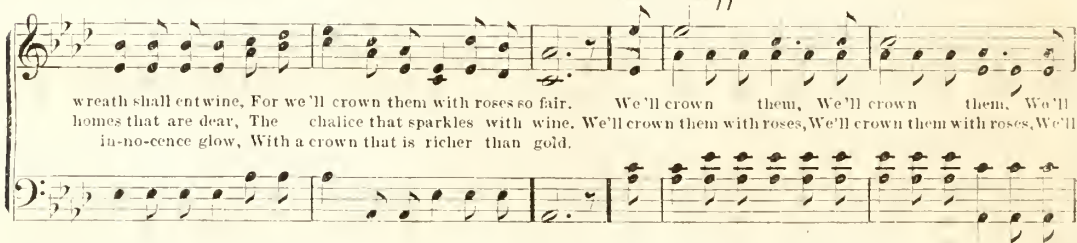
WE'LL CROWN THEM WITH ROSES.

W. A. OGDEN.

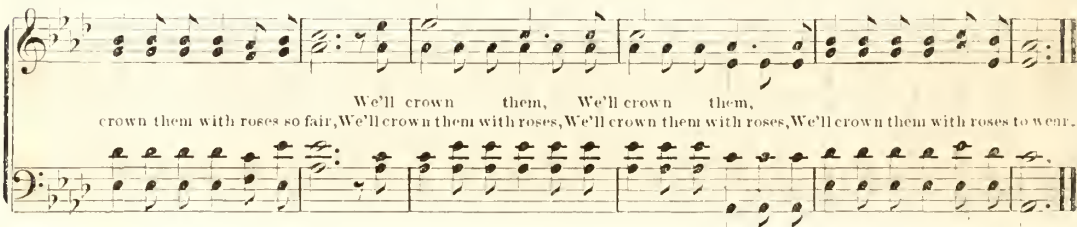
TEMPERANCE SONG.



1. We'll take up our stand for the youth of our land, And weave them a garland to wear; Though no leaves of the vine in our
 2. We'll tempt not the youth from the fountain of truth, Whose waters are pure and divine; But we'll banish fore'er from our
 3. Our sweet household joys, the girls and the boys, We'll shield from the tempter so bold, And we'll bind their white brows that with

CHORUS. *ff*


wreath shall entwine, For we'll crown them with roses so fair. We'll crown them, We'll crown them, We'll
 homes that are dear, The chalice that sparkles with wine, We'll crown them with roses, We'll crown them with roses, We'll
 in-no-cence glow, With a crown that is richer than gold.



We'll crown them, We'll crown them,
 crown them with roses so fair, We'll crown them with roses, We'll crown them with roses, We'll crown them with roses to wear.

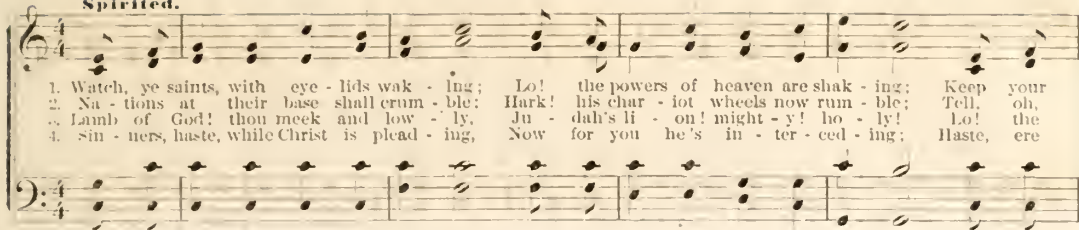
JESUS COMES.

W. A. OGDEN.

43

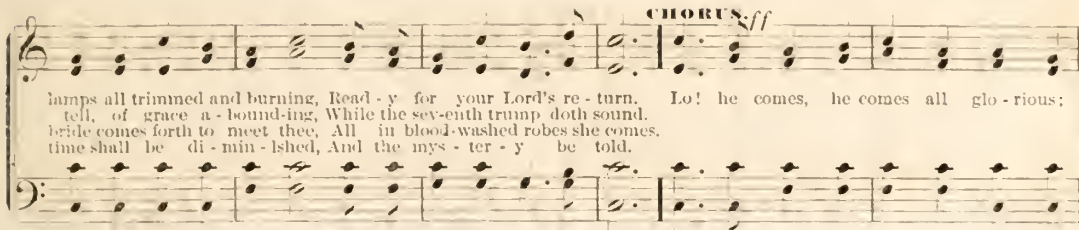
"The Spirit and the bride say, Come."

Spirited.



1. Watch, ye saints, with eye - lids wak - ing; Lo! the powers of heaven are shak - ing; Keep your
 2. Na - tions at their base shall crum - ble; Hark! his char - iot wheels now rum - ble; Tell, oh,
 3. Lamb of God! thou meek and low - ly, Ju - dah's li - on! might - y! ho - ly! Lo! the
 4. Sin - ners, haste, while Christ is plead - ing, Now for you he's in - ter - ced - ing; Haste, ere

CHORUS: ff



lamps all trimmed and burning, Read - y for your Lord's re - turn. Lo! he comes, he comes all glo - rious;
 tell, of grace a - bound - ing, While the sev - enth trump doth sound.
 bride comes forth to meet thee, All in blood - washed robes she comes.
 time shall be di - min - ished, And the mys - ter - y be told.



Je - sus comes to reign vic - to - rious, Je - sus comes to reign vic - to - rious, Je - sus comes

"SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?"

Music by
E. S. RICE

Moderato.

1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll? Where, in all the bright mor -
 2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and cast the
 3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the towers of crys - tal shine? Where the walls are all of
 4. Where the mu - sic of the ran - somed Rolls its har - mo - ny a - round, And ere - a - tion swells the
 5. Shall we meet man - y a loved one That was torn from our em - brace? Shall we lis - ten to their
 6. Shall we meet with Christ our Sav - ior, When he comes to claim his own? Shall we know his bless - ed

CHORUS.

ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul. Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the
 an - chor By the fair ce - les - tial shore?
 jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?
 cho - rus, With its sweet ine - lo - dious sound?
 voic - es, And be - hold them face to face?
 fa - vor, And sit down up - on his throne?

riv - er? Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll

MERCY'S FREE.

Arr. by W. A. O.

45

1. By faith I view my Sav - ior dy - ing. On the tree, on the tree; To
 2. Je - sus, my might - y God, hath spo - ken Peace to me, pence to me; Now
 1. Long as I live, I'll still be cry - ing. Mer - cy's free. mer - cy's free; And

ev - ry na - tion he is cry - ing, Look to me! look to me! He bids the guilt - y now draw near, Re -
 all my chains of sin are bro - ken, I am free, I am free. Soon as I in his name believed, The
 ev - ry moment Christ is pre - cious, Un - to me, un - to me. None can describe the bliss I prove, While
 this shall be my theme when dy - ing, Mer - cy's free, mer - cy's free. And when the vale of death I've passed, When

pent, be - lieve, dis - miss your fear, Hark! hark! what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, mercy's free
 Ho - ly Spir - it I received, And Christ from death my soul re - lieved, Mercy's free, mercy's free
 through this wil - der - ness I rove, All may en - joy the Savior's love, Mercy's free, mercy's free
 lodged a - bove the storm - y blast, I'll sing while end - less a - ges last, Mercy's free, mercy's free

'TIS I; BE NOT AFRAID.

OGDEN.

Moderate.

1. Tho' tossed with winds, and faint with fear, A-bove the tempest, wild and drear, Hark! hark! my Savior's
 2. 'Tis I— who washed thy spir- it white; 'Tis I— who gave thy blind eyes sight; 'Tis I— thy Lord, thy
 3. These rag- ing winds, this surging sea, Bear not a breath of wrath to thee; That storm has all been
 4. When on the oth- er side thy feet Shall rest, 'midst thousand welcomes sweet, One well-known voice thy

CHORUS.

voice I hear, "'Tis I; be not a - fraid." 'Tis I, . . . 'Tis I, . . . 'Tis
 Life, thy Light, 'Tis I; be not a - fraid. 'Tis I, etc.
 spent on me, 'Tis I; be not a - fraid. 'Tis I, etc.
 heart shall greet, 'Tis I; be not a - fraid. 'Tis I, etc.

Tis I, tis I, tis I, tis I, Tis

Repeat Chorus *pp*

I, be not a - fraid; 'Tis I, . . . 'tis I, . . . 'Tis I, be not a - fraid.
 I, be not a - fraid; 'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, 'Tis I, be not a - fraid.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

W. A. OGDEN.

47

Adagio.

1. "Now I lay me down to sleep," First be-side my moth-er kneel-ing, Through the hushed up si-lence
 2. "Now I lay me down to sleep," And the an-gels o'er me bend-ing, Sent from God my soul to
 3. "Now I lay me down to sleep," O my God! when I am dy-ing, Hear me when I pray to

Refrain for two small voices.

deep, Hear the dou-ble whis-per steal-ing. Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the
 keep, Through the pur-ple night de-scend-ing.
 thee, On my qui-et death-bed ly-ing.

p

Ped.

m **For last verse only.** **Cres.** **Dim.**

Lord my soul to keep; If I die be-fore I wake, I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.

Ped.

Duet and Chorus.

1. What is it points my soul the way To realms of ev - er - last - ing day, And tells the dan - ge,
 2. What teach-es me that I must love The glo - rious God who reigns a - bove, And that I may his
 3. What is it gives my spir - it rest, When with the cares of earth op-pressed, And points to re - gions

CHORUS.

of Ge - lay? It is the pre - cious Bi - ble. The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, the
 glo - ries prove? It is the pre - cious Bi - ble.
 of the blest? It is the pre - cious Bi - ble.

pre-cious, pre-cious Bi - ble; It points the way to heaven a - bove, The pre-cious, pre-cious Bi - ble.

WORK FOR JESUS.

49

Written expressly for this work, by R. A. GLEN.

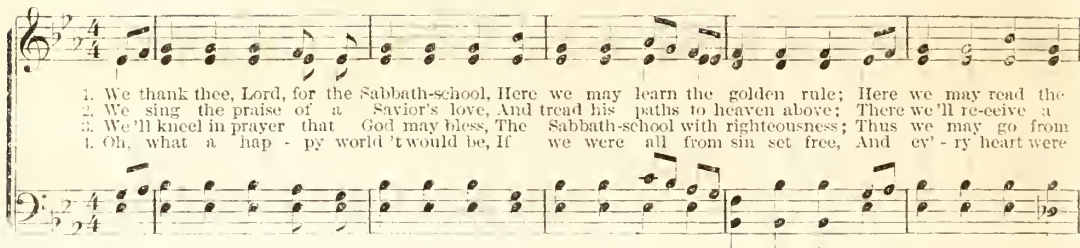
Earnestly.

1. Hasten Lord, the com-ing morn Of the bright mil-len - ial day, And may we who love thy name, Labor
2. Long in dark-ness they have sat. In the gloom of mor - al night, Wait-ing on - ly for the dawn Of the

to extend thy sway, Un - til every ransomed soul, On the land and on the sea, Shall come, dear Lord, to thee,
promised heavenly light ; They have heard thy blessed truth, On the land and on the sea, " Thou, Lord, wilt set us free.

CHORUS.

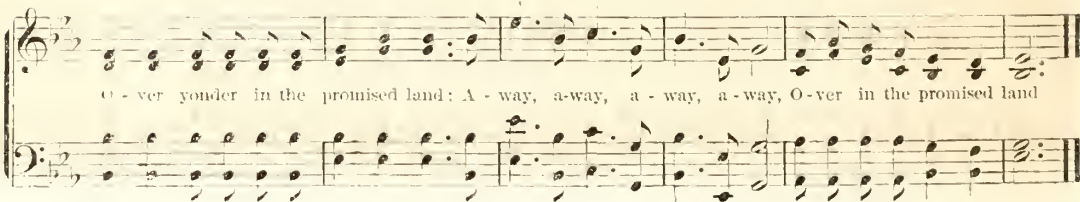
Work, children, work, Oh, work for Jesus ! Work and watch and pray ; Work, children, work for Jesus, Work, while 't is called to-day.



1. We thank thee, Lord, for the Sabbath-school, Here we may learn the golden rule; Here we may read the
 2. We sing the praise of a Savior's love, And tread his paths to heaven above; There we'll re-ceive a
 3. We'll kneel in prayer that God may bless, The Sabbath-school with righteousness; Thus we may go from
 4. Oh, what a hap - py world 't would be, If we were all from sin set free, And ev' - ry heart were

CHORUS. *ff*


words that lead O - ver to the promised land. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way,
 roy - al crown, O - ver in the promised land. A - way, etc.
 sin be - low, O - ver to the promised land. A - way, etc.
 now to start, O - ver to the promised land. A - way, etc.



O - ver yonder in the promised land: A - way, a-way, a - way, a-way, O-ver in the promised land

OUR BLESSED DEAD.

Contributed by
E. C. WILSON

51

Duet.

D. C. 1. We have laid them down to rest, In their nar-row, si-lent bed; May the an-gels vig-il
2. Let us mark their foot-steps bright, Serve the Sav-ior they a-dored; On-ward press to realms of
3. Teach us, Lord, to fol-low those Who have gone to dwell with thee; And when life with us shall

Fine.

keep, Where they rest, Our si-lent dead, We will think of them to-day, As we
light, Where they're pres-ent with the Lord.
close, May our home in glo-ry be.

D. C.

greet the open-ing year; Think of loved ones passed a-way, Now in glo-ry they ap-pear.

1. Go work in God's vineyard, the Savior hath called thee; Hath called thee from darkness to marvelous light; He's breaking the chain that

CHORUS. *fff*

long hath enthralled thee, Go work while the day lasts, and work with thy might. Our field is the world! Our field is the world! Look

up, for the harvest is near, When the reapers of glo-ry will shont as they come, And the Lord of the harvest ap - pear.

2. Faithful is he who hath promised salvation,
And faithful thy burden of sorrows to bear,
Leading the penitent safe through temptation,
Up to the mansions he goes to prepare. **CHO.**

3. Oh, mourner, bowed down o'er the sod newly-riven,
'Tis love hath laid on thee that chastening rod;

Look up through the mists of thy sorrows to heaven;
Oh, rise, then, and toil in the vineyard of God. **CHO.**

1. Oh, youth in its ardor, and manhood in glory,
Yes! infancy, life's path as yet all untrod;
Sweet childhood with bounding step, age with locks hoary,
You all have a work in the vineyard of God. **CHO.**

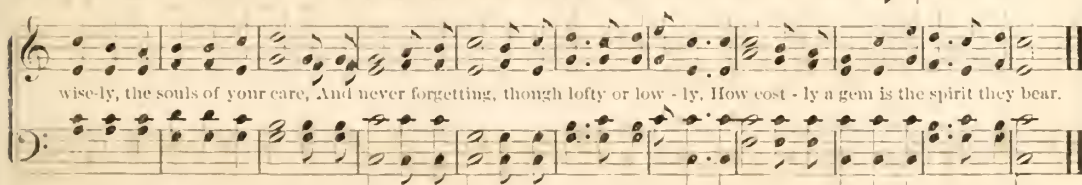
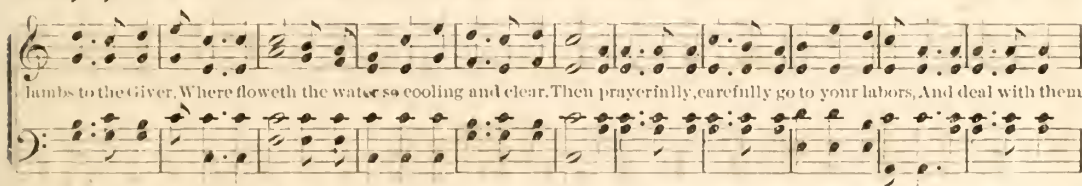
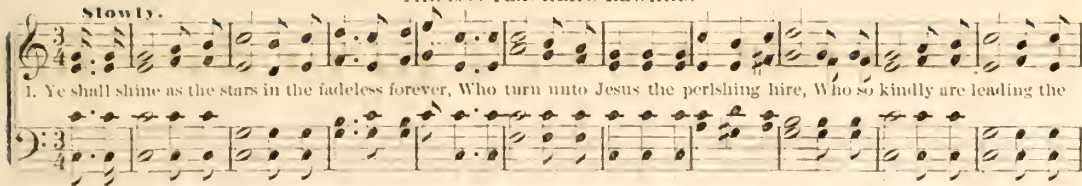
YE SHALL SHINE AS THE STARS.

THE S. S. TEACHER'S REWARD.

W. A. O.

53

Slowly.



2. There are souls that look yearningly into your faces,
They're catching the beams of the heavenly light;
They are turning, but slowly, from sin's desert places,
Into the beautiful pathway of right.
Oh, better by far than all worldly bestowment,
Is the reward which your labor shall win,
Turning to righteousness souls of the children;
Stooping to gather the poorest ones in.

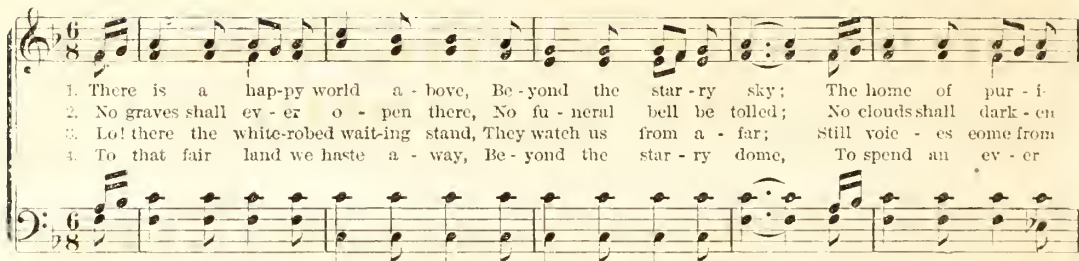
3. O! time, with its guerdon of honor and treasure,
So soon will be lost in the measureless sea;
But yonder a crown that is studded with the glory
Of souls for thy hire, will be waiting for thee;

Then turn not thy hand from the work that's before thee,
Nor suffer thy heart to grow careless and cold;
For the seeds ye are sowing with patience and labor,
Ere long will be waving in harvests of gold.

4. Then work with a will, for the ages are being
Condensed in a cycle of measureless years;
The tread of the mighty one goeth before thee,
Already the dawn of his brightness appears.
Not long shall it be till the Master shall call thee,
Not long till the time of thy mission is o'er;
Then work while the day lasts, and ere the night shadow
Shall gather its gloom, and ye labor no more.

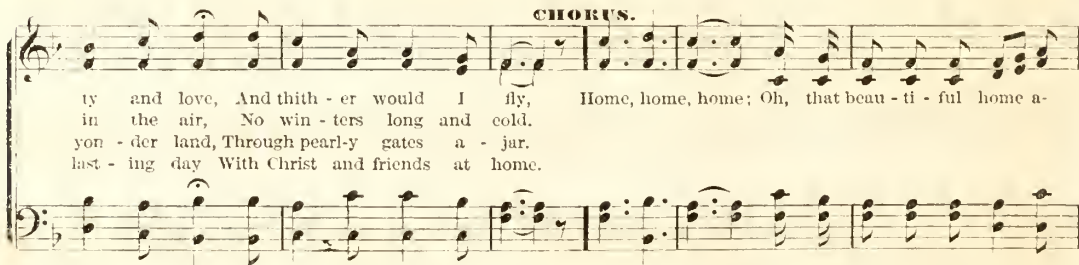
HAPPY WORLD ABOVE.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. There is a hap-py world a - bove, Be - yond the star - ry sky; The home of pur - i -
 2. No graves shall ev - er o - pen there, No fu - neral bell be tolled; No clouds shall dark - en
 3. Lo! there the white-robed wait-ing stand, They watch us from a - far; Still voic - es come from
 4. To that fair land we haste a - way, Be - yond the star - ry dome, To spend an ev - er

CHORUS.



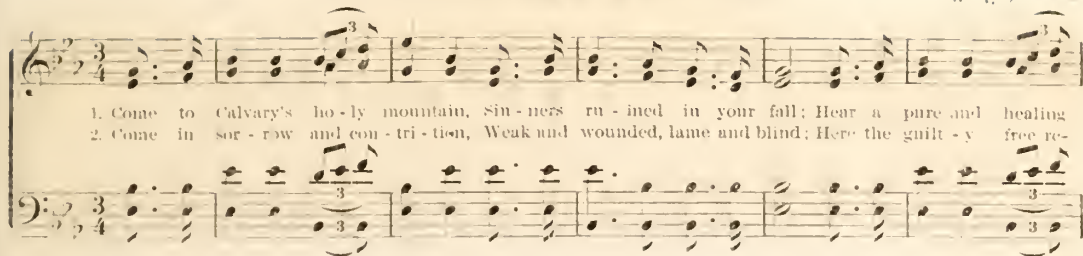
ty and love, And thith - er would I fly, Home, home, home; Oh, that beau - ti - ful home a -
 in the air, No win - ters long and cold.
 yon - der land, Through pearl-y gates a - jar.
 last - ing day With Christ and friends at home.



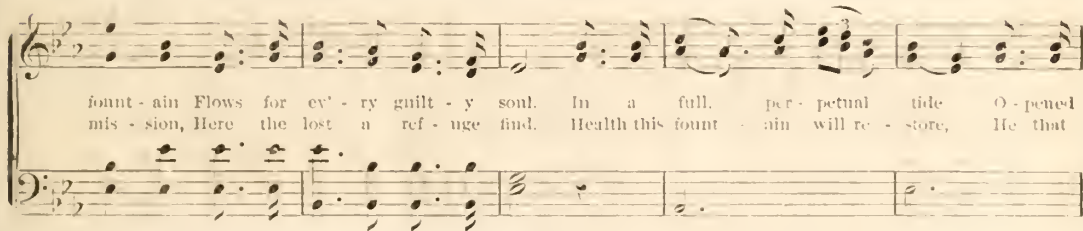
bove; We'll sing ev - er - more, On that gold - en shore, In that beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

CALVARY'S HOLY MOUNTAIN.

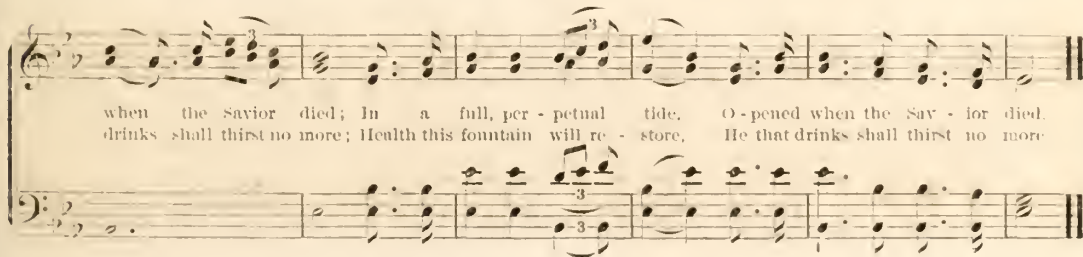
W. A. O. 55



1. Come to Calvary's ho-ly mountain, sin-ners ru-ined in your fall; Hear a pure and healing
2. Come in sor-row and con-tri-tion, Weak and wounded, lame and blind; Here the guilt-y free re-



fount-ain Flows for ev'-ry guilt-y soul. In a full, per-petual tide O-pened
mis-sion, Here the lost a ref-uge find. Health this fount-ain will re-store, He that



when the Sav-ior died; In a full, per-petual tide, O-pened when the Sav-ior died.
drinks shall thirst no more; Health this fountain will re-store, He that drinks shall thirst no more.

Moderato.

1. We shall reach the land im - mor - tal, By and by, By and by; We shall pass the
 2. We shall hear the cho - rus swell - ing, By and by, By and by; Hear the saints in
 3. We shall see our bless - ed Je - sus, By and by, By and by; When from sin and

gold - en por - tal, By and by, By and by; And the loved who've gone be - fore,
 rap - ture tell - ing, By and by, By and by, Tell - ing of re - deem - ing love,
 death he frees us, By and by, By and by; And e - ter - nal life will gain,

Rall.

Wait us on that bet - ter shore, Where we'll sing for ev - er - more, By and by, By and by.
 In the sweet - er strains a - bove, And we'll there his goodness prove, By and by, By and by.
 Through the love of Christ the slain, And we'll sing on heav-en's plain, By and by, By and by.

1. { On - ward, chil - dren, do not tar - ry, Though the cross be hard to bear: strength thou shalt re -
 2. { Je - sus ev - er waits to guide you, If thou to thy - self be true: Thy re - ward will
 3. { On - ward, chil - dren, do not tar - ry, There's a race for all to run: And a crown will
 4. { Bless - ed an - gel bands are watch - ing Ev - ery act you dai - ly do: So as you'll gain the
 5. { No - bly work for Je - sus ev - er, Pierce the clouds which gath - er round: See! the pearl - y
 6. { Look not back - ward, for there's dan - ger; Ev - er keep the throne in view: Soon we'll see the

CHORUS. *ff*

ceive from heav - en, If thy cour - age fail thee here.) There's a gold - en harp in glo - ry
 come here - af - ter, In the land be - yond the blue.)
 be your portion, When your work on earth is done.)
 crown of Jew - els, In the land be - yond the blue.)
 gates are o - pen, Hear the an - gels' wel - come sound.)
 gold - en cit - y, In the land be - yond the blue.)

There's a gold - en harp, a harp in glo - ry

And a spot - less robe for you, When you reach the ho - ly cit - y, In the land beyond the blue.

a robe for you,

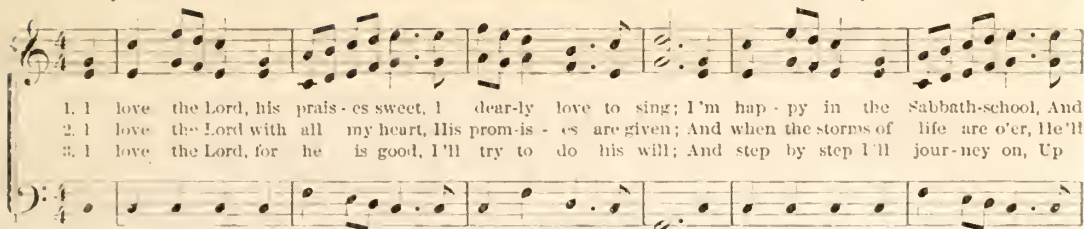
GUIDE AND BLESS US.

Music by
W. A. OGDEN.*Andante.*

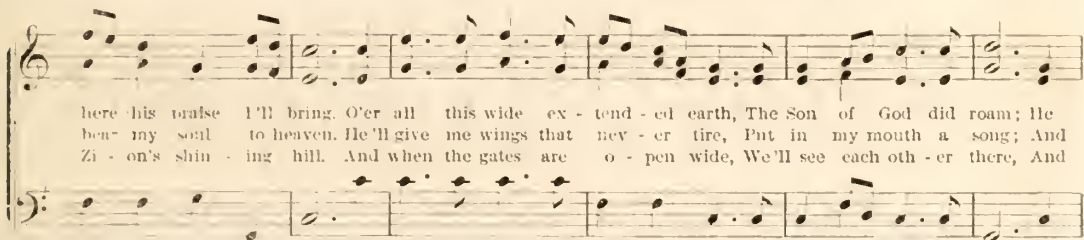
1 Guide and bless us, O our Fath - er. Through the toilsome march of life; Keep us ev - er - ev - er
 2. Guide and bless us, O our Fath - er. In the long and toilsome way; Be thou watch-ful o'er our
 3. Guide and bless us, O our Fath - er. Lit - tle chil-dren though we be; We are weak, but thou art

near thee, Keep our hearts from sin and strife. Great temp - ta - tions lie be - fore us,
 foot - steps, Lest our lit - tle feet should stray. There are dan - gers that sur-round us,
 might - y, And no oth - er strength have we. And when life's short day is o - ver,

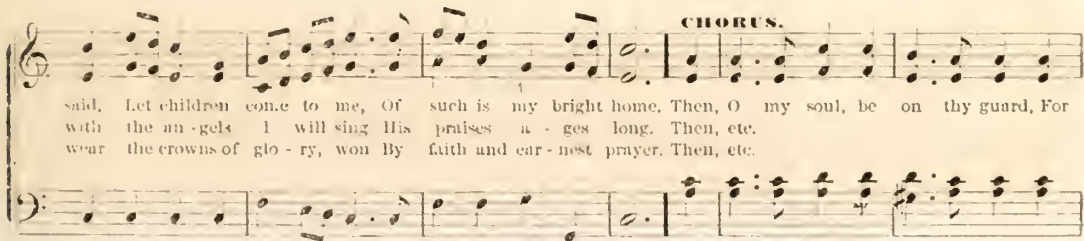
And we fal - ter at the sight; Be our Guardian, Guide, and Sav - ior, Thro' the day as well as night.
 There are tri - als we must meet; Be a light un - to our path-way, And a lamp un - to our feet.
 On a lov - ing Sav - ior's breast, Bear us ten - der - ly to heav - en, To thine ev - er prom - ised rest.



1. I love the Lord, his prais - es sweet, I dear - ly love to sing; I'm hap - py in the Sabbath-school, And
 2. I love the Lord with all my heart, His prom - is - es are given; And when the storms of life are o'er, He'll
 3. I love the Lord, for he is good, I'll try to do his will; And step by step I'll jour - ney on, Up



here his praise I'll bring. O'er all this wide ex - tend - ed earth, The Son of God did roam; He
 bear my soul to heaven. He'll give me wings that nev - er tire, Put in my mouth a song; And
 Zi - on's shin - ing hill. And when the gates are o - pen wide, We'll see each oth - er there, And



CHORUS.
 said, Let children come to me, Of such is my bright home. Then, O my soul, be on thy guard, For
 with the an - gels I will sing His praises a - ges long. Then, etc.
 wear the crowns of glo - ry, won By faith and ear - nest prayer. Then, etc.

I LOVE THE LORD. Concluded.

an - gers dark will rise; Oh, look a - loft, where Je - sus reigns, There's light be - yond the skies.

This musical score is for the song 'I LOVE THE LORD. Concluded.' It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

FUNERAL BELL.

W. A. O.

FOR FUNERALS.

Andante.

1. Hark to the sol-enn bell, Mournful - ly peal-ing; What do its wailings tell, On the ear stealing?
 2. When in their lone - ly beds, Loved ones are ly - ing; When joy-ful wings are spread, To heav - en fly - ing,
 3. No, dear-est Je - sus, no! To thee, their Sav-ior. Let their free spir - its go, Ransomed for - ev - er.

This musical score is for the song 'FUNERAL BELL.' It is marked 'Andante.' and is for funerals. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Seem they not thus to say: Loved ones have passed away, Ash - es with ash - es lay? Last to its pealing,
 Would we to sin and pain Call back their souls again; Weave round their hearts the chain Severed in dying?
 They're with the joyous throng, Singing the ransomed song; They shall thy praise prolong, Ev - er and ev - er.

This is the continuation of the musical score for 'FUNERAL BELL.' It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

PRAISE JEHOVAH'S NAME FOREVER.

W. A. O.

61

Spirited.

1. Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est! Praise his name be - yond the skies! Praise him when in bed thou
 2. Praise ye him, ye light-nings dart - ing From the black and riv - en cloud. Like the sin - ner's soul de -
 3. Sing to - geth - er, stars of morn - ing; Shout for joy, ye sons of God! From your birth the heavens a -

li - est; Praise him when from bed you rise; Praise ye him, ye roll - ing thun - der, Shak - ing
 part - ing To the pris - on of the proud. Praise thou him, oh, might - y o - ceann! Lash - ing
 dorn - ing, Tell - ing all his power a - broad; From the vast and wide cre - a - tion, Let the

earth's foun-da-tion vast; Point-ing back to deeds of won - der, Done for men in a - ges past.
 on the rest - less shore; Praise the Fath - er, Son, and Spir - it; Praise his name for - ev - er - more.
 rap-turous an-them ring. Christ, the Lord, is our sal - va - tion, Christ, the Sav - ior, is our King

Moderato.

1. Have you read the won - drous sto - ry, Of the Sav - ior's life and death? How he left his
 2. Yes, for with com - pas - sion beam - ing From his kind and ten - der eye, While with love his
 3. Lord, I come, and would sur - ren - der All I am and have to thee, While I cry, "What

throne of glo - ry, And for us re - signed his breath? May a help - less child ap - proach him,
 words are teem - ing, Hear the bless - ed Sav - ior cry: "Come, and wel - come, 'tis my pleas - ure,
 shall I ren - der To the Lord for call - ing me?" While on earth I'll love and serve thee.

And his ten - der pit - y crave? Will it not be deemed en - croach - ing? Will he such a sin - ner save?
 Lit - tle chil - dren to re - ceive; Those who seek me find a treas - ure Which the world can nev - er give."
 Praise and pray with ev - ery breath, Then, when - e'er thy sum - mons calls me, Glad - ly I will wel - come death.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

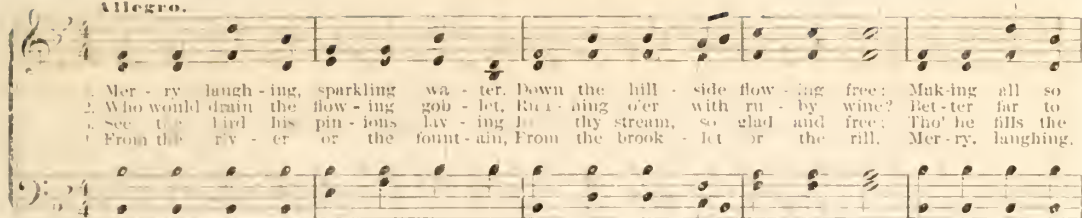
SPARKLING WATER.

Music by W. A. OGDEN.

63

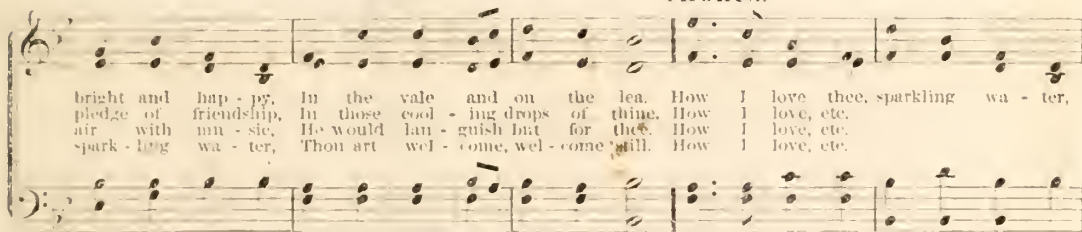
TEMPERANCE SONG.

Allegro.

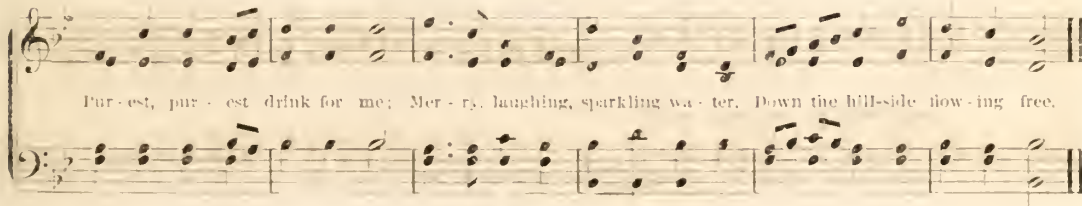


1. Mer - ry laugh - ing, sparkling wa - ter. Down the hill - side flow - ing free: Mak - ing all so
2. Who would drain the flow - ing gob - let, Run - ning o'er with ru - by wine? Bet - ter far to
3. See the bird his pin - ions lav - ing in thy stream, so glad and free: Tho' he fills the
4. From the riv - er or the fount - ain, From the brook - let or the rill, Mer - ry, laughing,

CHORUS.



bright and hap - py, In the vale and on the lea. How I love thee, sparkling wa - ter,
pledge of friendship, In those cool - ing drops of thine. How I love, etc.
air with mnn - sic, He would lan - guish but for thee. How I love, etc.
spark - ling wa - ter, Thou art wel - come, wel - come still. How I love, etc.



Pur - est, pur - est drink for me: Mer - ry, laughing, sparkling wa - ter. Down the hill-side flow - ing free.

OUR CHEERFUL SABBATH HOME.

W. A. OGDEN.

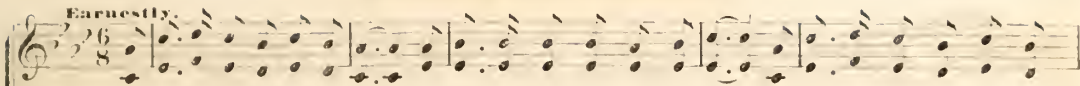
Moderato.

1. In the golden sunlight, shining bright and fair, On our cheerful Sabbath home; Christian friends and teachers
 2. Je - sus watches o'er us, with a Shepherd's care, In our cheerful Sabbath home; He will kindly lis - ten
 3. Gen - tle, lov - ing Sav - ior, may thy spir - it dwell, In our cheerful Sabbath home; Here thy ten - der mer - cy,

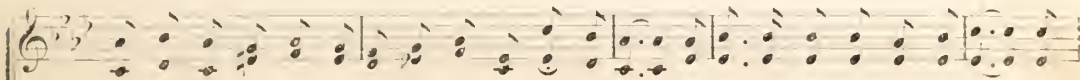
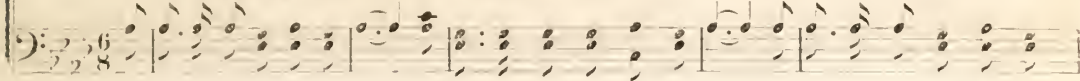
CHORUS.

glad - ly meet us here, In our cheerful Sabbath home. We will sing to - geth - er, for our hearts are gay,
 to our sim - ple prayer, In our cheerful Sabbath home. We will sing, etc.
 oh, 'tis sweet to tell, In our cheerful Sabbath home. We will sing, etc.

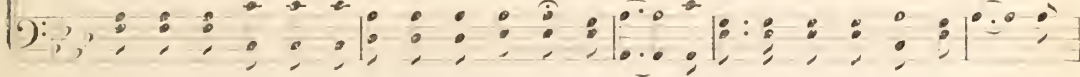
As the bird when soaring on its wings away; Little lambs of Jesus, happy we will be, In our cheerful Sabbath home.

Earnestly.

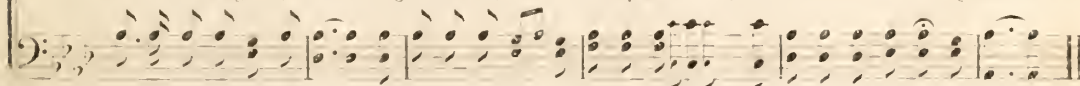
1. Why stand ye here idle all day? The fields to the harv - est are white; Come friend and come neighbor, The
2. Why plead that ye have not been hired? The Lord of the harv - est to - day Will glad - ly re - ceive you, And
3. But woe, there's a woe hath been said To i - dlers who stand at their ease; They'll fall by the way, At the
4. But rest, there's a rest which remains To those who are true to the fold; The sav - ior'll re - ceive them, and



cry is to la - bor To-day while the sun-shine is bright, To-day while the sun-shine is bright, To-
 sure - ly will give you What-ev - er is right - hear him say, "Go work to the close of the day, Go
 close of the day, When the Mas - ter shall "gath - er his sheaves," They fail in the work and the race, They
 sure - ly will give them A crown which is rich - er than gold, A crown to the la - bor - ers given, A

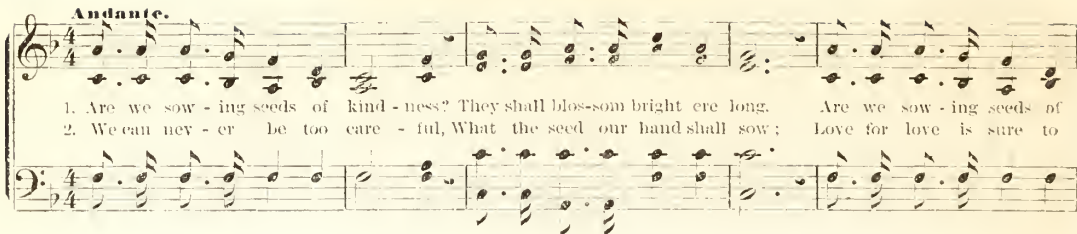


day while the fields are all white, Oh, waste not away life's harvesting day, For no man can la - bor at night,
 work to the close of the day," Your wages will be the harvest - ing fee, Which the Lord of the harvest will pay
 fail in the work and the race, Their work is undone, and their race is unwon, And they sink in their own disgrace,
 crown to the laborers given, A crown bright and fair, and a robe they shall wear, In their home with the angels in heaven.

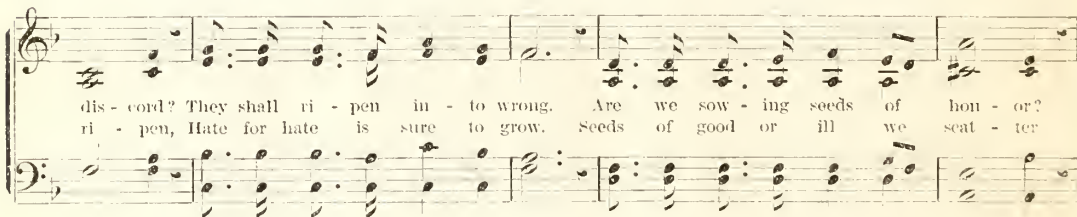


SOWING AND REAPING.

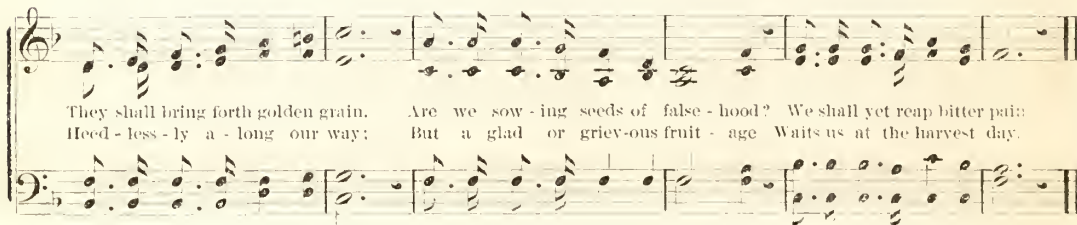
W. A. O.

Andante.


1. Are we sow - ing seeds of kind - ness? They shall blos - som bright ere long. Are we sow - ing seeds of
 2. We can nev - er be too care - ful, What the seed our hand shall sow; Love for love is sure to



dis - cord? They shall ri - pen in - to wrong. Are we sow - ing seeds of hon - or?
 ri - pen, Hate for hate is sure to grow. Seeds of good or ill we seat - ter



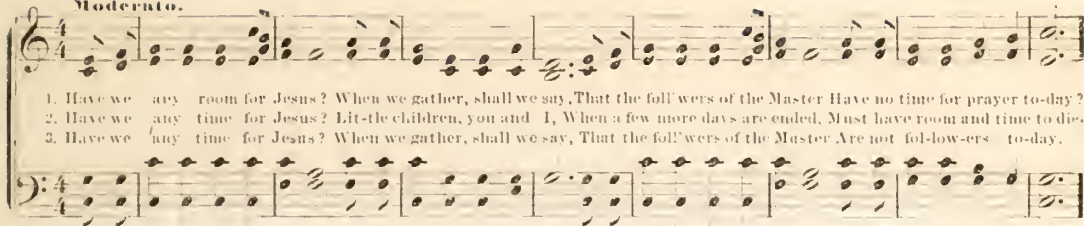
They shall bring forth golden grain. Are we sow - ing seeds of false - hood? We shall yet reap bitter pain.
 Heed - less - ly a - long our way; But a glad or griev - ous fruit - age Waits us at the harvest day.

ANY ROOM FOR JESUS.

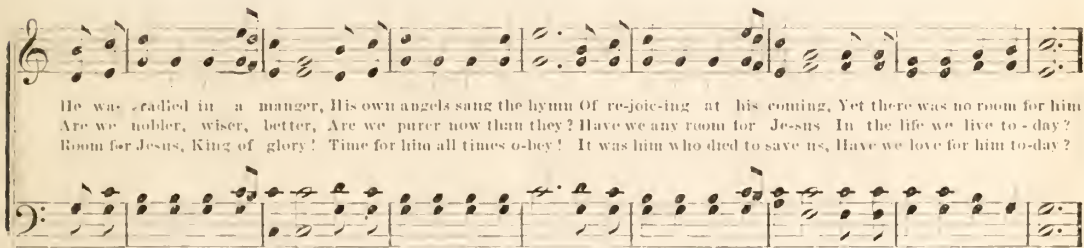
W. A. OGDEN.

67

Moderato.

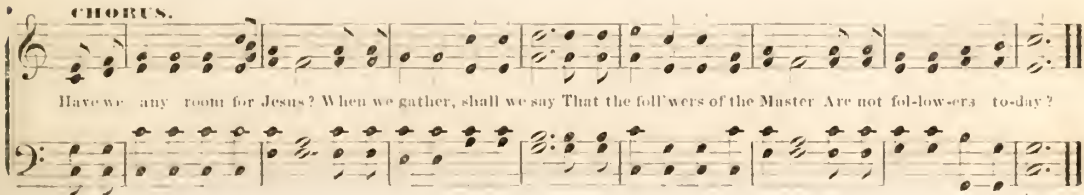


1. Have we any room for Jesus? When we gather, shall we say, That the fol-l'wers of the Master Have no time for prayer to-day?
 2. Have we any time for Jesus? Lit-tle children, you and I, When a few more days are ended, Must have room and time to die.
 3. Have we any time for Jesus? When we gather, shall we say, That the fol-l'wers of the Master Are not fol-low-ers to-day.



He was cradled in a manger, His own angels sang the hymn Of re-joic-ing at his coming, Yet there was no room for him
 Are we nobler, wiser, better, Are we purer now than they? Have we any room for Je-sus In the life we live to-day?
 Room for Jesus, King of glory! Time for him all times a-bey! It was him who died to save us, Have we love for him to-day?

CHORUS.

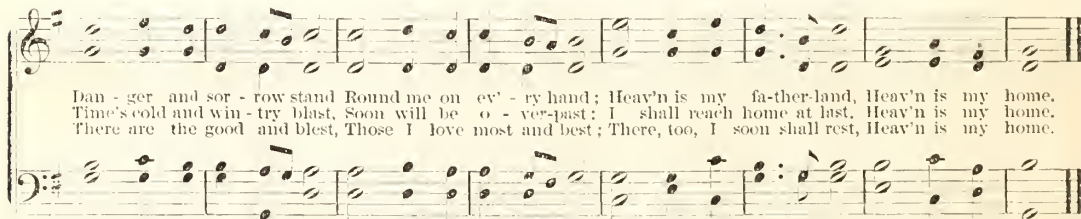


Have we any room for Jesus? When we gather, shall we say That the fol-l'wers of the Master Are not fol-low-ers to-day?

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.



1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home.
 2. What though the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home.
 3. There at my Savior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home.



Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev'-ry hand; Heav'n is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
 Time's cold and win-try blast, Soon will be o-ver-past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
 There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

Words by
CHAS. HOWARD.

WE'LL GO TO OUR FATHER'S HOME.

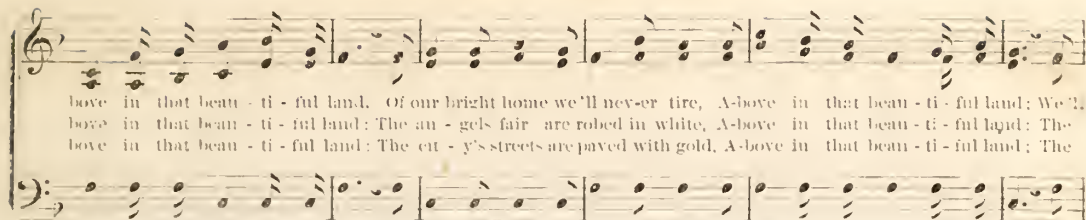
Music by
C. T. DONDORE.



1. Oh yes, we'll go to our Fath-er's home, Above in that beautiful land; And with the angels we shall roam, A-
 2. Yes, rivers of crystal round the throne flow, Above in that beautiful land; And heavenly fruits for-ev-er grow, A-
 3. Our trials and troubles all will cease, Above in that beautiful land; For every thing is per-fect peace, A-

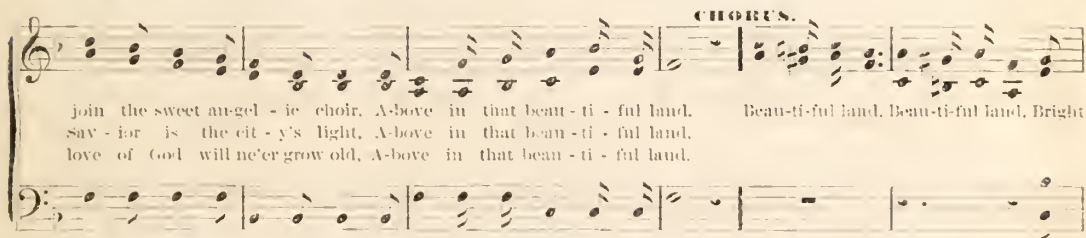
WE'LL GO TO OUR FATHER'S HOME. Concluded.

69

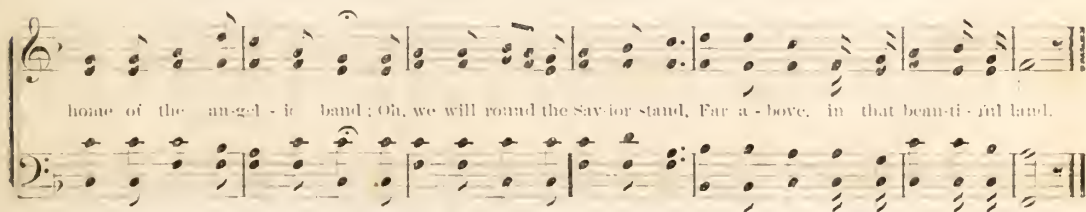


bove in that beau - ti - ful land. Of our bright home we'll nev-er tire, A-bove in that beau - ti - ful land; We'll
 bove in that beau - ti - ful land; The an - gels fair are robed in white, A-bove in that beau - ti - ful land; The
 bove in that beau - ti - ful land; The cit - y's streets are paved with gold, A-bove in that beau - ti - ful land; The

CHORUS.



join the sweet angel - ic choir, A-bove in that beau - ti - ful land. Beau-ti-ful land, Beau-ti-ful land, Bright
 Sav - ior is the cit - y's light, A-bove in that beau - ti - ful land.
 love of God will ne'er grow old, A-bove in that beau - ti - ful land.



home of the angel - ic band; Oh, we will round the Sav-ior stand, Far a - bove, in that beau-ti - ful land.

LIGHT WILL GREET THEE BY AND BY.

Words by L. C. LORD.

Written for Silver Song by L. M. BURKHOLDER.

Moderato.

1. Is thy trembling heart a - wear - y? Are thy footsteps almost gone? }
Does life seem a wear - y bur - den? [Omit.] } Courage, brother, struggle on! Bear it cheerful-

2. Is thy spir - it sad with - in thee? Raise thy heart in earnest prayer; }
Trust a Fa - ther's lov - ing kind - ness, [Omit.] } Trust a Father's tender care. Call upon him

3. Has thy spir - it grown a - wear - y? Do not fal - ter in the strife! } [ob-
God has work for thee, my broth - er, [Omit.] } As thou tread'st the path of life. Darkness may

ly and bravely, Do not stop to weep or sigh; Af - ter night the morning dawneth, Light will greet thee by and by.
in thy sorrow, He will hear thy falt'ring cry; Tho' thou seest no sign of dawning, Light shall greet thee by and by.
seure thy pathway, Clouds may gather in the sky; Storms may rage, but do not murmur, Light shall greet thee by and by.

CHORUS.

By and by the morning dawneth, By and by, By and by. Tho' thou see'st no sign of dawning, Light will greet thee by and by.

Andante.

1. Lit - tle pil - grim, art thou weary, Bend - ing 'neath thy heavy load? As thou pass - est thro' the
2. Bare up bravely, look to Je - sus, He who bore the cross for thee: When he comes a - gain in

des - ert, Dreary, drear - y is thy road. Does thy cross feel ver - y heav - y. Press - ing
glo - ry. Happy, hap - py thou shalt be. Look be - yond the skies a - bove thee, see that

on thee all the day? Canst thou see no light a - round thee? Canst thou see no cheering ray?
shin - ing, shining crown! Press a - long, thy Sav - ior calls thee; Lay thy wea - ry bur - den down.

Words from "Young Reaper." **THANK GOD FOR THE BIBLE.**

Music by W. W. WHITNEY.

Spirited.

1. Thank God for the Bi - ble! 'tis there that we find The sto - ry of Christ and his love;
 2. In the Bi - ble we read of a beau - ti - ful land, Where sor - row and pain nev - er come;
 3. Thank God for the Bi - ble! its truth o'er the earth We'll seat - ter with boun - ti - ful hand;

Fine.

How he came to the earth from his beau - ti - ful home In the man - sions of glo - ry a - bove,
 D. S. For he came to the earth from his beau - ti - ful home In the man - sions of glo - ry a - bove,
 For Je - sus is there with a heav - en - ly band, And 't is there he's pre - pared us a home,
 D. S. For Je - sus is there with a heav - en - ly band, And 't is there he's pre - pared us a home,
 But we nev - er can tell what a Bi - ble is worth, Till we go to that beau - ti - ful land,
 D. S. And its worth we can tell when with Je - sus we dwell In heav - en that beau - ti - ful land.

D. S. F.

Thanks to him we will bring, we will bring, Praise to him we will sing, we will sing,
 Je - sus calls, shall we stay? shall we stay? No, we'll glad - ly o - bey, we'll o - bey,
 There our thanks we will bring, we will bring, There with an - gels we'll sing, we will sing.

TRAVELING HOME.

Words and Music by
GEO. A. STEARNS.

73

1. We're traveling home to heaven above, To heaven so bright and fair, Where Jesus reigns, and all is love, And where bright angels are.

We will not fear whate'er oppose, We'll smother every snare; For Jesus leads us all the way, And waits to crown us there.

CHORUS. *ff*

Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Je - sus is our lead - er! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Je - sus is our King.

2. Our cares we trust on Jesus' love,
As daily we press on;
And seek to know and do his will,
With every rising sun.
We trust to one who knows the way,
And all the way has trod,
This world of sin, this world of toil.
To lead us home to God. **Chorus.**

3. What worthy tribute shall we bring
To him who leads us on?
To him who guards us all the way,
And sweetly whispers "Come!"
"Come unto me, ye weary ones,
With sin and care oppressed,
Come unto me, ye sin-sick souls,
And I will give you rest." **Chorus.**

4. Oh, come with us, all ye that hear,
To that fair realm of light;
Come, see the Savior on his throne,
And all his angels bright.
Jesus will gently lead you on,
Through this dark world of woe, [done,
And crown you when your journey's
And tune your harps anew.

ONLY ONE CROSSING.

W. A. OGDEN.

Serenely.

1. On - ly one cross-ing o - ver, Wa - ters all dark and wide. Storms on the fear - ful bil - lows.
 2. On - ly one cross-ing o - ver, Far from the cares of earth. Man-sions of rest are o - pen.
 3. On - ly one cross-ing o - ver, Sad-ness, and shroud, and bier. Fill - ing an hour of part - ing.

Peace on the oth - er side; On - ly one scene of an - guish, Sor - row in sad words told,
 There is life's new - est birth. Look when the fond eyes clos - ing, Speak of the sweet re - pose.
 Then I shall en - ter there. On - ly a night of tri - al, Berne on the swell - ing tide.

CHORUS.

Then a sweet sound of sing - ing, Soft - ened by harps of gold. On - ly one cross - ing o - ver.
 Far from the land of mourn-ing, Heav - en shall soon dis - close.
 Then in my Sav - ior's pres - ence I shall for - e'er a - bide.

ONLY ONE CROSSING. Concluded.

75

On - ly one cross-ing o - ver! On - ly one cross-ing o - ver! And then we'll rest in heaven.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Only One Crossing'. It is written for a piano accompaniment on a grand staff, consisting of a treble and a bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

DENNIS. S. M.

How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come,

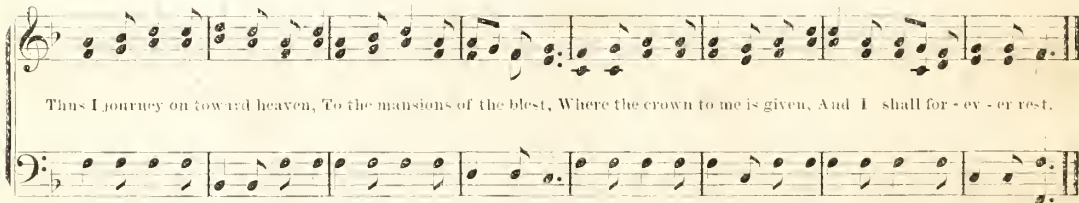
This musical score is for the hymn 'Dennis'. It is written for a piano accompaniment on a grand staff, consisting of a treble and a bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

cast your bur - den at his feet, And trust his con - stant care.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score for the hymn 'Dennis'. It is written for a piano accompaniment on a grand staff, consisting of a treble and a bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody continues from the previous block, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



1. Traveling thro' this world of sorrow, Longing for a heavenly rest, Looking for a bright to-morrow, In the mansions of the blest ;



Thus I journey on toward heaven, To the mansions of the blest, Where the crown to me is given, And I shall for - ev - er rest.

2. Now I bid farewell to sorrow,
And to sin a long adieu,
For I see the bright to-morrow,
And my crown appears in view ;
or I see the angels walking
All around the "golden throne ;"
and I hear them sweetly talking
Of my blissful heavenly home.

3. Yonder rolls a turbid river,
Just between the shore and me,
Where the pilgrim rests forever,
And from toil and pain I'm free,
Yonder stands a beauteous mansion,
Shaded by life's fairer tree.

And I hear my Savior saying,
" Pilgrim, this was built for thee."

4. Oh, the thoughts that now come o'er me,
As I think of heaven, my home ;
As I hear the Savior call me,
When he bids the pilgrim come,
Now I'm coming o'er the river ;
Savior, now I come to thee ;
For I hear the angels singing,
" There's a mansion there for thee."

5. There a crystal stream is flowing,
From the blessed Savior's throne ;
There the saints are ever growing

Into pleasures yet unknown,
Hear the saints and angels singing,
In the shade of life's fair tree ;
Hear their melodies sweet ringing,
" Pilgrim, this we share with thee."

6. Now I enter into heaven,
Enter through the pearly gates,
And my crown to me is given,
And eternal bliss awaits,
Now I enter in that mansion,
Shaded by life's fairer tree,
And I join the angels singing
Praise to him that died for me.

Moderato.

1. Long my spirit pined in sorrow, Watching, waiting all in vain; Waiting for a golden morrow, Free from worldly care and pain.

2. Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures, Ye, who mourn your load of sin, Keep on praying, heavenly treasures In the end you're sure to win.

3. How the angel-band rejoices When a kneeling mortal prays; Hear them cry in heavenly voices, "Keep on praying" all your days.

When I heard a sweet voice saying, In the accents of a friend, "Cheer up, brother, keep on praying, Keep on praying to the end."

Wrestle with the Lord of glory, Lay your troubles at his feet, Plead with faith in Calvary's story, Till your joys are all complete.

Pray until you reach fair Canaan, Reach the pearly gates of day, Then your bliss shall end in glory, And shall never pass away.

CHORUS.

When our wayward thoughts are straying, When God's mercy seems delaying, Then in faith we'll keep on praying, Keep praying to the end.

HOME OF THE BLEST.

Music by A. S. HAYDEN.

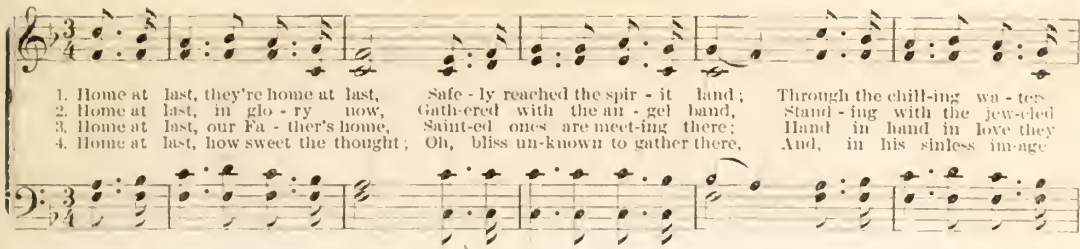
1. Oh when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright, And Je - sus my Sav-ior be-hold? Or walk by his side like an
 2. No pearl from the ocean, or gold from the mine, Can par-don or pur - i - ty buy; I'll trust in the blood of a
 3. Tho' light are the sorrows that burden the child, And gen-tle the tempest of woe; I long for the land which was
 4. But while I'm a stranger, away from my home, I'll toil in the vineyard and pray; I'll car - ry the cross while I

CHORUS. *ff*

an - gel of light, In a cit - y all garnished with gold? Home of the blest! Home of the blest!
 Sav-ior di - vine, And cling to the cross till I die. Home of the blest! etc.
 nev - er de - filed, To the throne of the blest would I go. Home of the blest! etc.
 think of the crown, And watch for the break of the day. Home of the blest! etc.

When wilt thou ev - er be mine? Home of the blest! Home of the blest! Soon shall thou ev - er be mine.

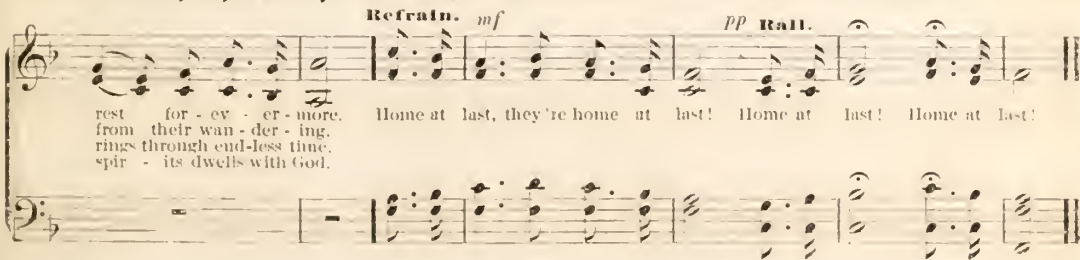
SUITABLE FOR FUNERALS.



1. Home at last, they're home at last, Safe - ly reached the spir - it land; Through the chill - ing wa - ters
 2. Home at last, in glo - ry now, Gath - ered with the an - gel band, Stand - ing with the jew - eled
 3. Home at last, our Fa - ther's home, Saint - ed ones are meet - ing there; Hand in hand in love they
 4. Home at last, how sweet the thought, Oh, bliss un - known to gather there, And, in his sinless im - age



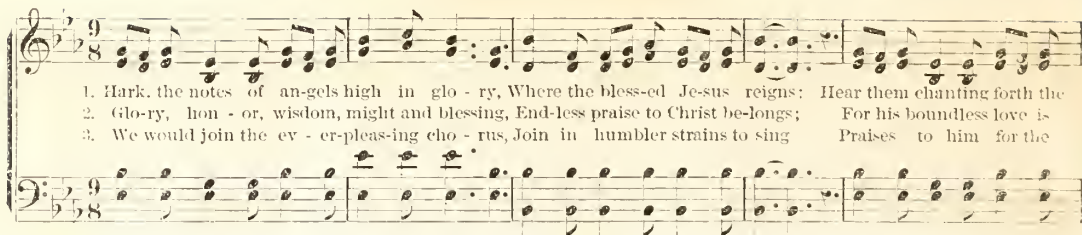
pressed, Land - ed on the pearl - y strand; A pil - grim band, their voy - age o'er, At home at
 brow, And the gold - en harp in hand, No toil, no care, no suf - fer - ing, They've rest - ed
 roam, Sing - ing of the joy they share. Oh, song of songs, mn - sic sub - lime, The cho - rus
 wrought, The robe of pur - i - ty to wear. We'll dwell with - in that bright a - bode, Where ransomed



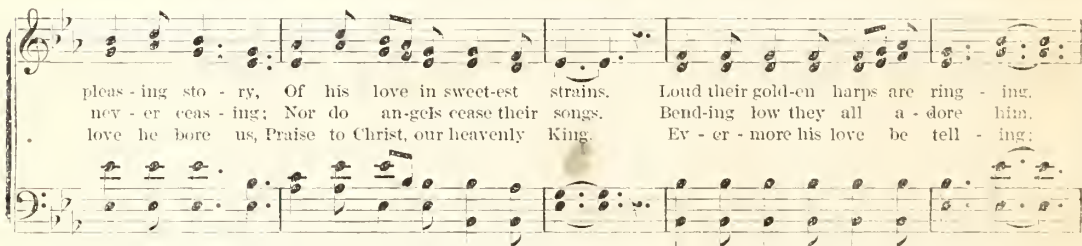
Refrain. *mf* ***pp* Rall.**
 rest for - ev - er - more. Home at last, they're home at last! Home at last! Home at last!
 from their wan - der - ing.
 rings through end - less time.
 spir - its dwells with God.

ANGELS HIGH IN GLORY.

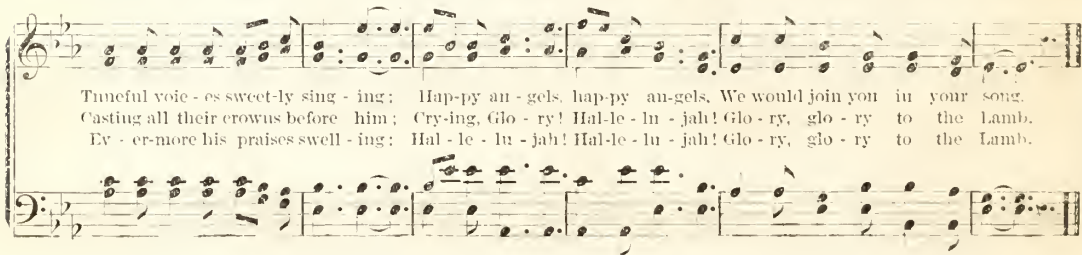
W. L. M. Arr. by W. A. O.



1. Hark, the notes of an-gels high in glo - ry, Where the bless-ed Je-sus reigns; Hear them chanting forth the
 2. Glo-ry, hon - or, wisdom, might and blessing, End-less praise to Christ be-longs; For his boundless love is
 3. We would join the ev - er-pleas-ing cho - rus, Join in humbler strains to sing Praises to him for the



pleas - ing sto - ry, Of his love in sweet-est strains. Loud their gold-en harps are ring - ing.
 nev - er ceas - ing; Nor do an-gels cease their songs. Bend-ing low they all a - dore him.
 love he bore us, Praise to Christ, our heavenly King. Ev - er - more his love be tell - ing;



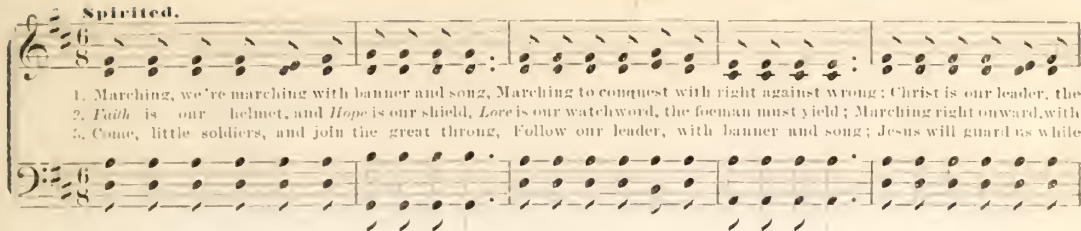
Tune-ful voi - es sweet-ly sing - ing; Hap-py an - gels, hap-py an-gels, We would join you in your song.
 Cast-ing all their crowns be-fore him; Cry-ing, Glo - ry! Hal-le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.
 Ev - er-more his praises swell - ing; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

MARCHING WITH BANNER AND SONG.

81

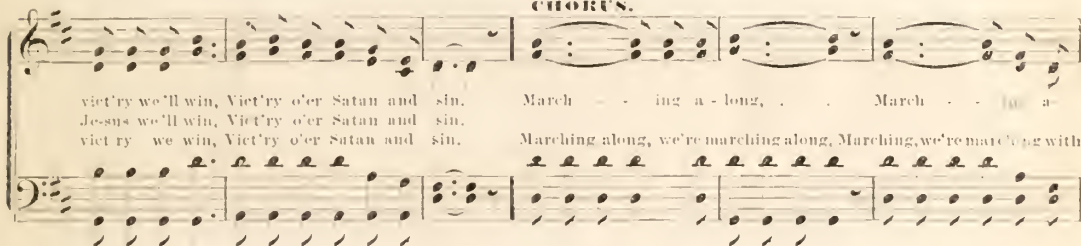
Words and music written expressly for this work, by D. MOURY.

Spirited.

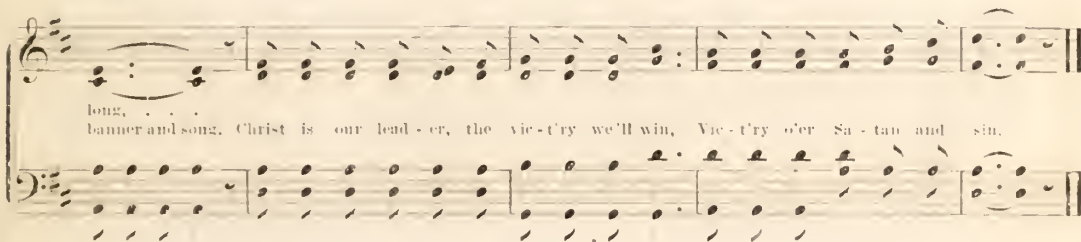


1. Marching, we're marching with banner and song, Marching to conquest with right against wrong; Christ is our leader, the
 2. Faith is our helmet, and Hope is our shield, Love is our watchword, the foeman must yield; Marching right onward, with
 3. Come, little soldiers, and join the great throng, Follow our leader, with banner and song; Jesus will guard us while

CHORUS.



vict'ry we'll win, Vict'ry o'er Satan and sin. March - - ing a - long, . . . March - - ing a -
 Jesus we'll win, Vict'ry o'er Satan and sin. Marching along, we're marching along, Marching, we're marching with
 vict'ry we win, Vict'ry o'er Satan and sin.



long, . . .
 banner and song. Christ is our lead - er, the vic - t'ry we'll win, Vic - t'ry o'er Sa - tan and sin.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

Music by W. A. OGDEN.

Gently.

1. Would my lit - tle chil - dren know, Where the peace-ful wa - ters flow, Where the sweet-est
 2. You - der is the "Gold - en Gate," All a - round the an - gels wait; There the nar - row
 3. Near there is a broad - er way, Where the thoughtless and the gay Throw their price-less
 4. Chil - dren turn not to the right Nor the left; but in the light Of the gos - pel

flow - ers grow, A - long the path of life? Where the meadows are more green,
 path is straight, Dear chil - dren, en - ter in. Here the shepherd feeds his sheep,
 souls a - way, For - get - ful of their God, There the gate is o - pened wide,
 pure and bright, Seek to be for - given, En - ter through the "Gold - en Gate."

Where the brightest birds are seen, Where the skies are all se - rene, And where there is no strife,
 Here the lambs se - cure - ly sleep, Here the fountain's pure and deep, To wash a - way our sin,
 And the tempter stands a - side, Lar - ing on the thoughtless tide, A - down the dread-ful road,
 Where the hap - py an - gels wait, Where the nar - row path is straight, Lead - ing up to heav - en.

CHORUS.

Enter the "Golden Gate," Enter the "Golden Gate," Walk a-long the mirrow way, Enter the "Golden Gate"

THE STRAY LAMB.

W. A. O.

1. A lit - tle lamb for-sook the fold, And wandered far a-way,
In mountain for-ests dark and cold, Where (Omit.) ev-ery dan-ger lay,
And far up-on that mountain track The (Omit.) shep-herd's voice was heard

1st time. 2d time. Fine.

The shepherd I called the wanderer back With many a ten-der word,

B. C.

2. He followed on through depths profound
In darkness and in storm,
Till, on the mountain's utmost bound
He saw its trembling form.
He took the lamb upon his breast;
To shield it from the cold,
And safely laid it down to rest
Within the guarded fold.

3. 'T was I that strayed so far away,
'T was I the savior found,
I in his gentle bosom lay,
By love securely bound.

O, loving Shepherd, I will keep
Forever near thy side,
And follow with thy faithful sheep,
My savior and my guide.

WHO ARE THESE?

W. A. OGDEN.

Rev. vii: 13-17.

SOPRANO SOLO.

1. Who are these like stars ap-pear-ing, These be-fore God's throne who stand? Each a gold-en crown is wear-ing; Who are-

REFRAIN.

all this glorious band? Hal-le-lu-jah! hark! they sing, Praising loud their heav'nly King; Hal-le-
Who are all this glorious band? Hal-le-lu-jah! hark! they sing, Praising loud their heav'nly King;

lu-jah! hark! they sing, Praising loud their heav'nly King.
Hal-le-lu-jah! hark! they're singing Praises to their heav'nly King.

2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness?
Those whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall all luster still possess?—REFRAIN.

3 These are they who have contended
For their Savior's honor long;
Wrestling on till life is ended,
Following not the sinful throng.—REFRAIN.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified.—REFRAIN.

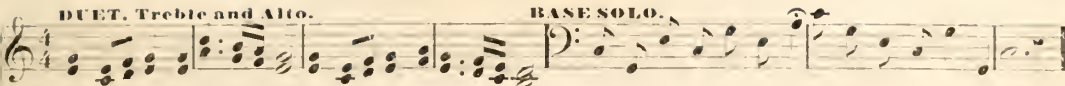
GLAD TIDINGS.

A. N. JOHNSON.

85

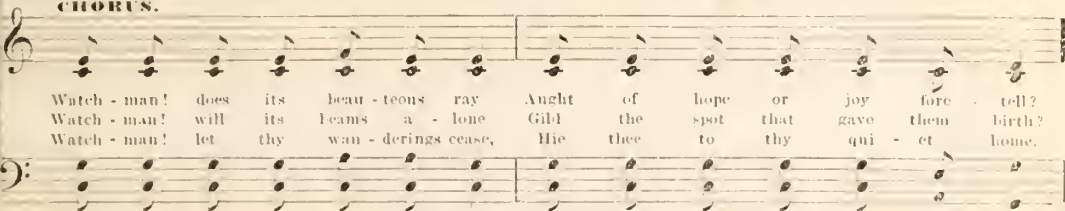
DUET. Treble and Alto.

BASE SOLO.



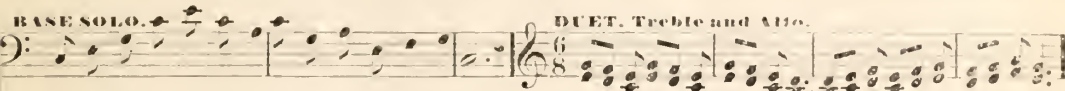
1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are? Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory-beaming star?
2. Watchman! tell us of the night, Higher yet that star ascends. Trav'ler! blessedness and light, Peace and truth its course portends.
3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn. Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight, Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

CHORUS.



BASE SOLO.

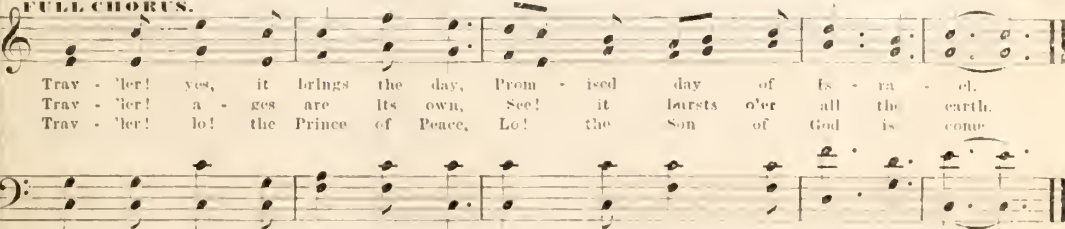
DUET. Treble and Alto.



Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Israel,
 Trav'ler! a - ges are its own; See! it bursts o'er all the earth,
 Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el,
 Trav'ler! a - ges are its own; See! it bursts o'er all the earth,
 Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

FULL CHORUS.



Merrily.

1. Ring out the bells for Christmas, The hap-py, hap-py day; In winter wild the ho-ly child Within the cradle lay,
 2. On Beth-le-hem's quiet hillside, In a-ges long gone by, In angel notes the glory floats, "Glory to God on high."
 3. Where'er his sweet lambs gath-er With-in this gen-tle fold, The Savior dear is waiting near, As in the days of old,

Oh, wonderful! the Savior Is in the manger lone; His pal-ace is a sta-ble, And Mary's arms his throne,
 Yet wakes the sun as joyous As when the Lord was born, And still he comes to greet you On ev-ery Christmas morn,
 In each young heart you see him, In every guileless face, You see the ho-ly Je-sus, Who grew in truth and grace,

CHORUS. ff

Ring out the bells for Christmas, The merry, merry Christmas, Ring out the bells for Christmas, The happy, happy day.

4. In many a darksome cottage, in many a crowded street,
 In winter bleak, with shiv'ring cheek, the homeless child you meet.
 Gaze on the pale, wan features, the feet with wandering sore,
 You see the soul he loveth, the Christ-child at the door. Choro.
5. Then sing your glad some carols, and hail the new-born son;
 For Christmas light is passing bright, it smiles on ev'ry one;
 And feast Christ's little children, his poor, the orphans call.
 For he who chose the manger, he loveth one and all. Choro.

SPEAK NOT THAT HOLY NAME.

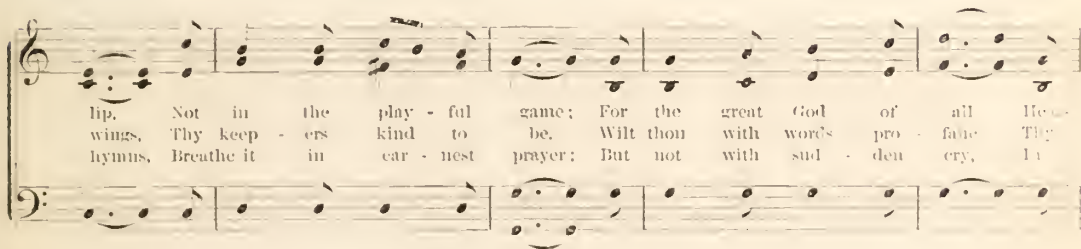
W. A. GEDEN

37

Andante.



1. Hush, lit - tle Christian child, Speak not that ho - ly name, Not with the laugh - ing
2. Hush, for his hosts un - seen Are watch - ing o - ver thee; His an - gels spread their
3. Hon - or God's ho - ly name, Speak it with thought sin - cere; Sing to it ho - ly



lip. Not in the play - ful game; For the great God of all Heav -
wings, Thy keep - ers kind to be, Wilt thou with words pro - fane Thy
hymns, Breathe it in ear - nest prayer; But not with sad - den cry, I



eth each word you say, He will re - mem - ber it, . . . In the great judgment day,
Mak - er's ho - ly name, Sent - ter thine an - gel guards, . . . With words so rash and vain,
thy light joy or pain, God will hold guilt - y all, . . . Who take his name in vain.

FAST BY THE THRONE.

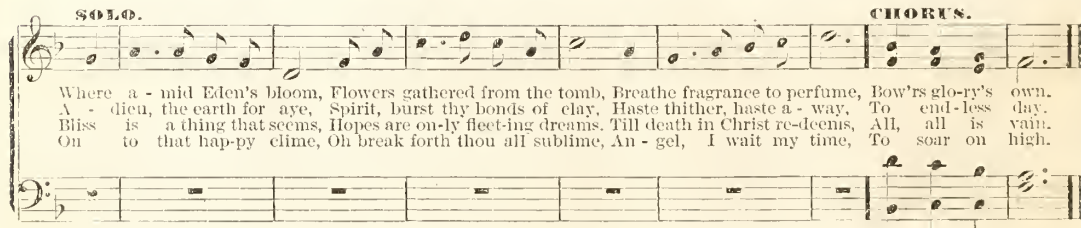
Arr. by W. A. OGDEN.

SOLO. **CHORUS.** **SOLO.** **CHORUS.**



1. There is a hap-py land, Fast by the throne, Where with a sin-less band, God reigns a-lone;
 2. There is a hap-py clime, Christ is the sun, Light from whose orb sub-lime, Shines ev-er on;
 3. Earth's charms shall ne'er de-coy, Thee back a-gain, For earth hath not a joy, With-out its pain;
 4. On to thy hap-py home, No more to sigh, Where sin nor sor-row come, Where none may die;

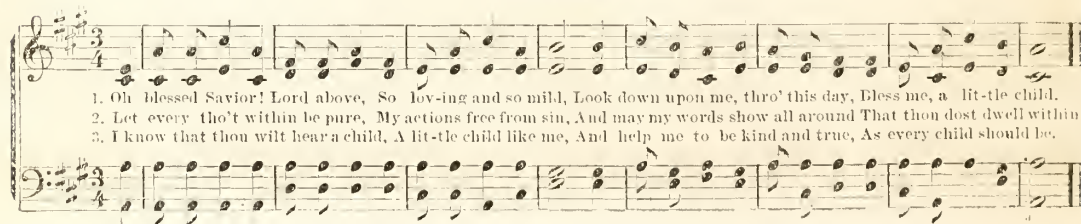
SOLO. **CHORUS.**



Where a-mid Eden's bloom, Flowers gathered from the tomb, Breathe fragrance to perfume, Bow'rs glo-ry's own.
 A-dieu, the earth for aye, Spirit, burst thy bonds of clay, Haste thither, haste a-way, To end-less day.
 Bliss is a thing that seems, Hopes are on-ly fleet-ing dreams, Till death in Christ re-deems, All, all is vain.
 On to that hap-py clime, Oh break forth thou all sublime, An-gel, I wait my time, To soar on high.

CALMET.

W. A. O.

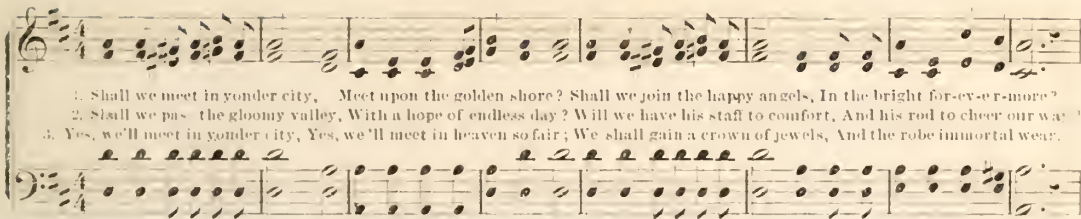


1. Oh blessed Savior! Lord above, So lov-ing and so mild, Look down upon me, thro' this day, Bless me, a lit-tle child.
 2. Let every tho't within be pure, My actions free from sin, And may my words show all around That thou dost dwell within.
 3. I know that thou wilt hear a child, A lit-tle child like me, And help me to be kind and true, As every child should be.

MEET IN YONDER CITY.

Words and Music by
E. C. WILSON.

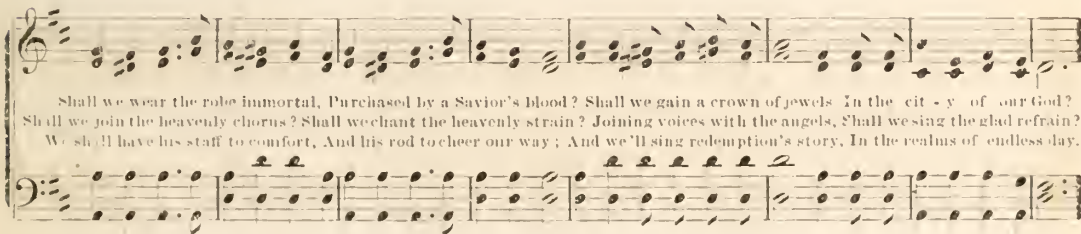
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1. Shall we meet in yonder city, Meet upon the golden shore? Shall we join the happy angels, In the bright for-ev-er-more?

2. Shall we pass the gloomy valley, With a hope of endless day? Will we have his staff to comfort, And his rod to cheer our way?

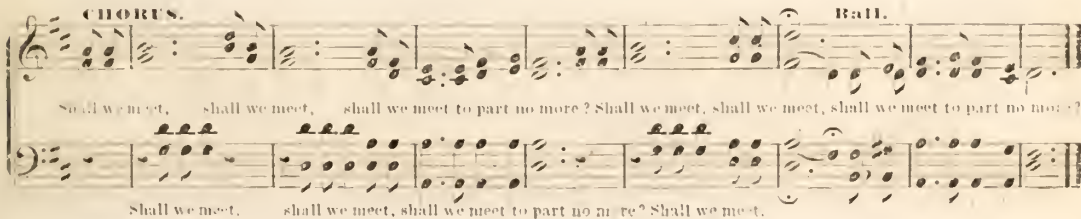
3. Yes, we'll meet in yonder city, Yes, we'll meet in heaven so fair; We shall gain a crown of jewels, And the robe immortal wear.



Shall we wear the robe immortal, Purchased by a Savior's blood? Shall we gain a crown of jewels In the cit-y of our God?

Shall we join the heavenly chorus? Shall we chant the heavenly strain? Joining voices with the angels, Shall we sing the glad refrain?

We shall have his staff to comfort, And his rod to cheer our way; And we'll sing redemption's story, In the realms of endless day.



CHORUS.

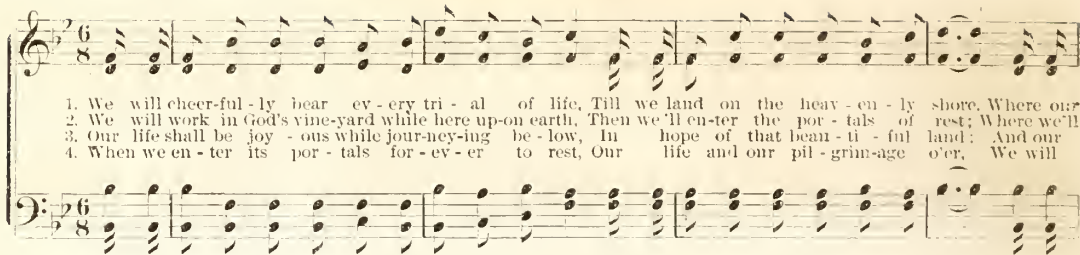
Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet to part no more? Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet to part no more?

Ball.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet to part no more? Shall we meet.

LAND ABOVE.

Arr. by W. A. OGDEN.

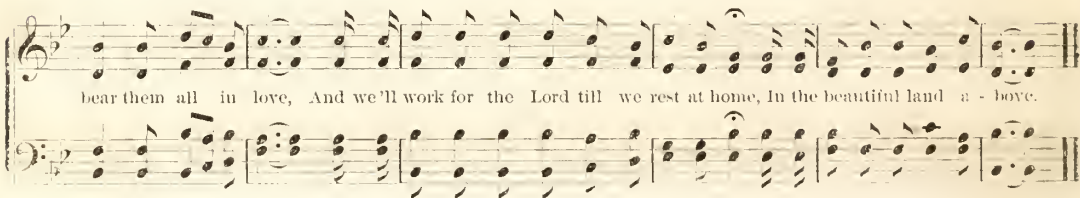


1. We will cheer-ful-ly bear ev-ery tri-al of life, Till we land on the heav-en-ly shore, Where our
 2. We will work in God's vine-yard while here up-on earth, Then we'll en-ter the por-tals of rest; Where we'll
 3. Our life shall be joy-ous while jour-ney-ing be-low, In hope of that beau-ti-ful land; And our
 4. When we en-ter its por-tals for-ev-er to rest, Our life and our pil-grim-age o'er, We will

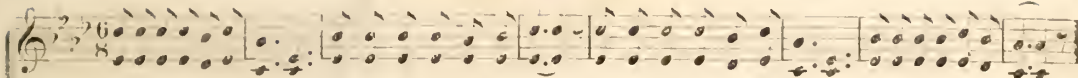
CHORUS.



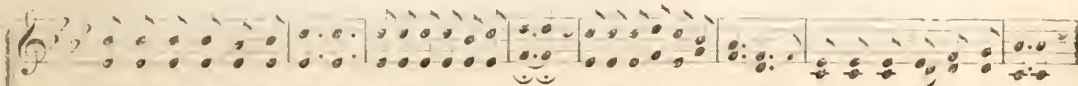
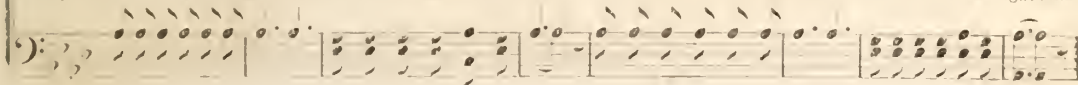
souls shall be blest, and we ev-er shall rest, Where trials shall come nevermore, Then let the tri-als come; We'll
 join in the prais-es of God and the Lamb, In the beautiful land of the blest,
 lives shall con-form to the will of the Lord; We'll go to that bright, golden strand,
 bask in the sun-shine of Je-sus' love, On the beau-ti-ful ev-er-green shore.



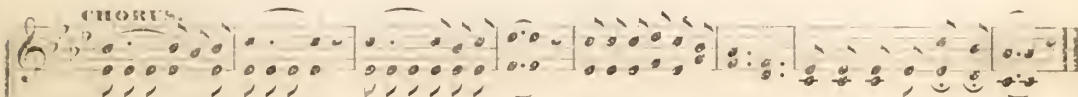
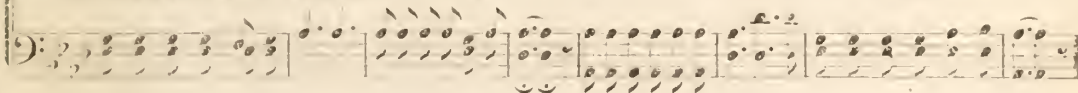
bear them all in love, And we'll work for the Lord till we rest at home, In the beautiful land a-bove.



1. Open the door for the children, Tenderly gather them in; In from the highways and hedges, In from the places of sin.
 2. Open the door for the children, See! they are coming in throngs; Bid them sit down to the banquet, Teach them your beautiful songs.
 3. Open the door for the children, Take the dear lambs by the hand; Point them to truth and to Jesus, Point them to heaven's bright land.



Some are so young and so helpless, Some are so hungry and cold; Open the door for the children, Gather them into the fold.
 Pray on the Father to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given; Open the door for the children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
 Some are so young and so helpless, Some are so hungry and cold; Open the door for the children, Gather them into the fold.




Gath - er them in, Gath - er them in.
 Gather them in, oh, gather them in, Gather, oh, gather them in; Open the door for the children, Gather them into the fold.



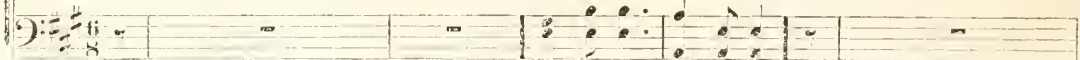
GATHERING HOME.

Music by W. A. OGDEN.


SOLO. **CHO.** **SOLO.**





1. They're gathering homeward from ev-'ry land, One by one, one by one; As their wea-ry feet touch the
 2. Be-fore they rest they pass thro' the strife, One by one, one by one; Thro' the wa-ters of death they
 3. We, too, shall come to the riv-er-side, One by one, one by one; We are nearer its waters each
 4. Je-sus, Re-deem-er, we look to thee, One by one, one by one; We lift up our voi-es




CHO. **DUO.**



shining strand, Yes, one by one. Their brows are inclosed in a golden crown, Their travel-stained garments are
 en-ter life, Yes, one by one. To some are the floods of the riv-er still, As they ford on their way to the
 e-ven-tide, Yes, one by one. We can hear the noise and dash of the stream, Now and again thro' our
 trem-bling-ly, Yes, one by one. The waves of the river are dark and cold, We know not the place where our

all laid down, And clothed in white raiment they rest in the mead, Where the Lamb doth love his saints to lead,
 heavenly hill; To oth-ers the waves run fiercely and wild, Yet they reach the home of the un-de-filed,
 life's deep dream; Sometimes the floods all the banks o-ver-flow, Sometimes in rip-ples and small waves go,
 feet may bold; Thou who didst pass through in deep midnight, Strengthen us, send us the staff and the light.



CHORUS.

Gathering home, gathering home, Forging the riv-er, One by one; Gathering home, gathering home, Yes, one by one.

NEED OF JESUS.

W. A. O.

Moderato.

Fine.

1. I need thee, precious Jesus, For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and guilt-y, My heart is dead with-in.
 2. I need thee, precious Jesus, For I am very-y poor— A stranger and a pil-grim, I have no earthly store.
 3. I need thee, precious Jesus, I need a friend like thee; A friend to soothe and sympathize, A friend to care for me.
 4. I need thee, precious Jesus, For I am ver-y blind— A weak and foolish wanderer, With dark and evil mind.

D. C.

I need the cleansing fountain, Where I can always flee, The blood of Christ most precious, The sinner's only plea.
 I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way; To guide my doubting footsteps, To be my strength and stay.
 I need the heart of Jesus, To feel each anxious care; To tell my ev - ery trou-ble, And all my sorrows share.
 I need thy charming presence, To tread the narrow road; To guide me safe to glory, To bring me home to God.

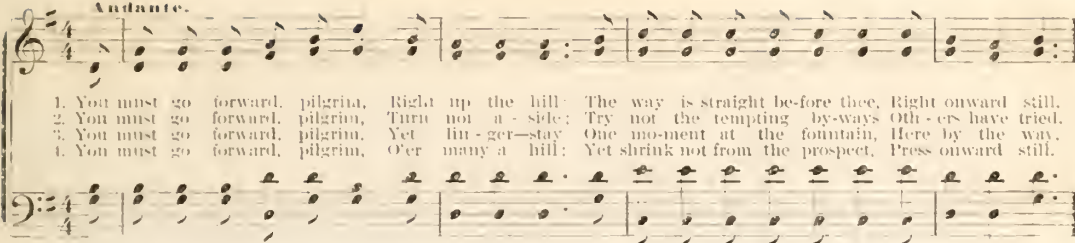
I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

W. A. O.

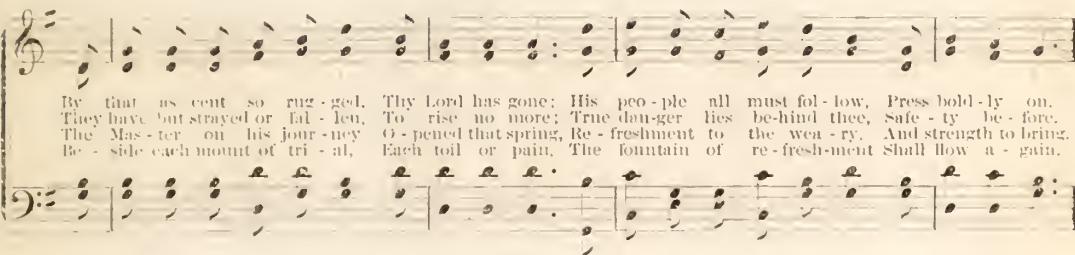
1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God, He bears them all and
 2. I bring my wants to Je - sus, All full - ness dwells in him; He heals all my dis-
 3. I long to be like Je - sus, So love - ly and so mild; I long to be like

frees us From vile, chas - tiz - ing load, I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To
 eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem, I bring my griefs to Je - sus, My
 Je - sus, The Fa - ther's on - ly child; I long to be with Je - sus, A-

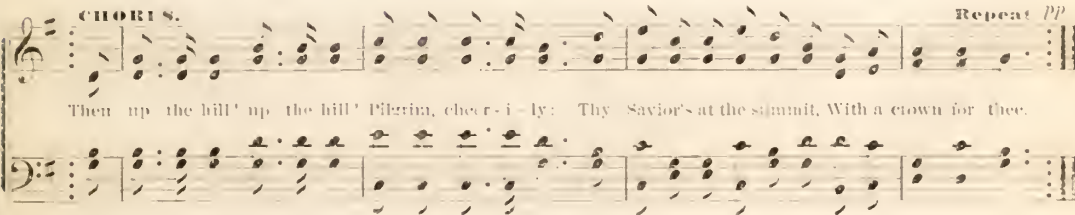
wash my crim - son stains White in his blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains,
 bur - dens and my cares; I from them he re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares,
 mid the heav - en - ly throng, To sing his end - less prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song.

Andante.


1. You must go forward, pilgrim, Right up the hill: The way is straight be-fore thee, Right onward still.
 2. You must go forward, pilgrim, Turn not a - side: Try not the tempting by-ways Oth - ers have tried.
 3. You must go forward, pilgrim, Yet lin - ger—stay One mo-ment at the fountain, Here by the way,
 4. You must go forward, pilgrim, O'er many a hill: Yet shrink not from the prospect, Press onward still.



By that as-cent so rug-ged, Thy Lord has gone: His peo-ple all must fol-low, Press bold-ly on.
 They have but strayed or fal-len, To rise no more; True dan-ger lies be-hind thee, Safe - ty be-fore.
 The Mas-ter on his jour-ney, O-pened that spring, Re-freshment to the wea-ry, And strength to bring.
 Re-side each mount of tri-al, Each toil or pain, The fountain of re-fresh-ment Shall flow a - gain.

CHORUS.*Repeat pp*


Then up the hill! up the hill! Pilgrim, cheer-i-ly: Thy Saviour's at the summit, With a crown for thee.

THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

W. A. O.

1. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and an - gels sing; A world where peace and
 2. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where sor - row nev - er comes; A world where tears shall
 3. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Un - seen by mor - tal sight; And dark - ness nev - er
 4. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Of har - mo - ny and love; Oh! may we safe - ly

CHORUS.

pleas - ure reigns, And heavenly prais - es ring. We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vic - t'ry,
 nev - er fall, In sigh - ing for our home. We'll be there, etc.
 en - ters there—That home is fair and bright. We'll be there, etc.
 en - ter there And dwell with God a - bove. We'll be there, etc.

bright and fair, Crowns of glo - ry we shall wear, In that beau - ti - ful world.

ON A CHRISTMAS MORNING.

W. A. OGDEN.

97

Sprightly. GIRLS.

GIRLS. 1. What is the song the an - gels sing? Sweetly sing, glad - ly sing; What is the song the an - gels sing?
Boys. Oh, "Peace on earth," the an - gels sing, sweetly sing, glad - ly sing; Oh, "Peace on earth," the an - gels sing,

BOYS Repeat. CHORUS. ff

Oh, a Christmas morning, Oh, blessed morn! O wondrous King! A Son for born, the Lord's an - nunt - ed

For - ters on the work ap - point - ed, Leaves the heavenly world a - while, God and man to re - joice on - eil

GIRLS. 2. What is the blessing angels bring? GIRLS... Oh, tell me why should children sing? ALL. Then let us all together sing,
Gladly bring, truly bring; Sweetly sing, gladly sing;
What is the blessing angels bring, Oh, tell me why should children sing? Then let us all together sing,
On a Christmas morning? On a Christmas morning? On this Christmas morning,
Boys. "Good will to men," the angels bring? Boys. In Bethlehem was born a King, Glory to him whom love did bring,
Gladly bring, truly bring; Children's King, angels' King; Sweetly bring, gladly bring;
"Good will to men," the angels bring? In Bethlehem was born a King, Glory to him whom love did bring,
On a Christmas morning, Cio. On a Christmas morning, Cio. On a Christmas morning, Cio.

WE COME WITH SONG.

W. A. OGDEN.

ANNIVERSARIES.

1. An-oth-er year has passed away: Time swift - ly speeds a - long; We come a - gain to praise and
An-oth-er year We come again

CHORUS.
pray. And sing our greeting song. We come, we come, with song to greet you. We come, we come, with

We come, we come, we come, we come, we come, we come, we come, we come, with

song: We come, we come, with song to greet you. We come, we come, with song.

song: We come, we come, we come, we come, we come, we come, we come, we come, we come with song.

2. We come the Savior's name to praise, To sing his wondrous love,
Of him who guards us all our days,
And guides to heaven above. Chorus.
3. We'll sing of mercies daily given,
Through every passing year;
We'll sing the promises of heaven,
With voices loud and clear Chorus.
4. Our youthful hearts we'll gladly raise,
Our voices sweetly sing
A general song of grateful praise,
To heaven's eternal King. Chorus.

RADIANT SUNBEAMS.

Written for this work
By J. R. MURRAY.

97

Cheerfully.

1. Reach-ing af - ter sun-beams Of the dim-pled hand; That is right, dear chil-dren, Grasp the gold - en band.
2. When your feet shall wan - der From your homes a - way, You will find that e - vil With the good may stray;
3. Grief may be your por - tion, Shad-ows dim your way; Clouds may dark-ly threat - en To ob-scure the day:

Fold it to your bo - som, Let it cheer your heart; Gath-er ra-diant sunbeams, Bid the clouds de-part
Nev - er heed it, chil-dren, Let it pass the while— Gath-er on - ly sunbeams, Keep your hearts from guile.
Do n't de-spair, dear chil-dren, There 's a Fa - ther's love—How could there be shad - ows With no light a - bove?

CHORUS.

Fold it to your bo - som, Let it cheer your heart; Gath - er ra-diant sunbeams, Bid the clouds de-part.

OH, LET US BE FAITHFUL.

Words and Music written for this
work by J. R. MURRAY.

1. Oh, let us be faith - ful. Oh, let us be true! Stand read - y to
2. Sweet, sweet is the prom - ise, Sure, sure is the word. Of him who hath

la - bor. Stand read - y to do: The Mas - ter is call - ing.
loved us. Our sav - ior and Lord. Oh, hast - en to serve him.

Oh, haste to o - bey: Go work in my vine - yard. Go while it is day.
Ere day - light is past. Then in - to his king - dom He'll bring us at last.

Enison.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Though my life path-way through earth may be dreary, God is my Fa-ther, I know; Though clouds and darkness en-
2. Though I may of-ten grow sad and grow weary, God is my Fa-ther, I know; Though the stern hand of
Though my whole life may be saddened by sorrow, God is my Fa-ther, I know; Though there may lin-ger no hope for the morrow, God is my Fa-ther, I know; Though the stern hand of

vel-ope my path, Though heav-en's brow may low-er in wrath; 'Mid all, my tried spirit trust-ing-ly saith,
death may be-ceive, Though all my com-forts and pleasures may leave, Tho' all the joys of earth may de-ceive.

Rall.

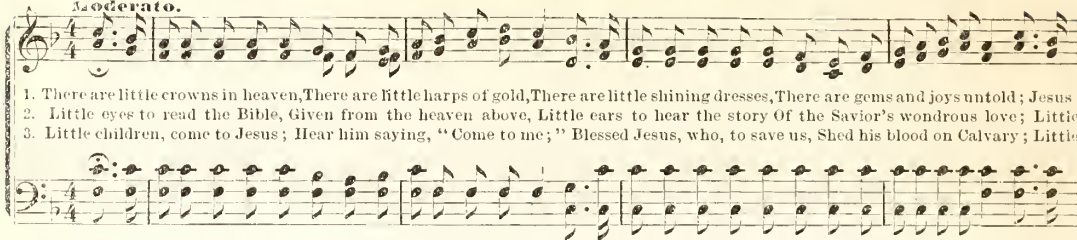
Fine. CHORUS.

d.c. f.

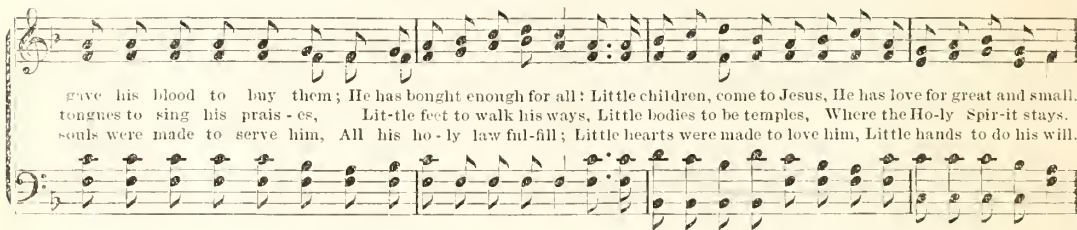
"God is my Fa-ther, I know." God is my Fa-ther, I know, I know, God is my Fa-ther, I know.
God is my Fa-ther, I know.

Though my whole life may be darkened by trial,
God is my Father, I know;
Soul-crushing crosses and sad self-denial,
God is my Father, I know;
Though I may bear a heart-wearying pain,
Though I may ne'er know earth joy again,
I shall rejoice on Eden's bright plain,
God is my Father, I know. Cuo. D.C.

1. Then what though my pathway through earth be dreary?
God is my Father, I know;
What though I often grow tired and weary?
God is my Father, I know;
What though I wander a pilgrim below?
Home to my mansion in heaven I go;
There I shall sing, where the heaven-streams flow,
"God is my Father, I know." Cuo. D.C.

Moderato.


1. There are little crowns in heaven, There are little harps of gold, There are little shining dresses, There are gems and joys untold; Jesus
 2. Little eyes to read the Bible, Given from the heaven above, Little ears to hear the story Of the Savior's wondrous love; Little
 3. Little children, come to Jesus; Hear him saying, "Come to me;" Blessed Jesus, who, to save us, Shed his blood on Calvary; Little



gave his blood to buy them; He has bought enough for all: Little children, come to Jesus, He has love for great and small.
 tongues to sing his prais - es, Lit - tle feet to walk his ways, Little bodies to be temples, Where the Ho - ly Spir - it stays.
 souls were made to serve him, All his ho - ly law ful - fill; Little hearts were made to love him, Little hands to do his will.

CHORUS.


There are little crowns in heaven, There are little harps of gold; We shall wear them in the kingdom, In our Savior's blissful fold.

DEAR LORD, REMEMBER ME.

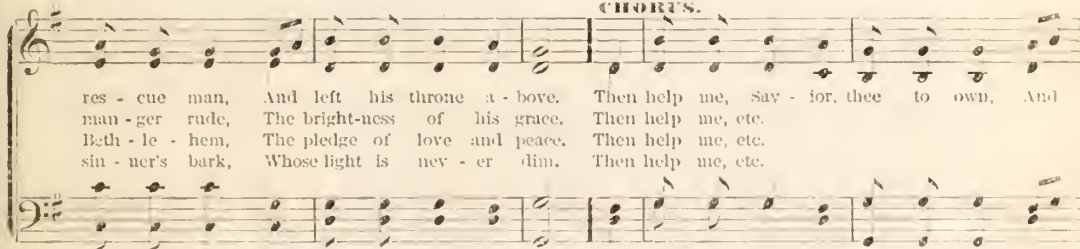
W. A. O. 103

Moderato.

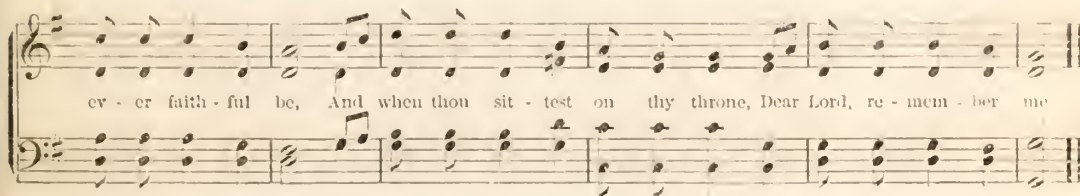


1. Oh, won - drous sto - ry of the Lord! It thrills our hearts with love, That Je - sus came to
 2. In hu - man form he deigned to dwell, To raise our fal - len race; And shed a - bout a
 3. The an - gels sang, and men re - joiced, In hope of end - less bliss, And hailed the star of
 4. It shines to - day to guide us on, Thro' earth - ly storms to him; The pole - star for the

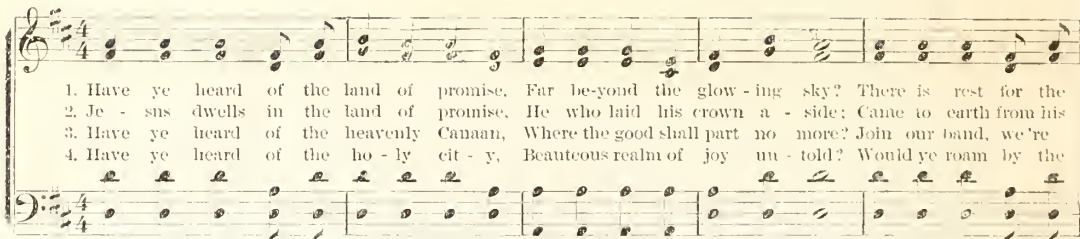
CHORUS.



res - cue man, And left his throne a - bove. Then help me, say - for, thee to own, And
 man - ger rude, The bright - ness of his grace. Then help me, etc.
 Beth - le - hem, The pledge of love and peace. Then help me, etc.
 sin - ner's bark, Whose light is nev - er dim. Then help me, etc.

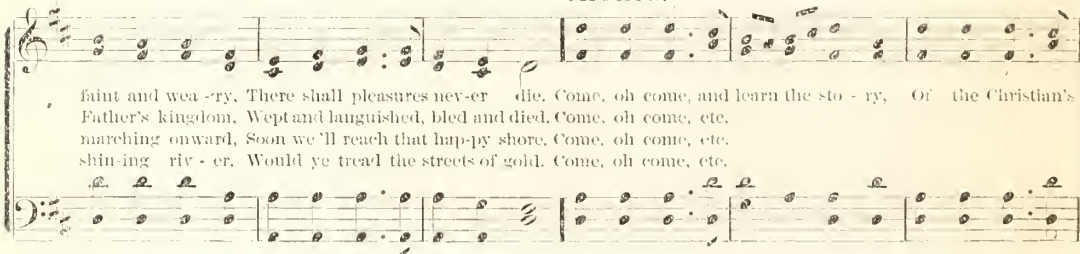


ev - er faith - ful be, And when thou sit - test on thy throne, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me



1. Have ye heard of the land of promise, Far be-yond the glow-ing sky? There is rest for the
 2. Je - sus dwells in the land of promise, He who laid his crown a - side; Came to earth from his
 3. Have ye heard of the heavenly Canaan, Where the good shall part no more? Join our band, we're
 4. Have ye heard of the ho - ly cit - y, Beauteous realm of joy un - told? Would ye roam by the

CHORUS.



faint and wea-ry, There shall pleasures nev-er die. Come, oh come, and learn the sto-ry, Of the Christian's
 Father's kingdom, Wept and languished, bled and died. Come, oh come, etc.
 marching onward, Soon we'll reach that hap-py shore. Come, oh come, etc.
 shin-ing riv-er, Would ye tread the streets of gold. Come, oh come, etc.



home In glo - ry; We are bound for the land of prom-ise, Hap-py home be - yond the sky.

SING PRAISES.

GEO. B. LOOMIS, 105

CAN BE USED FOR INFANT CLASS.

1. Sweet - ly the morn - ing light Streams from a - bove, Tell - ing in words of light.
 2. Streams in our Sab - bath school, Light from a - bove, Tell - ing in tones of light.
 3. Say - io we come to thee, Light from a - bove, Teach us to know and see.

CHORUS.

God is love, Sing prais - es, sing prais - es, God is a God of
 God is love, Sing prais - es, etc.
 God is love, Sing prais - es, etc.

love, sing prais - es, Sing prais - es, God is a God of love.

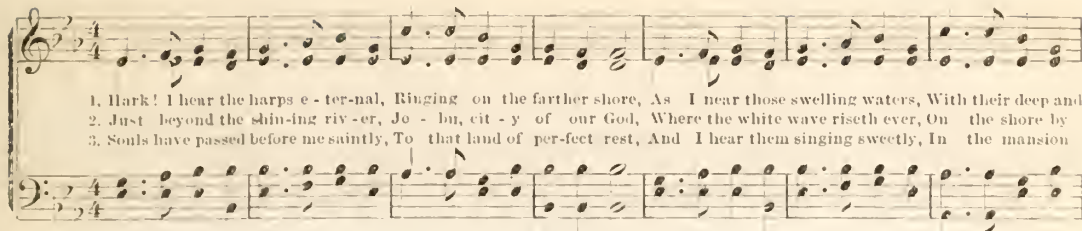
1. Ly cool Si - loam's shady rill, How fair the lily grows, How sweet the breath beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dewy rose.
2. By cool Si - loam's shady rill, The lily must de-cay, The rose that blooms beneath the hill Must shortly fade away.

HARTEL. L. M.

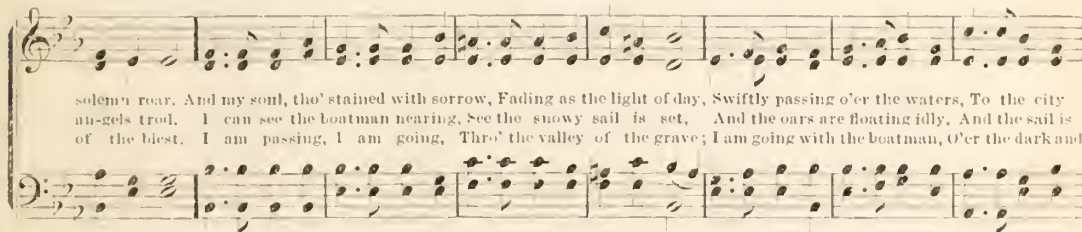
DR. L. MASON.

1. Be - hold, a stran - ger at the door, He gen - tly knocks, has knocked be-
2. Oh, love - ly at - ti - tude! he stands, With melt - ing heart, and o - pen
3. Oh, wel - come him, the Prince of Peace! Now may his gen - tle reign in-

fore: Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still, You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
hands; Oh, match-less kind - ness, and he shows This match-less kind - ness to his foes.
crease! Throw wide the door, each will - ing mind, And be his em - pire all man - kind.

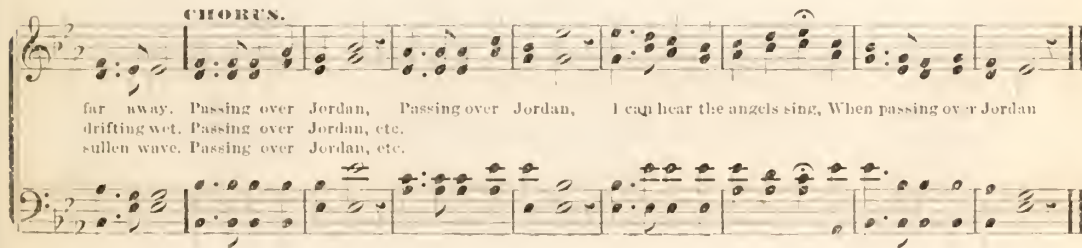


1. Hark! I hear the harps e - ter - nal, Ringing on the farther shore, As I near those swelling waters, With their deep and
 2. Just beyond the shin - ing riv - er, Jo - bu, cit - y of our God, Where the white wave riseth ever, On the shore by
 3. Souls have passed before me saintly, To that land of per - fect rest, And I hear them singing sweetly, In the mansion



solemn roar. And my soul, tho' stained with sorrow, Fading as the light of day, Swiftly passing o'er the waters, To the city
 an - gels tread. I can see the boatman nearing, See the snowy sail is set, And the oars are floating idly, And the sail is
 of the blest. I am passing, I am going, Thro' the valley of the grave; I am going with the boatman, O'er the dark and

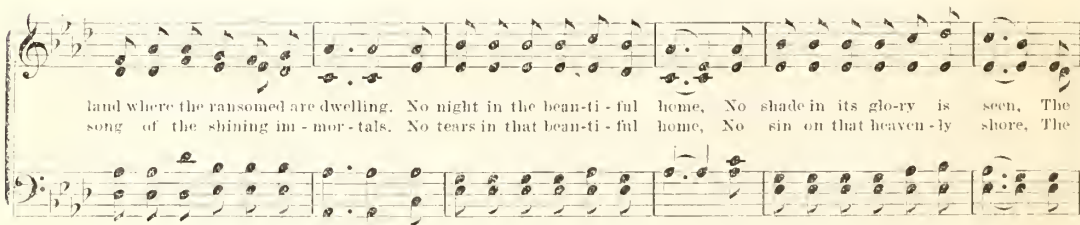
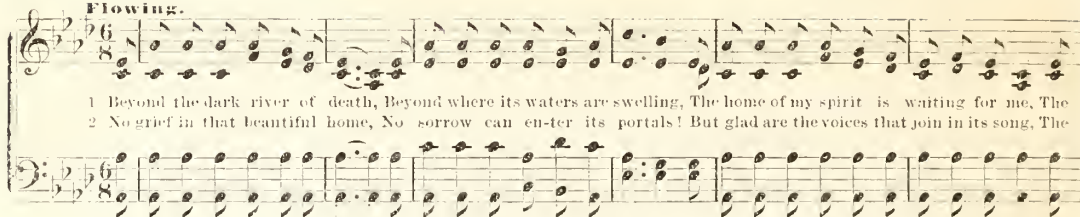
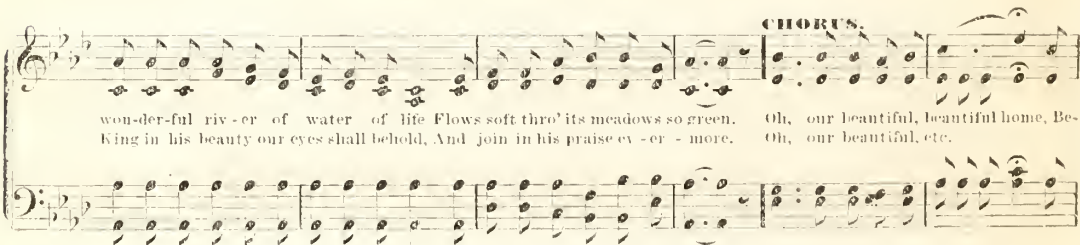
CHORUS.

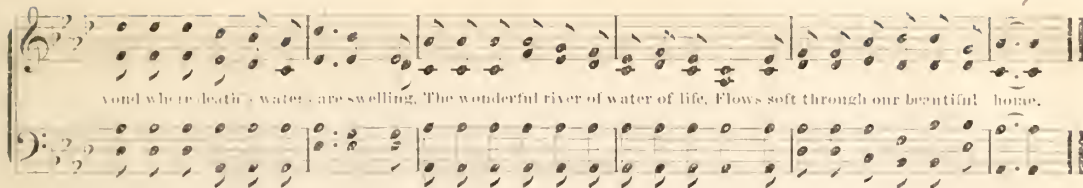


far away. Passing over Jordan, Passing over Jordan, I can hear the angels sing, When passing over Jordan
 drifting wet. Passing over Jordan, etc.
 sullen wave. Passing over Jordan, etc.

OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

W. A. OGDEN.

Flowing.**CHORUS.**



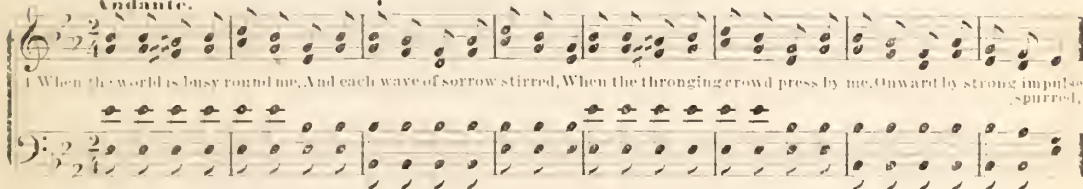
Words from
London Christian.

LISTENING FOR THE MASTER.

Music by W. A. GUDEN

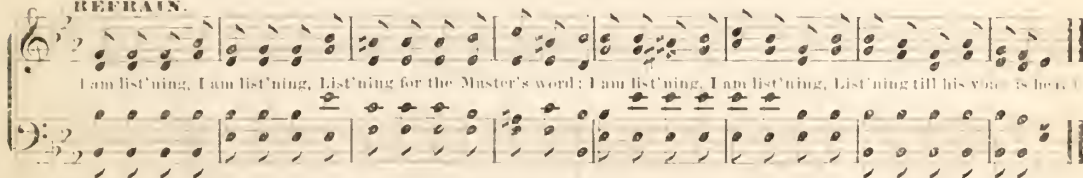
"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Andante.



1 When the world is busy round me, And each wave of sorrow stirred, When the thronging crowd press by me, Onward by strong impulse spurred,

REFRAIN.



I am list'ning, I am list'ning, List'ning for the Master's word; I am list'ning, I am list'ning, List'ning till his voice is heard.

2 When conflicting thoughts assail me,
And strange doctrines reach my ear,
When the sheep are all bewildered,
And no trusty guide seems near,
I am list'ning, I am list'ning,
Till the Shepherd's voice I hear;
I am list'ning, I am list'ning,
List'ning till he doth appear.

3. When God's truth is placed before me,
With its holy words of cheer,
When in vain my finite reason
Strives to make its meaning clear,
I am list'ning, I am list'ning,
List'ning till the Bridegroom speaks.
I am list'ning, I am list'ning,
Till his love the silence breaks.

4. List'ning, ever, Jesus, keep us,
May we at thy feet abide,
Ne'er beguiled by earthly vanes,
Always waiting at thy side.
We are list'ning, we are list'ning,
For thy word, our faithful Guide,
We are list'ning, we are list'ning,
Speak! and we are satisfied.

MY HOME FAR AWAY.

Words and Music by
W. A. OGDEN.

1. I've a home, far a - way, in the regions immortal, And Jesus, my Savior, is there, And no sin e'er can enter that
2. In that home, far away, flows a beautiful river ; A throne and a kingdom are there ; They are built on its margin, and

CHORUS.

heav-en - ly por-tal ; I long, oh, I long to be there. There the flowers ever spring, And sweet warblers sing, 'Mid the
Je - sus the giv-er, Is King of that country so fair.

Rid.

groves of that country so fair ; There the bright angels stand, Evermore in that land ; I long, oh, I long to be there.

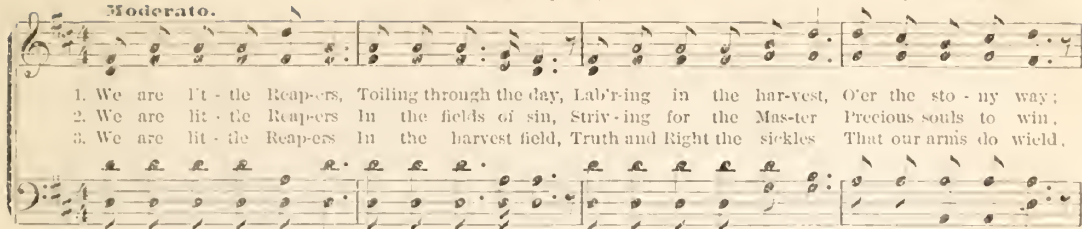
3. I have kindred and friends round that throne by the river, 4. I am journeying on to my home by the river,
Which stands in that country so fair ; And soon all its glories I'll share ;
They are waiting now, and they beckon me over ; There I'll dwell with my Savior and loved ones forever ;
I long, oh, I long to be there. Cuo. I long, oh, I long to be there. Cuo.

LITTLE REAPERS.

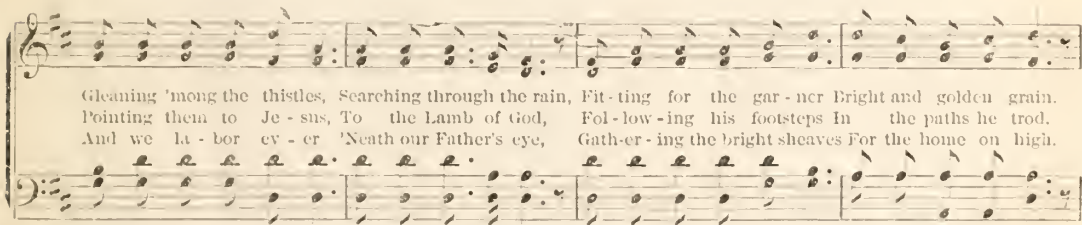
111

Written expressly for this work. Words and music by AUGUSTINE.

Moderato.

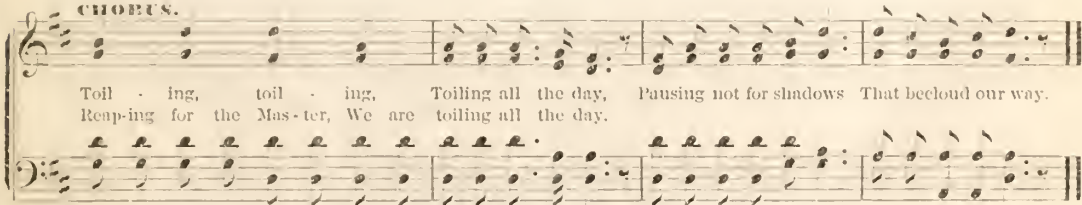


1. We are lit - tle Reap-ers, Toiling through the day, Lab'ring in the har-vest, O'er the sto - ny way ;
 2. We are lit - tle Reap-ers In the fields of sin, Striv-ing for the Mas-ter Precious souls to win.
 3. We are lit - tle Reap-ers In the harvest field, Truth and Right the sickles That our arms do wield.



Gleaning 'mong the thistles, Searching through the rain, Fit-ting for the gar - ner Bright and golden grain.
 Pointing them to Je - sus, To the Lamb of God, Fol-low-ing his footsteps In the paths he trod.
 And we la - bor ev - er 'Neath our Father's eye, Gath-er-ing the bright sheaves For the home on high.

CHORUS.



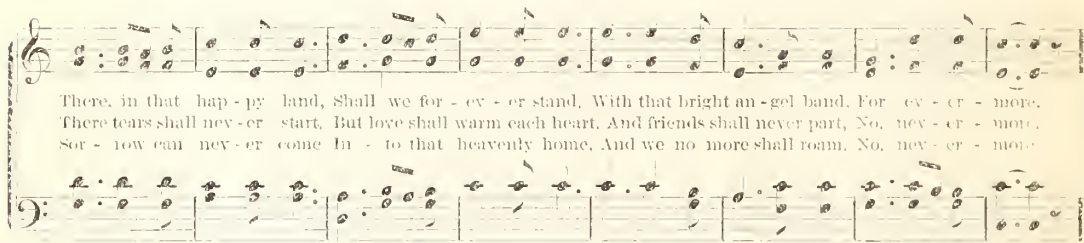
Toil - ing, toil - ing, Toiling all the day, Pausing not for shadows That becloud our way.
 Reap-ing for the Mas-ter, We are toiling all the day.

ANGEL BAND.

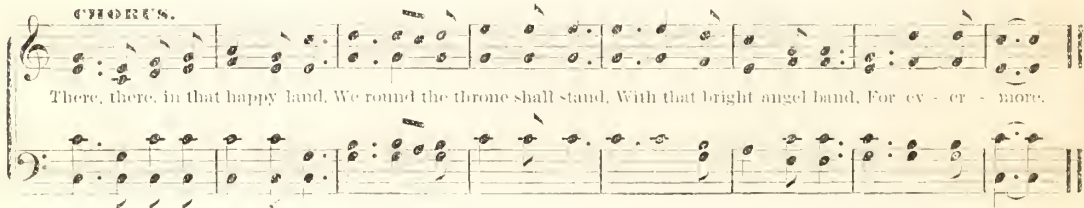
J. WM. SUFFERN.

Moderato


1. Shall we not reach that land, When time is o'er? Shall we there join the throng, On Canaan's shore?
 2. Oh, 'tis a glorious land, That land a - love: There is no sor-row there, All, all is love.
 3. Let us re - member, then, When cares op - press, We have a home be - yond This wil - der - ness.



There, in that hap - py land, Shall we for - ev - er stand, With that bright an - gel band, For ev - er - more.
 There tears shall nev - er start, But love shall warm each heart, And friends shall never part, No, nev - er - more.
 Sor - row can nev - er come in - to that heavenly home, And we no more shall roam, No, nev - er - more.

CHORUS.


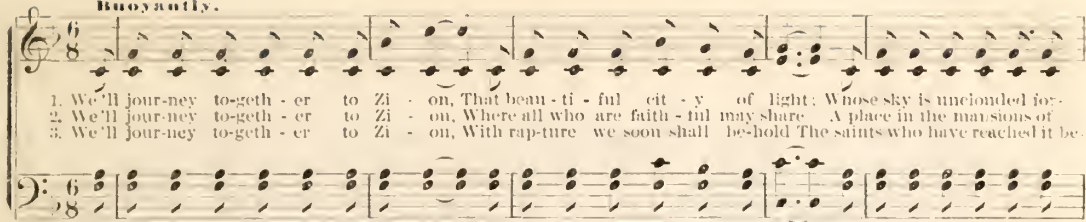
There, there, in that happy land, We round the throne shall stand, With that bright angel band, For ev - er - more.

WE'LL JOURNEY TOGETHER.

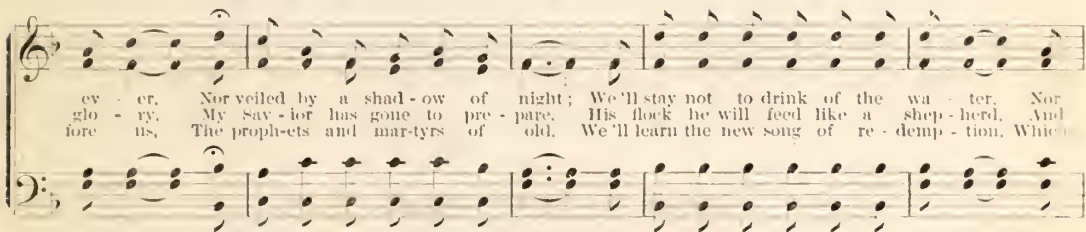
W. A. OGDEN.

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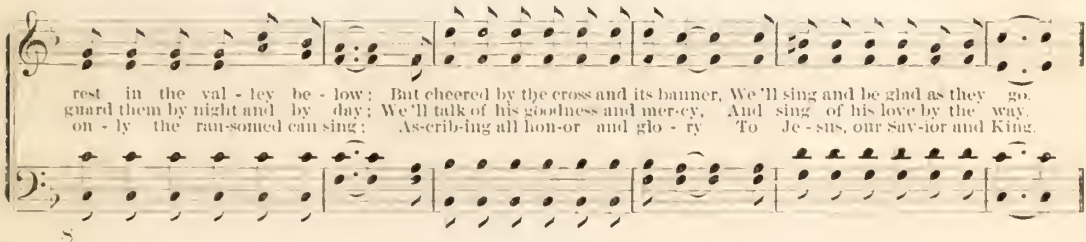
Buoyantly.



1. We'll jour-ney to-geth - er to Zi - on, That beau - ti - ful cit - y of light: Whose sky is unclouded for -
 2. We'll jour-ney to-geth - er to Zi - on, Where all who are faith - ful may share A place in the mansions of
 3. We'll jour-ney to-geth - er to Zi - on, With rap-ture we soon shall be-hold The saints who have reached it be-



ev - er, Nor veiled by a shad - ow of night; We'll stay not to drink of the wa - ter, Nor
 glo - ry, My Sav - ior has gone to pre - pare. His flock he will feed like a shep - herd, And
 fore us, The proph-ets and mar-tys of old. We'll learn the new song of re - demp - tion, Which



rest in the val - ley be - low; But cheered by the cross and its ban-ner, We'll sing and be glad as they go,
 guard them by night and by day; We'll talk of his goodness and mer-cy, And sing of his love by the way,
 on - ly the ran-somed can sing: As-crib-ing all hon-or and glo - ry To Je - sus, our Sav-i-or and King.

WE'LL JOURNEY TOGETHER. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

We'll jour - ney to - geth - er to Zi - on, That beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on;

Rall.

Two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

We'll jour - ney to - geth - er to Zi - on, That beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.

GONE TO REST. Hymn Chant.

W. A. O.

FOR FUNERALS.

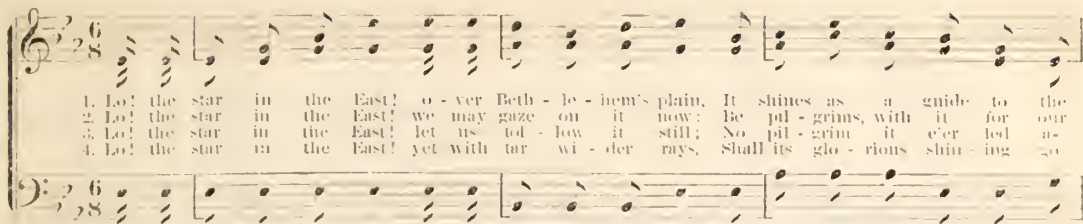
Slowly.

Two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

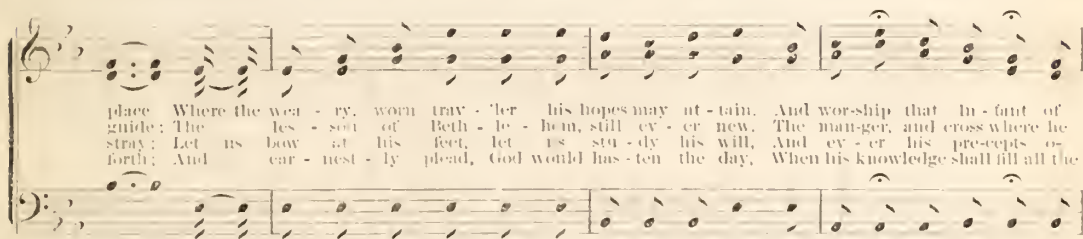
1. Brother! thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee; For thou art now where oft on earth Thy spirit longed to be.
 2. Brother! thou art gone to rest; Thine is an earth-ly tomb; But Je-sus summoned thee a-way Thy Savior call'd thee home.
 3. Brother! thou art gone to rest; Thy toils and cares are o'er; And sorrow, pain, and suffering now Can thee disturb no more.
 4. Brother! thou art gone to rest; Thy sins are all for-given; And saints in light have welcomed thee To share the joys of heaven.

STAR IN THE EAST.

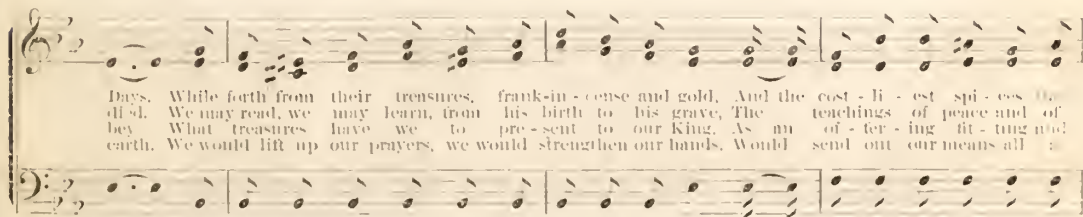
FOR CHRISTMAS.



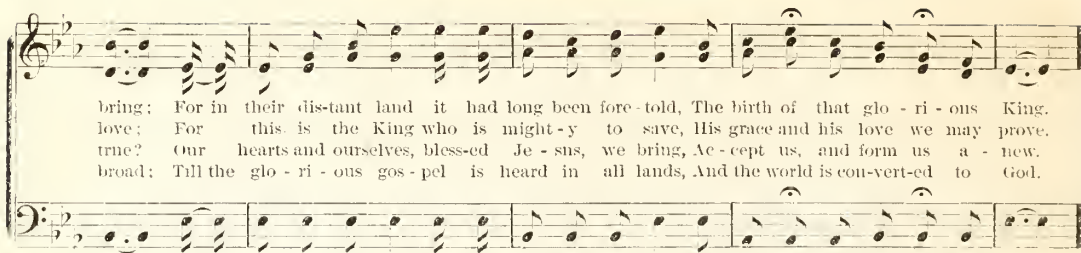
1. Lo! the star in the East! o - ver Beth - le - hem's plain, It shines as a guide to the
 2. Lo! the star in the East! we may gaze on it now; Be pil - grims with it for our
 3. Lo! the star in the East! let us tol - low it still; No pil - grim it e'er led a -
 4. Lo! the star in the East! yet with tar - wi - der rays, Shall its glo - rious shin - ing go



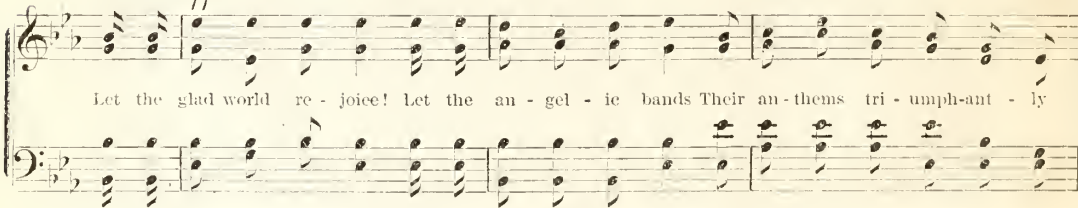
place Where the wea - ry, worn trav - 'ler his hopes may at - tain, And worship that In - fant of
 guide: The les - son of Beth - le - hem, still ev - er new, The man - ger, and cross where he
 stray: Let us bow at his feet, let us stu - dy his will, And ev - er his pre - cepts ob -
 forth: And ear - nest - ly plead, God would has - ten the day, When his knowledge shall fill all the



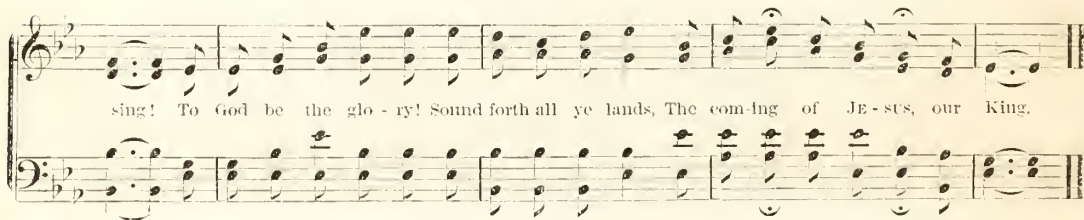
Days. While forth from their treasures, frank - in - cense and gold, And the cost - li - est spi - ces, O
 di - d. We may read, we may learn, from his birth to his grave, The teachings of peace and of
 hey What treasures have we to pre - sent to our King, As an of - fer - ing fit - ting and
 earth. We would lift up our prayers, we would strengthen our hands, Would send out our means all



bring: For in their dis-tant land it had long been fore-told, The birth of that glo - ri - ous King.
 love: For this is the King who is might-y to save, His grace and his love we may prove.
 true? Our hearts and ourselves, bless-ed Je - sus, we bring, Ac-cept us, and form us a - new.
 broad: Till the glo - ri - ous gos - pel is heard in all lands, And the world is con-vert-ed to God.

CHORUS. *ff*


Let the glad world re - joice! Let the an - gel - ic bands Their an - thems tri - umph-ant - ly

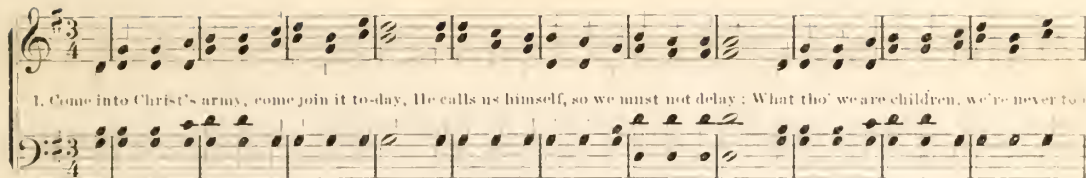


sing! To God be the glo - ry! Sound forth all ye lands, The com-ing of JE - SUS, our King.

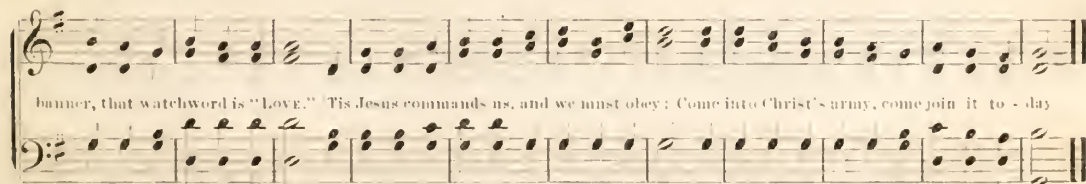
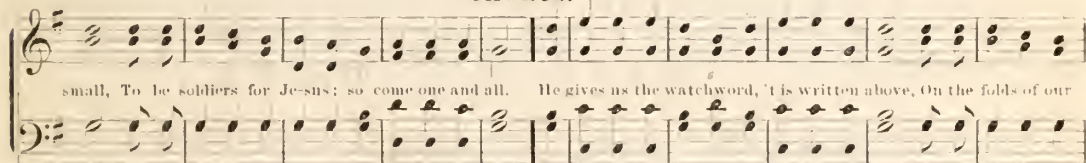
COME INTO CHRIST'S ARMY.

W. A. O.

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CHORUS.



2. He gives us our armor, so shining and bright :
So let us fight bravely for truth and for right :
The foes we must conquer are strong ones indeed,
We must ask for his help or we shall not succeed. Chorus.
3. We've plenty of trials and dangers to meet,
And Satan, our foe, oft will threaten defeat ;

- Temptation, too, often will lead us astray ;
But our Captain stands ready to show us the way. Chorus.
4. He'll keep us in safety till life shall be o'er ;
E'en death can not harm us, Christ met him before ;
We'll follow our leader, till yonder bright heaven
Shall ring with our praises for victory given. Chorus.

THE ANGELS WILL WELCOME US HOME.

Words by IDA WHIPPLE.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. How dear is this wil-der-ness way, How man-y the changes we meet: Our hopes and our pleasures de-cay, And

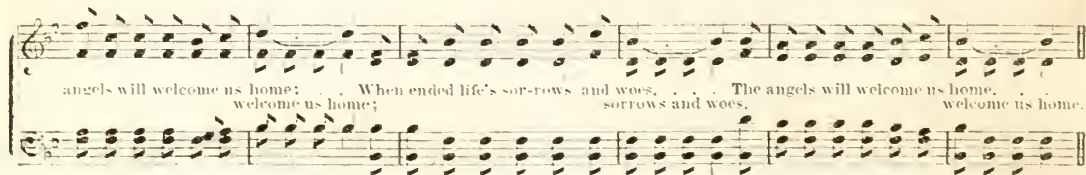


lie in the dust at our feet. Yet one joy-ous promise re-mains, To cheer our fond hearts in the gloom, When

CHORUS.



end-ed life's sorrows and woes, The an-gels will wel-come us home, The an-gels will wel-come us home, The welcome us home,



an-gels will wel-come us home; When end-ed life's sor-rows and woes, The an-gels will wel-come us home, welcome us home, sorrows and woes, welcome us home.

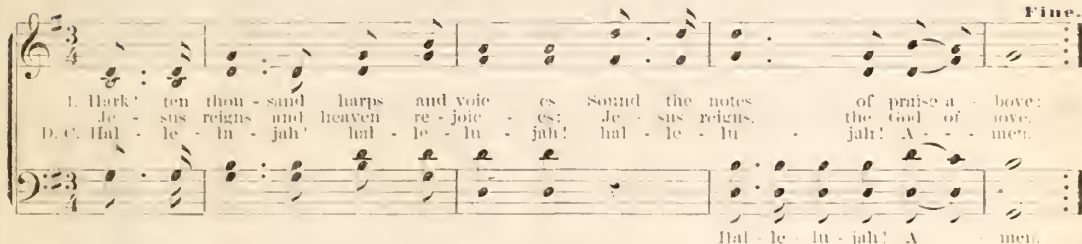
2. How often we're summoned to part
With some cherished friend that we love,
While grief sits supreme in the heart,
What peace cometh down from above;
They never will smile on us more,
While through the bleak desert we roam,
Yet safe on the evergreen shore,
The angels will welcome us home.

3. 'Tis only a little way o'er,
The wearisome pilgrimage ends;
Its trials and labors are gone,
The sun in the heavens descends;
And sweet is the promise of rest,
And sweet is the meeting to come,
For soon in the realms of the blest,
The angels will welcome us home.

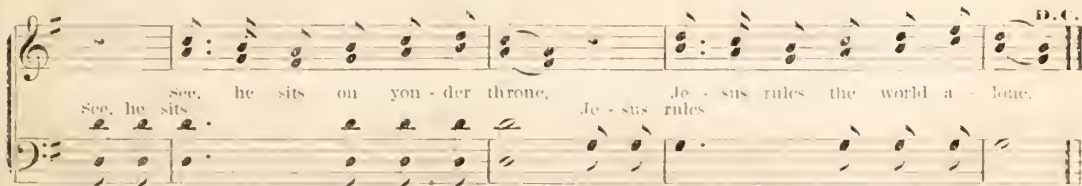
HARWELL. P. M.

Dr. MASON.

Fine.



1. Hark' ten thou - sand harps and voice sound the notes of praise a - bove;
Je - sus reigns and heaven re - joice; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
D. C. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - men.



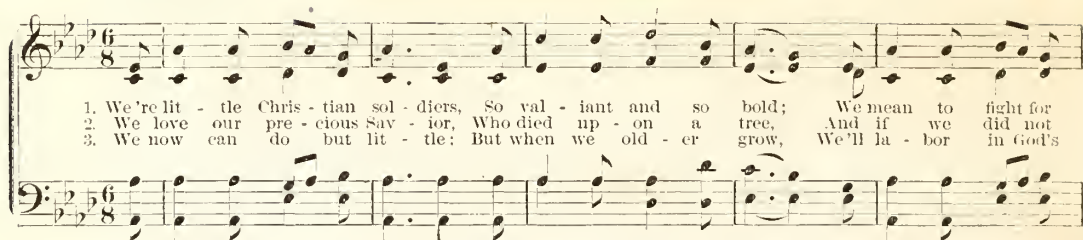
See, he sits on yon - der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
See, he sits. Je - sus rules.

2. King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face,
Hallelujah, etc.

3. Savior, hasten thine appearing,
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory, to our King,"
Hallelujah, etc.

"THE BIBLE SAYS WE MAY."

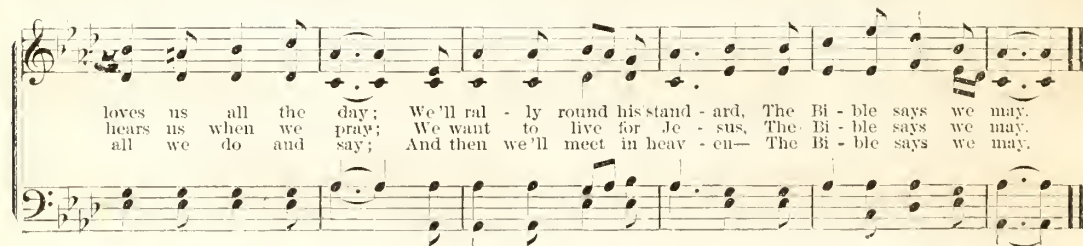
W. A. OGDEN.



1. We're lit - tle Chris - tian sol - diers, So val - iant and so bold; We mean to fight for
2. We love our pre - cious Sav - ior, Who died up - on a tree, And if we did not
3. We now can do but lit - tle; But when we old - er grow, We'll la - bor in God's



Je - sus, And wear a crown of gold. We know he'll make us hap - py, He
serve him, How siu - ful it would be! He gives us ev - ery com - fort, He
vine - yard; The bright - est seed we'll sow. God help and make us faith - ful, In



loves us all the day; We'll ral - ly round his stand - ard, The Bi - ble says we may.
hears us when we pray; We want to live for Je - sus, The Bi - ble says we may.
all we do and say; And then we'll meet in heav - en— The Bi - ble says we may.

"JUDGE NOT."

Contributed by C. T. DONDORE.

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Moderato.

1. Do not rash - ly judge thy brother, If he stum - ble on the way; Life's be - set with
 2. Let us ra - ther kind - ly help him To re - gain the path - way lost; Gen - tle words are
 3. Take good heed un - to thy footsteps, Round thy path lurks many a snare; If like him thou
 4. For we grope our way but blind - ly Through the darksome shades of night, And the best will

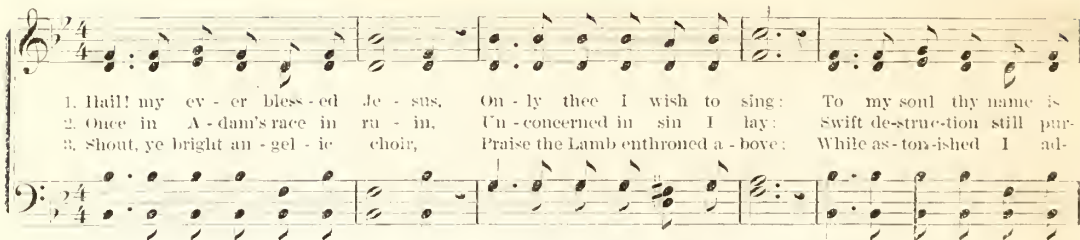
CHORUS.

sore temp - ta - tions, He has ful - len, and we may. Oh, I think it ill be - comes us,
 nev - er wast - ed, Free - ly give, they lit - tle cost. Oh, I think, etc.
 should'st be tempt - ed, Oh, my bro - ther! watch! be - ware! Oh, I think, etc.
 err so oft - en, 'Mid its tu - mult, toil, and strife. Oh, I think, etc.

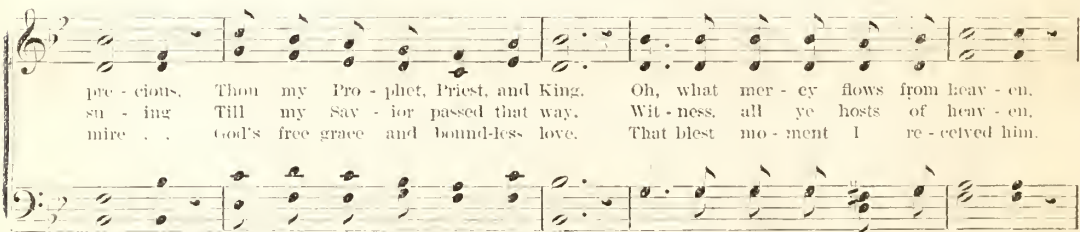
Thus to judge our brother's case, Let us wait un - til we've triumphed, Standing in the self - same place.

"I'M A MIRACLE OF GRACE."

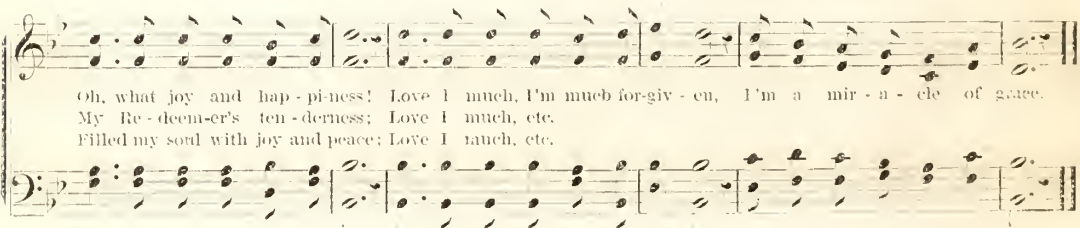
Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Hail! my ev - er bless - ed Je - sus, On - ly thee I wish to sing: To my soul thy name is
 2. Once in A - dam's race in ru - in, Un - concerned in sin I lay: Swift de - struc - tion still pur -
 3. Shout, ye bright an - gel - ic choir, Praise the Lamb enthroned a - bove: While as - ton - ished I ad -



pre - cious, Thou my Pro - phet, Priest, and King. Oh, what mer - cy flows from heav - en.
 su - ing Till my Sav - ior passed that way. Wit - ness, all ye hosts of heav - en.
 mire . . . God's free grace and bound - less love. That blest mo - ment I re - ceived him.



Oh, what joy and hap - pi - ness! Love I much, I'm much for - giv - en, I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.
 My Re - deem - er's ten - der - ness; Love I much, etc.
 Filled my soul with joy and peace; Love I much, etc.

1. They have reached the sun - ny shore, And will nev - er lan - ger more; All their
 2. Now they feel no chill - ing blast, For their win - ter time is past, And their
 3. They have fought the wear - y fight, Je - sus saved them by his might, Now they

grief and pains are o'er, O - ver there; And they need no lamp by night, For their
 sum - mers al - ways last, O - ver there; They can nev - er know a fear, For the
 dw ll with him in light, O - ver there; soon we'll reach the shin - ing strand, But we'll

day is al - ways bright, And their Say - ing is their light, O - ver there,
 sav - ing al - ways near, And with them is end - less cheer, O - ver there,
 wait our Lord's com - mand, Till we see his beck - 'ning hand, O - ver there,

THE NEW "OVER THERE." Concluded.

CHORUS.

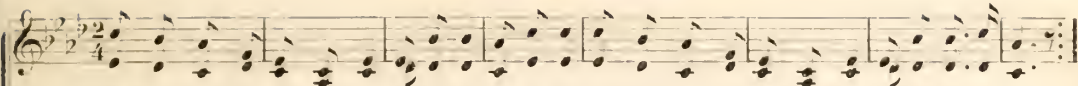
O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, They can
O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there,

nev - er know a fear o - ver there: All their streets are shin - ing gold, And their
O - ver there:

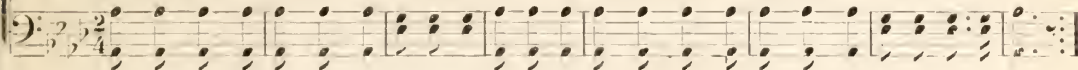
glo - ry is un - told, 'Tis the Sav - ior's bliss - ful fold, O - ver there.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

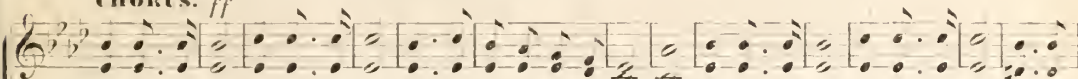
W. A. O. 125



1. Pleasant is the Sab-bath day, In the light, in the light, Seeming much of good to say, In the light of God.)
But a mu - sic rich - er far, In the light, in the light, Breathes where angel spirits are, In the light of God.)
2. Shall we cy - er rise and dwell, In the light, in the light, Where immor-tal praises swell, In the light of God?)
And can children cy - er go, In the light, in the light, Where e - ter - nal Sabbaths glow, In the light of God?)
3. Yes, that bliss our own shall be, In the light, in the light, All the good shall Je - sus see, In the light of God.)
For the good a rest remains, In the light, in the light, Where the glorious Savior reigns, In the light of God.)



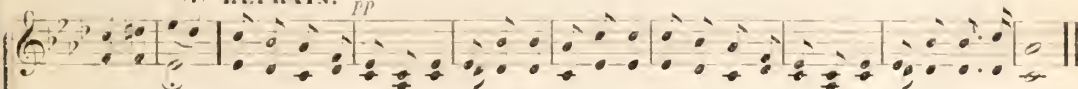
CHORUS. *ff*



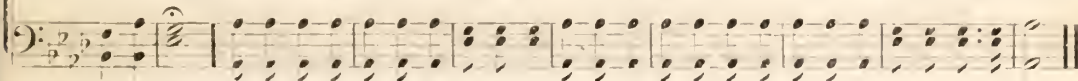
Walk in the light, walk in the light, In the light of God, our Fa - ther : Walk in the light, walk in the light, In the



REFRAIN. *fp*



light of God. Pleasant is the Sabbath day, In the light, in the light, Seeming much of good to say, In the light of God.



OVER THE JASPER SEA.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. The sea is wide - ly toss - ing, And oft - en filled with gloom, On which we're swiftly cross - ing To

CHORUS.

our e - ter - nal home. O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Gra - cious Sav - ior

Repeat Chorus *pp*

pi - lot me: O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, O - ver the Jas - per Sea.

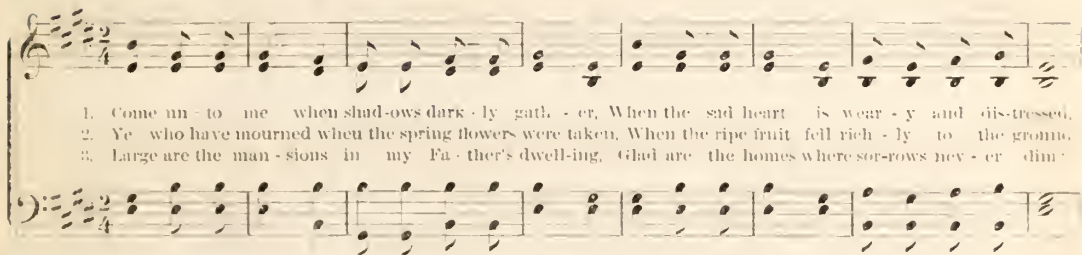
2. We've many a foe to conquer,
And many a storm to face,
Ere we in heaven anchor,
And sing redeeming grace. CHO.

3. Sail on, then, comrades, boldly,
And make God's word your chart:
Do every duty nobly,
With joyful, trusting heart. CHO.

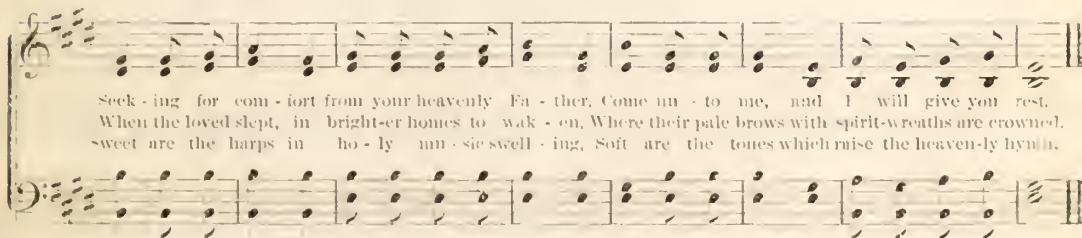
4. We'll float the gospel banner,
And guard it with our life,
And shout aloud "Hosanna!"
"Victorious in the strife!" CHO.

HENLEY. 11s. & 10s.

DR. L. MASON



1. Come un - to me when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad heart is wear - y and dis - tressed,
2. Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken, When the ripe fruit fell rich - ly to the ground,
3. Large are the man - sions in my Fa - ther's dwell - ing, Glad are the homes where sor - rows nev - er dim -



Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly Fa - ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest,
When the loved slept, in bright - er homes to wak - on, Where their pale brows with spirit - wreaths are crowned,
Sweet are the harps in ho - ly un - sis - well - ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heav - en - ly hymn.

I LOVE THEE, DEAR SAVIOR.

W. A. O.

1. I love thee, dear Say-ior, thou friend of man-kind, Who so gra-cious - ly o - pens the eyes of the blind; My
 2. I love thee, be-cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And borne in thy bod - y my sins on the tree; Thou
 3. I thank thee, dear Savior, for what thou hast done, And I glo - ry - fy God for the gift of his Son; In
 4. Oh, how shall I love thee suf - fi - cient - ly well! Thy love and thy mer - cy no mor - tal can tell! Re-

heart swells within me to think of thy love, And thy kind in - ter - ces - sion in heav - en a - bove.
 didst drink of the cup of wormwood and gall, That sal - va - tion, by grace, might be giv - en to all.
 grateful de - vo - tion my voice I will raise, To bless and a - dore thee the rest of my days.
 ceive my af - fee - tion, though humble it be, And re - veal more com - plete - ly thy - self un - to me.

CHORUS.

Re - ceive my af - fee - tion, though humble it be, And re - veal more com - plete - ly thy - self un - to me.

JESUS, BLESSED JESUS.

Music by W. H. BURGETT. 129

Slow.

1. Heav'nly Father, sov'reign Lord, Be thy glorious name adored; Lord, thy mercies nev - er fail, Hail, ce - les - tial
 2. Tho' unworthy of thine ear, Deign our humble songs to hear; Pur - er praise we hope to bring, When around thy
 3. While on earth ordained to stay, Guide our footsteps in thy way, Till we come to dwell with thee, Till we all thy
 4. Then with angel harps a - gain, We will wake a nobler strain; There in joy-ful songs of praise, Our tri-umph-ant

good-ness, hail! Hail, my blessed Jesus, Hail, my blessed Jesus, Hail, my loving Savior, loving Savior.
 throne we sing. Je - sus, blessed Jesus, Je - sus, blessed Jesus, Je - sus, blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus.
 glo - ry see. Je - sus, etc.
 voi - ces raise, Je - sus, etc.

THE SAVIOR CALLS.

1. To - day the Sav-ior calls, Ye wand'ers, come; Oh, ye be-night-ed souls, Why long - er roam
 2. To - day the Sav-ior calls, Oh, hear him now; With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow
 3. To - day the Sav-ior calls, For ref - uge fly; The storm of jns - tice falls, And death is nigh.

1. Hark! what mean those ho-ly voices, Sweetly sound - ing thro' the skies? Lo! th'angel - ic host rejoices, Heav'nly

2. Peace on earth! good will from heaven! Reaching far as man is found, Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven, Loud our

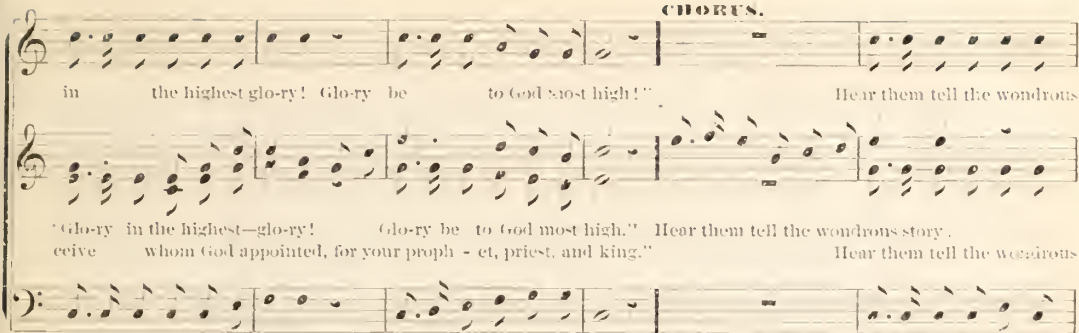
The first system of the musical score is written in 3/4 time. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef, the middle is a treble clef, and the bottom is a bass clef. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes.

hal - - - le - lujahs rise, Hear them tell the wondrous story, Hear them chant in hymns of joy; "Glory
Heavenly hal-le - lujahs rise,

gold - en harps shall sound, "Christ is born, the great Anointed! Heav'n and earth his praises sing; Oh re-

The second system of the musical score continues the melody. It also consists of three staves (treble, treble, and bass clefs). The lyrics are split across the staves, with some words appearing below the bottom staff. The musical notation continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

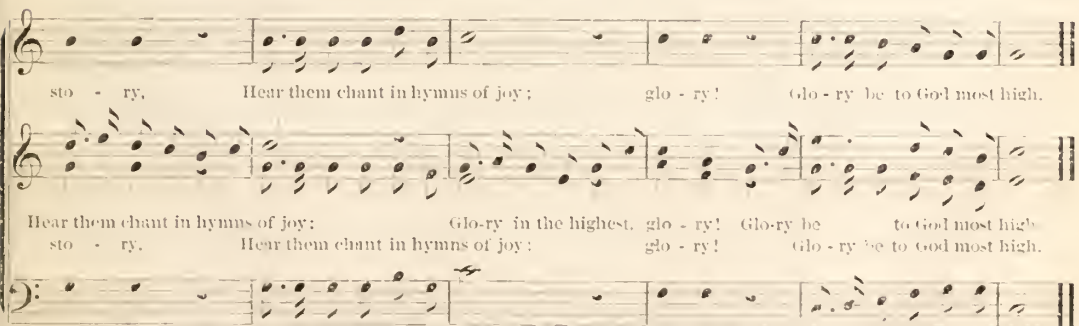
CHORUS.



in the highest glo-ry! Glo-ry be to God most high!" Hear them tell the wondrous

Glo-ry in the highest—glo-ry! Glo-ry be to God most high." Hear them tell the wondrous story.

ceive whom God appointed, for your proph - et, priest, and king." Hear them tell the wondrous



sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy; glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high.

Hear them chant in hymns of joy; Glo-ry in the highest, glo - ry! Glo-ry be to God most high.

sto - ry. Hear them chant in hymns of joy; glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high.

ANGEL VOICES.

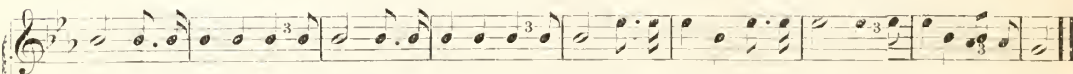
Music by S. WESLEY MARTIN.



1. Angel voice-es in the air, Softly whisp'ring every-where : Oft so far and then so near, That their words me thinks I
 2. Angel voices sweet I hear, Wafting music to my ear ; Music borne on angels' wing, Such as they a-lone could



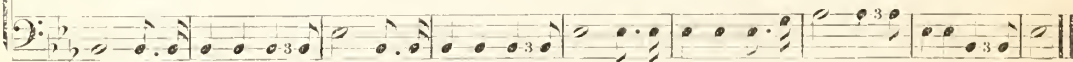
3. Yes, sweet angels, hover near; You have dried the orphan's tear ; You have whispered words of love, And sweet greetings from a-
 4. Angel voices in the air, 'Tis glad tidings that you bear, When you speak of homes above, And God's great redeeming



hear. Telling me sweet words of cheer, Banishing away all care, Oh, sweet voices from above. Whispering such words of love, sing; Telling of the Savior's love, And his glorious home above; Bidding each and every one To the Savior's arms to come.



bove. Angel voices in the air, Softly whisp'ring every-where, Loving words so true and kind, To the weary, burdened mind.
 love. Angel voices in the air; Would that I were only there In that heavenly home above, There to sing the Savior's love.



BY THE CRYSTAL RIVER.

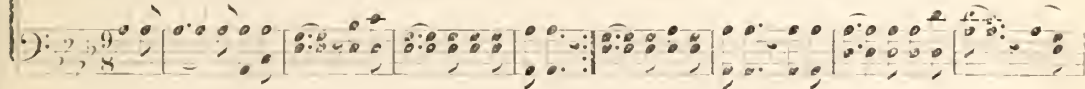
133

Words by Rev. L. C. WEBSTER.

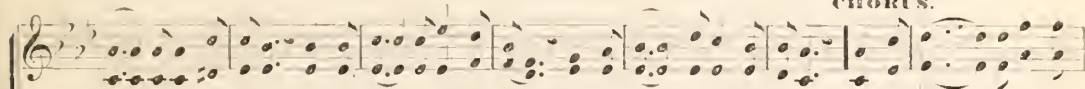
Written expressly for this work. Music by C. T. DONDORÉ.



1. They are gathering on the banks Of the crystal shining river,
They are fill-ing up the ranks Where no (Omit.) darts of death can sever; There in "light of life" immortal, And
2. There in pure, celestial light, Where the tree of life is glowing,
In a land of glory bright, With its (Omit.) living waters flowing; They will strike the golden lyre, With sweet



CHORUS.



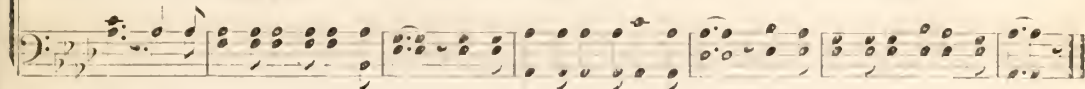
peace that floweth ever, They will crowd the blessed portal Of the Beau-tiful For-ever. They are gath-ering in a
mu-sic ev-er ringing, While the grand celestial choir, The "new song" are ever singing. gath'ring, gath'ring.



Repeat Chorus *pp*



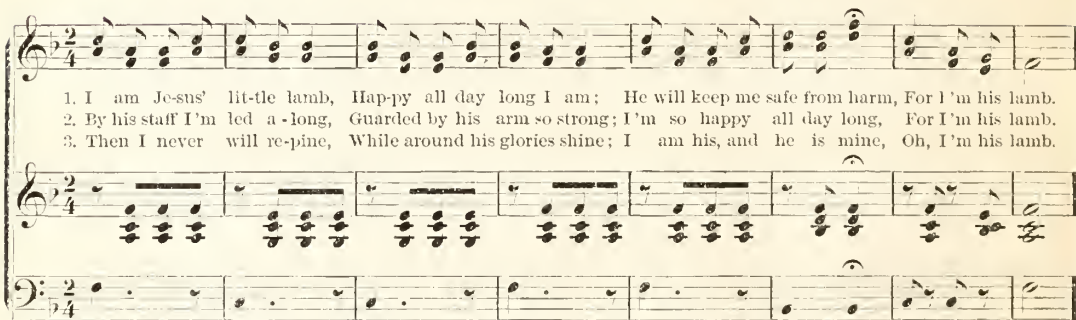
land Where they shall be free from care, Visions in . . . the realms of light, Ev-er cheer, yes, cheer their sight.
shall, yes, shall in the realms cheer their sight.



INFANT CLASS DEPARTMENT.

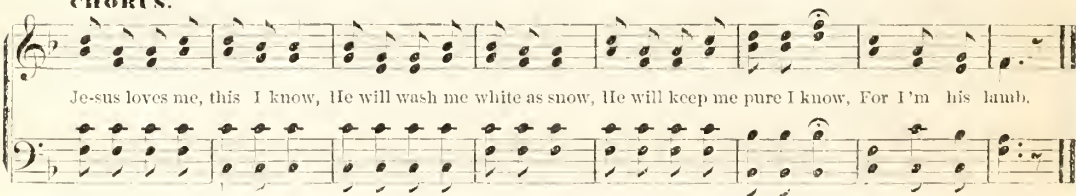
JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

Words and Music by W. A. OGDEN.



1. I am Je-sus' lit-tle lamb, Happy all day long I am; He will keep me safe from harm, For I'm his lamb.
 2. By his staff I'm led a-long, Guarded by his arm so strong; I'm so happy all day long, For I'm his lamb.
 3. Then I never will re-pine, While around his glories shine; I am his, and he is mine, Oh, I'm his lamb.

CHORUS.

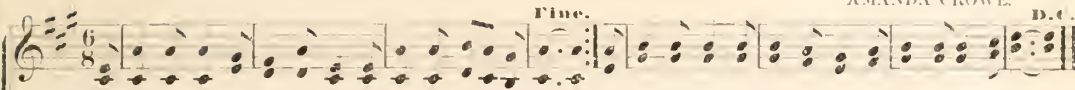


Je-sus loves me, this I know, He will wash me white as snow, He will keep me pure I know, For I'm his lamb.

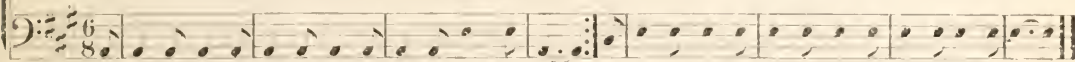
GOD MADE THE LITTLE BIRD TO SING.

135

AMANDA CROWE.

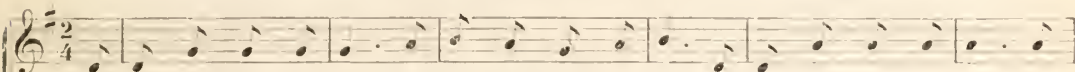


1. God made the lit - tle bird to sing, Up-on the tree so tall,
He made the castled snail to cling (Close to the gar-den wall : He made the moon to cheer the night, And yon dark sky adorn,
D. C. He made the sun so warm and bright, To ripen all the corn.
2. I can not twinkle like a star, Nor blossom like the flowers,
But God hath made me greater far, And given me nobler powers : Affection, reason, knowledge, will, Lord, thou dost give to me :
D. C. Then shall not each thy law fulfill, And all be used for thee?

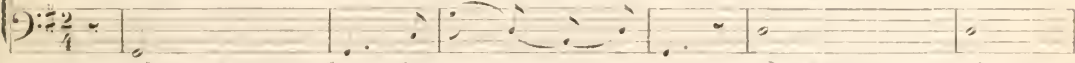


THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

CLARA LIPPINCOTT



1. I love the Sun - day school, And on that ho - ly day, My heart is oft en full, When
2. With ear - ly steps I come, To meet my teach - ers dear, Leav - ing my hap - py home, To
3. I love the Sun - day school, The pre - cious vol - ume, too, Which is the on - ly rule To
4. I love the Sun - day school, And wish that ev - ery child Would here his name en - roll. No



CHORUS.

1st time.

2d time.



- I at - tempt to pray,
seek in - struction here,
teach me what to do,
more be rude and wild.
I love, I love, I love the sun - day school, love the Sun-day school



WE'RE A CHEERFUL BAND.

A. N. JOHNSON.

1. Broth - ers, will you go with me? We shall live so hap - pi - ly, Marching to the hap - py land,
 2. Sis - ters, will you still de - lay? There are flowers a - long the way; Come, the Sav - ior's call o - bey;
 3. Say not we're a gloom - y band; Songs and laughter we command; Smil - ing fa - ces, gen - tle words,
 4. Hap - py they who, in their youth, Learn to love the way of truth; Truth and temperance, friends of all,
 5. Go, then, with this chos - en band, Marching to the hap - py land; There with rapt - ure you may stand,

CHORUS.

Sing - ing as we go. We're a cheer - ful pil - grim band, March - ing
 "Chil - dren, come to me."
 All the hap - py day.
 Bless the hap - py day.
 Prais - ing ev - er - more.

Repeat Chorus *pp*

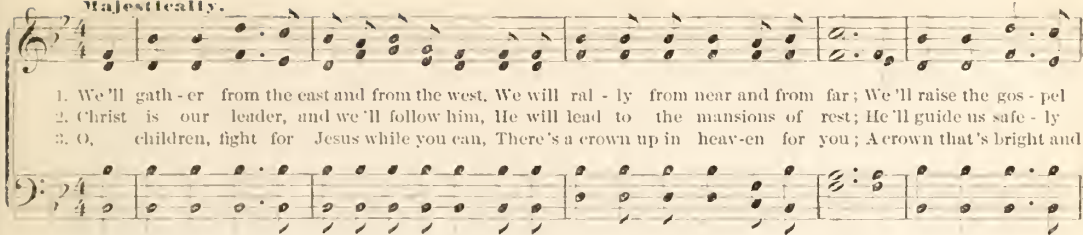
to the hap - py land, March - ing to the hap - py land, Sing - ing as we go.

BANNER OF LOVE.

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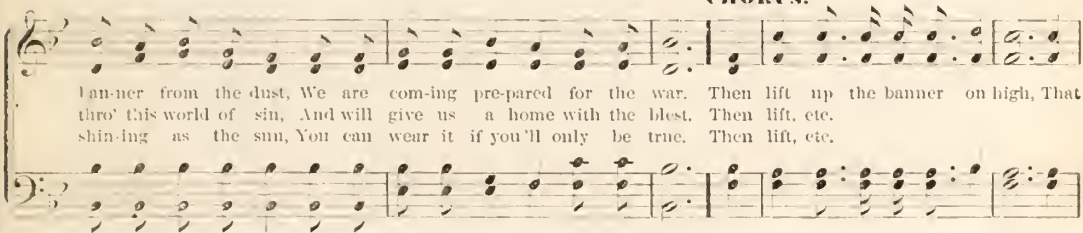
Words and Music written for this work, by W. T. GIFFE.

Majestically.

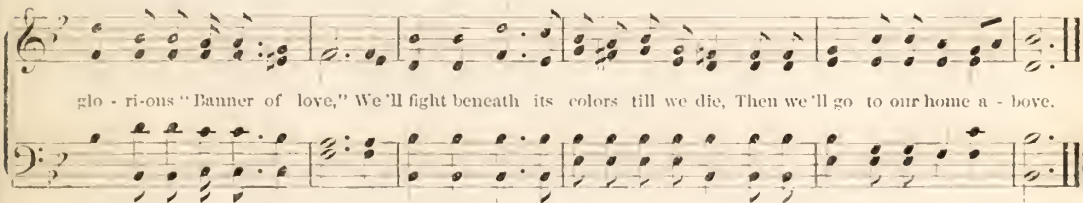


1. We'll gath - er from the east and from the west, We will ral - ly from near and from far; We'll raise the gos - pel
 2. Christ is our leader, and we'll follow him, He will lead to the mansions of rest; He'll guide us safe - ly
 3. O, children, fight for Jesus while you can, There's a crown up in heav-en for you; A crown that's bright and

CHORUS.



Ban-ner from the dust, We are com-ing pre-pared for the war. Then lift up the banner on high, That
 thro' this world of sin, And will give us a home with the blest. Then lift, etc.
 shin-ing as the sun, You can wear it if you'll only be true. Then lift, etc.



glo - ri-ous "Banner of love," We'll fight beneath its colors till we die, Then we'll go to our home a - bove.

Moderato.

1. Is Je - sus now your friend? Is Je - sus thine? His love shall nev - er end; Is Je - sus thine?
 2. Think what he 's done for thee; Is Je - sus thine? He bled up - on the tree; Is Je - sus thine?
 3. He is a friend in - deed; Is Je - sus thine? He is the friend you need; Is Je - sus thine?
 4. Say, is your soul at rest? Is Je - sus thine? Je - sus a - lone can bless; Is Je - sus thine?

Earth's pleasures may decrease, All human friendships cease, Wouldst thou have lasting peace, Take Je - sus thine.
 See the sun in darkness hide, When for you the Savior died, For you he was cru-ci - fied; Take Je - sus thine.
 He's knocking, let him in, There is no friend like him, He'll cleanse you from your sin; Take Je - sus thine.
 Wouldst thou in glo - ry dwell, With saints in rapt-ure tell, He hath done all things well; Take Je - sus thine.

CHORUS.

Is Je - sus now your friend? Is Je - sus thine? He'll save when life shall end; Take Je - sus thine.

THE WISHES.

W. A. O.

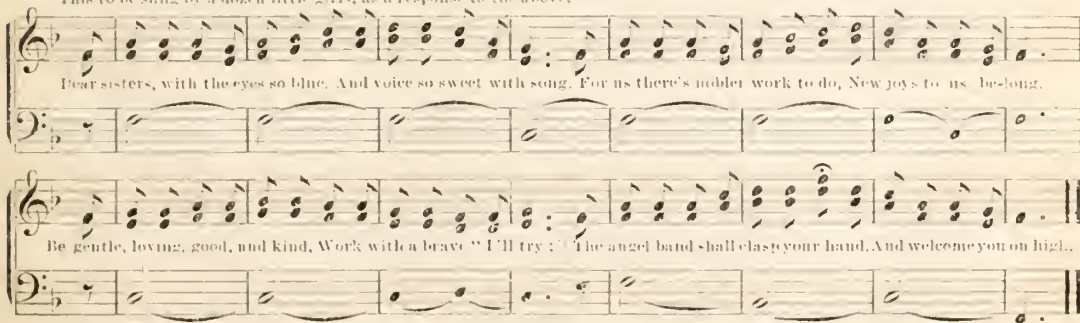
139

Sung by six little girls.



1st GIRL. I wish I were a hum - ming bird; I'd sip the sweets of flowers; In hon - ey cells and
 2d GIRL. I wish I were a tur - de dove; I'd dwell in sha - dy bowers; My low, sweet song I
 3d GIRL. I wish I were a bu - sy bee; To fly the green fields o'er; From hon - ey cell and
 hon - ey bells, The long, bright ro - sy hours, 2d GIRL. A blue - bird I would rath - er be; And
 would pro - long Through all the balm - y hours, 4th GIRL. A rob - in with his cheer - y song, Oh,
 hon - ey bell, I'd bring each gold - en store, 6th GIRL. I wish I were an ea - gle bold; I'd
 in the dew - y dell, I'd sing a - way, so bright and gay, Till eve - 'ning shad - ows fell,
 I would rath - er be, And eve and morn, I'd still sing on, So wild, and glad, and free,
 live on mount - ain high; No bird so no - ble or so free, No bird so brave as I

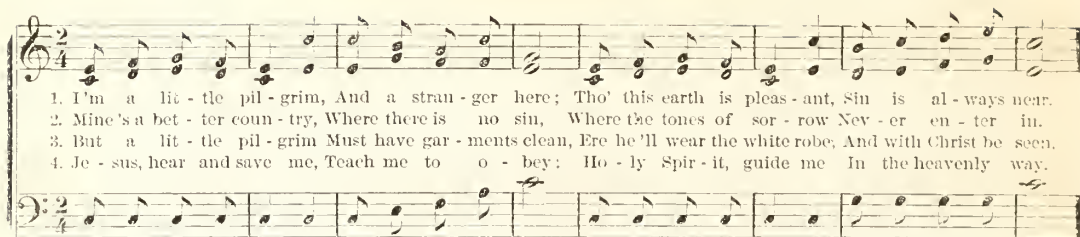
This to be sung by a dozen little girls, as a response to the above.



Bear sisters, with the eyes so blue, And voice so sweet with song, For us there's nobler work to do, New joys to us be-long,
 Be gentle, loving, good, and kind, Work with a brave "I'll try;" The angel band shall clasp your hand, And welcome you on high.


If this piece is prepared with a little ingenuity, it can be made an effective concert piece. It is inserted for concert purposes.

OUR LITTLE BAND.

Words and Music by
W. A. OGDEN.


1. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, And a stran - ger here; Tho' this earth is pleas - ant, Sin is al - ways near.
 2. Mine's a bet - ter coun - try, Where there is no sin, Where the tones of sor - row Nev - er en - ter in.
 3. But a lit - tle pil - grim Must have gar - ments clean, Ere he'll wear the white robe; And with Christ be seen.
 4. Je - sus, hear and save me, Teach me to o - bey: Ho - ly Spir - it, guide me In the heavenly way.

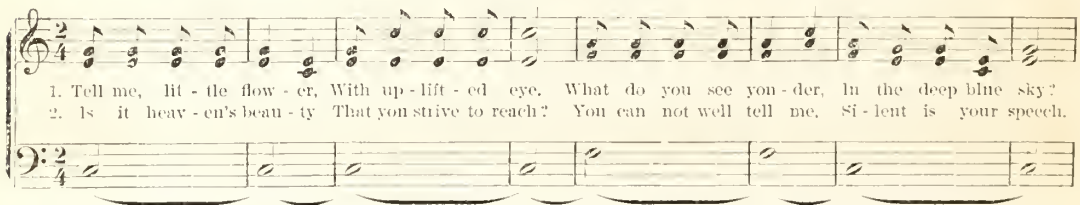
CHORUS.



Je - sus loves our lit - tle band, He will lead us by the hand, Lead us to that bet - ter land, By and by.

LITTLE FLOWER.

W. A. O.



1. Tell me, lit - tle flow - er, With up - lift - ed eye, What do you see yon - der, In the deep blue sky?
 2. Is it heav - en's beau - ty That you strive to reach? You can not well tell me, Si - lent is your speech.

LITTLE FLOWER. Concluded.

141

Are you al-ways praying, When you look a-bove? Tell me, lit-tle flow-er, Can you see God's love?
Sweetest lit-tle flow-er, God gave you to me; May I too look upward, And his child e'er be.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains the melody for the song. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

W. A. O.

Moderato.

1. I a lit-tle pilgrim stand, Knocking at my Father's gate, Trembling, waiting for his hand, To remove the heavy weight.
2. While I knock, wilt thou not hear? O, my Father, hear my cry! Open wide the gate most dear, Gate of mercy, ere I die.

Oh, my sins, they press me down To the earth, and keep me there! What I want is not a crown, But to be made pure and fair.
Help a helpless child to find The right path, the narrow way, With the little pilgrims joined, Walking homeward every day.

The musical score is divided into two systems. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. It includes the tempo marking 'Moderato.' and the first two verses of the song. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, concluding with a double bar line. The lower staff in both systems is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature.

MAKE ME LIKE UNTO THEE.

Words by Rev. T. O. SUMMERS.

Written expressly for this work. Music by W. M. TRELOAR.

1. The morn - ing bright with ro - sy light, Has waked me from my sleep: Fa - ther, I own thy
 2. All thro' the day, I hum - bly pray, Be thou my guard and guide; My sins for - give, and
 3. Oh, make me rest with - in thy breast, Great Spir - it of all grace; Then I shall be, if

CHORUS.

love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep. Make me like un - to thee, Sav - ior,
 let me live, Dear Sav - ior, near thy side. Make me, etc.
 made like thee, Pre - pared to see thy face. Make me, etc.

Make me like un - to thee; For - give, I pray, my sins this day, And make me like un - to thee.

SOLO AND CHORUS DEPARTMENT.

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From Palmer's "Sabbath
School Songs," by permission.

CHILDREN MAY COME.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Je - sus loves lit - tle chil - dren, He is their friend; His aid he will lend;
2. Je - sus now doth en - treat you; List to his voice; Oh, hear re - joice;
3. Je - sus now doth com - mand you; Do not de - lay: Oh, hast - en to o - bey;

Like a shep - herd he'll lead them; Come to him, chil - dren, to - day.
He is read - y to meet you; Lit - tle ones, turn not a - way.
Dan - gers dark will sur - round you. If from your Sav - ior you stray.

CHORUS. Omit 2d time.

Children may come, Children may come, Children may come to the Sav - ior, Children may come and be saved.

LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

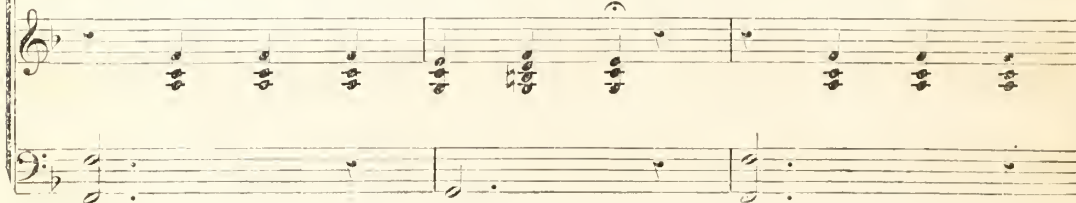
H. R. PALMER.



1. O'er the wa - ters dark and foam - ing, Is a bright and peace - ful shore; There the
 2. By the crys - tal streams of heav - en. In its fields of fade - less bowers, To our
 3. In the man - y - man-sioned dwell - ing, Of the ho - ly and the blest, Where the



bliss - ful bands are round - ing, Of our loved ones gone be - fore; Just how near they stray to meet us, We can
 loved and lost are giv - en Pur - er joys than these of ours; Do they whis - per there the sto - ry Of their
 glad, new song is swell - ing, Our be - loved ones are at rest, We will hush each sigh of sad - ness, Lest it



nev - er sure - ly know, But their wel - com - ings will greet us, When we launch our bark to go
love for us be - low? To those sum - mer heights of glo - ry Do they long for us to re -
reach that peace - ful land; There will come an hour of glad - ness, We shall join the spir - it ban!

CHORUS.

We are com - ing, hap - py an - gels! O - pen wide the pearl - y gate! On - ly

1st time. 2d time. Fine.

just a lit - tle long - er, Shall we la - bor, love, and wait; Shall we la - bor, love, and wait.

ANGELS ARE WAITING.

Words and music by
W. A. OGDEN.

1. An - gels are wait - ing our com - ing, On that hap - py shore ; Wait - ing to bid us a
 2. See how their bright crowns are gleaming, As proud - ly they stand ; See their glad ban - ners now
 3. Soon we'll be cross - ing the riv - er, Soon life's day will end : Soon we will hail the glad

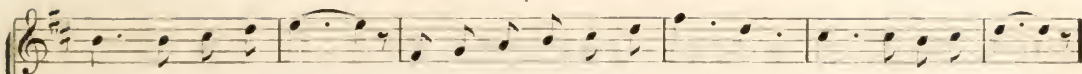
The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, using chords and eighth notes. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major, primarily using quarter and eighth notes.

wel - come, When life's day is o'er. Stand - ing be - side the dark riv - er,
 stream - ing, On Jor - dan's bright strand. Watch - ing, they wait us to join them,
 Giv - er, Soon tri - als will end. Soon in the man - sions of glo - ry,

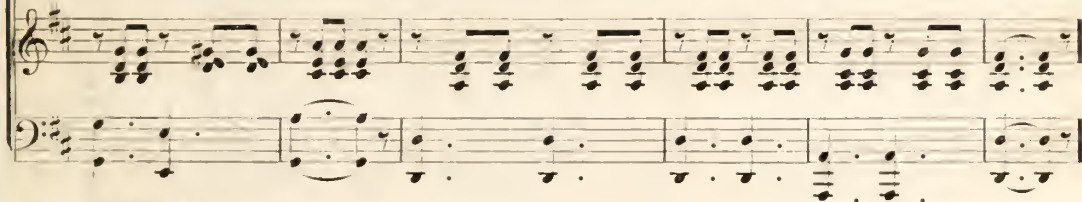
The second system continues the musical score with three staves. The vocal line (top) concludes the phrase with a long note. The piano accompaniment (middle) and bass line (bottom) provide harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

ANGELS ARE WAITING. Concluded.

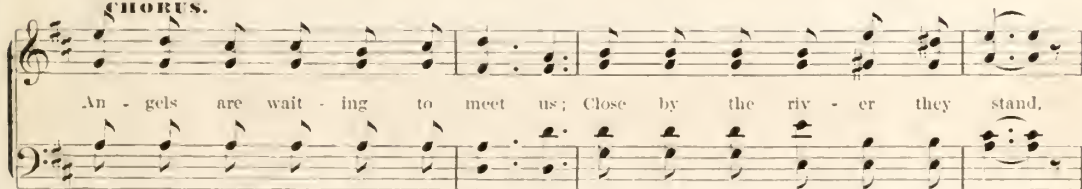
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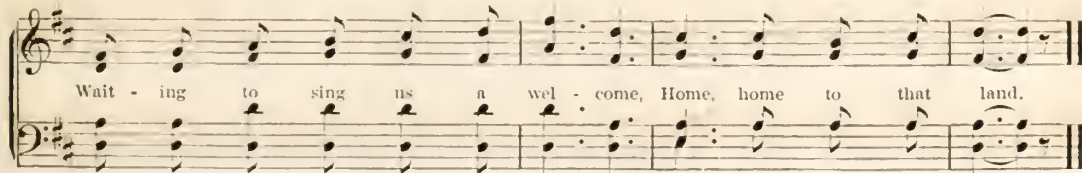
Bright an - gel - ic band; Wait - ing to wel - come us o - ver To that happy land.
On that hap - py shore; Where we shall praise the Re - deem - er, And part nev - er - more.
With loved ones we'll stand; And we shall dwell with them ev - er In that happy land.



CHORUS.



An - gels are wait - ing to meet us; Close by the riv - er they stand,



Wait - ing to sing us a wel - come, Home, home to that land.

WE SHALL MEET THEM AGAIN.

A. N. JOHNSON

1. Man - y sweet chil - dren have lived and died, And said "Good-bye" at the riv - er side; They
 2. Man - y dear chil - dren we know do stand, And tune their harps in the bet - ter land; Their
 3. They used to mourn when the chil - dren died, Be - fore King Je - sus was cru - ci - fied; The

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature, containing a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle and bottom staves are grand staves (treble and bass clefs) with a 6/8 time signature, containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

dipped their feet in the shin - ing stream, And fid - ed a - way, like a
 lit - tle hands from each gold - en string, Bring mu - sic sweet, while the
 cross with light un - chang - ing beam, Now lights all the way o'er the

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves (treble, grand, and bass) in 6/8 time, with the same musical notation style.

WE SHALL MEET THEM AGAIN. Concluded.

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love - ly dream, And faded a - way, like a love - ly dream.
 an - gels sing, Bring mu - sic sweet, while the an - gels sing.
 mist - y stream, Now lights all the way o'er the mist - y stream.

CHORUS. A tempo promptly.

We shall meet them a - gain on the shore, We shall meet them a - gain on the

2d time *pp*
 shore, With fair - er face and an - gel grace, Each loved one will wel - come us there.

COME UNTO ME.

A. N. JOHNSON.

1. Come un - to me, at the morn - ing hour, When the heart is fresh with
 2. Come un - to me, in the sweet spring-time, Ere the flowers of youth are
 3. Come un - to me, at the morn - ing hour, With thoughts of praise and
 4. Come un - to me, at the eve - ning hour, Ere sleep your senses
 5. Come un - to me, ye youth - ful throng, No bet - ter time can

dew, While life is fair, and you have no care, You can have no friend more true.
 past, While no foes you fear, and no days are drear, And your sky ne'er o - ver - east.
 prayer; Let your songs ascend to your heaven - ly Friend, Who doth keep you with his care.
 still; And bless the con - stant heaven - ly power, And bow be - fore his will.
 be; Who lov - eth and who trust - eth me, These shall my glo - ry see.

COME UNTO ME. Concluded.

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CHORUS.

We come, . . . we come, in the days . . . of youth. Dear

Sav - ior, we come to thee; . . . While the morn . . . is fair, . . . and we

have . . . no care, Dear Sav - ior, we come to thee. . .



1. On - ly waiting till the shadows
2. On - ly waiting till the angels
3. On - ly waiting till the reapers

Are a little longer grown;
O - pen wide the mystic gate:
Have the last sheaf gathered home:

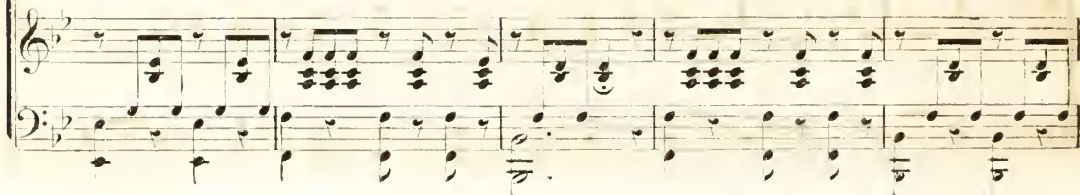
On - ly waiting till the
At whose feet I long have
For the summer-time is



glimmer
waited,
faded,

Of the day's last beam is flown:
Wea - ry, poor, and des-o - late.
And the autumn leaves have come

Till the night of earth is faded.
E - ven now I hear their footsteps.
Quick - ly! reapers! quickly gather!



Rall.

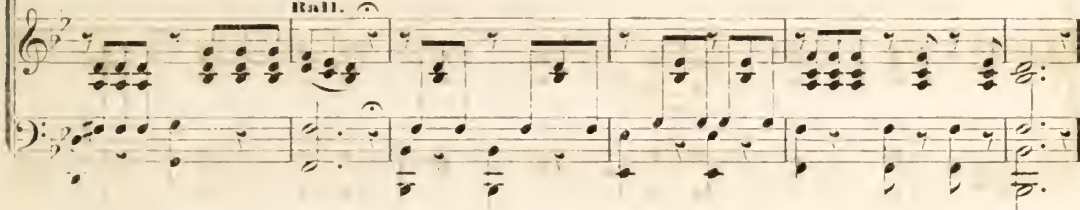


From the heart once full of day;
And their voic - es far a - way.
The last ripe hours of my heart;

Till the stars of heaven are breaking
If they call me, I am waiting,
For the bloom of life is withered,

Through the twilight soft and gray.
On - ly waiting to o - bey.
And I hasten to de - part.

Rall.



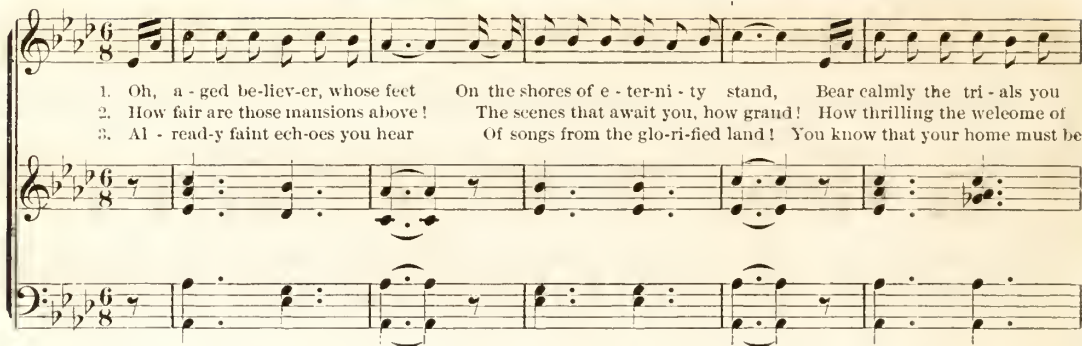
CHORUS. ff



On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;



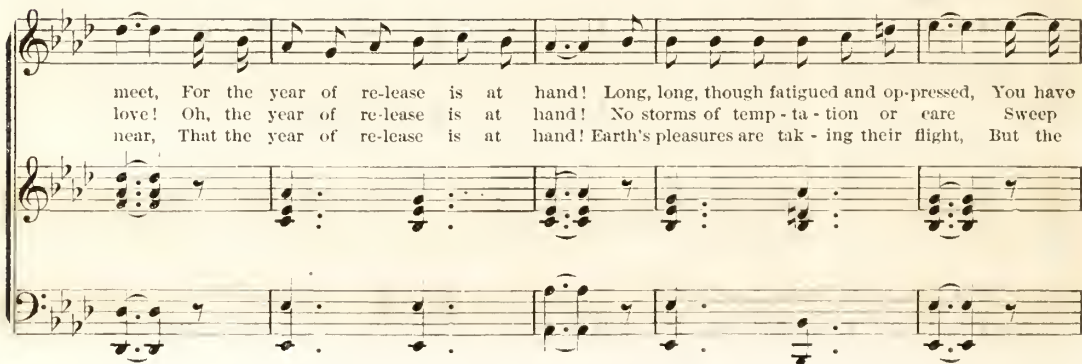
on - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beam is flown.



1. Oh, a - ged be-liev-er, whose feet On the shores of e - ter-ni - ty stand, Bear calmly the tri - als you

2. How fair are those mansions above! The scenes that await you, how grand! How thrilling the welcome of

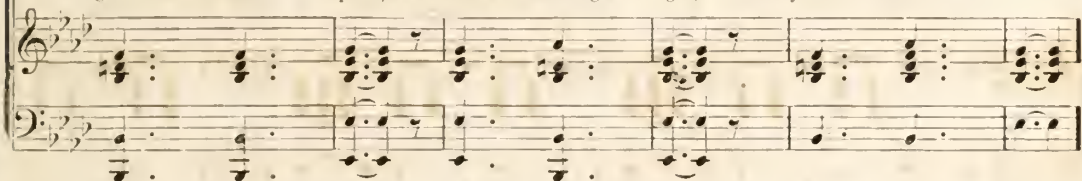
3. Al - read-y faint ech-oes you hear Of songs from the glo-ri-fied land! You know that your home must be



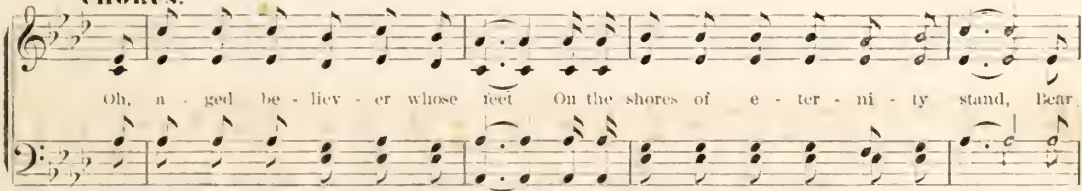
meet, For the year of re-lease is at hand! Long, long, though fatigued and op-pressed, You have love! Oh, the year of re-lease is at hand! No storms of temp - ta - tion or care Sweep near, That the year of re-lease is at hand! Earth's pleasures are tak - ing their flight, But the



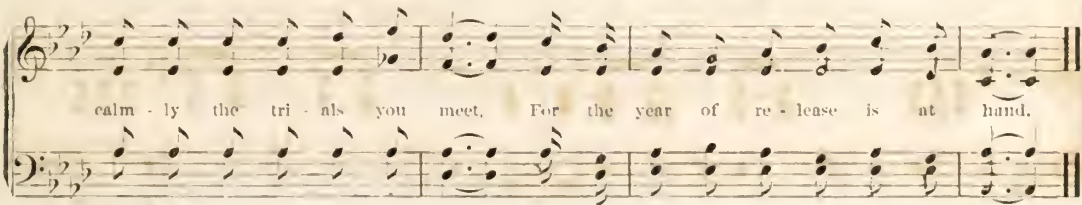
tolled at your Master's com - mand, But soon shall you enter your rest, For the year of release is at hand.
o - ver that beau ti - ful land, But joys never fading are there, And the year of release is at hand.
glo - ries ce - les - tial ex - pand, And faith almost changes to sight, For the year of release is at hand.



CHORUS.

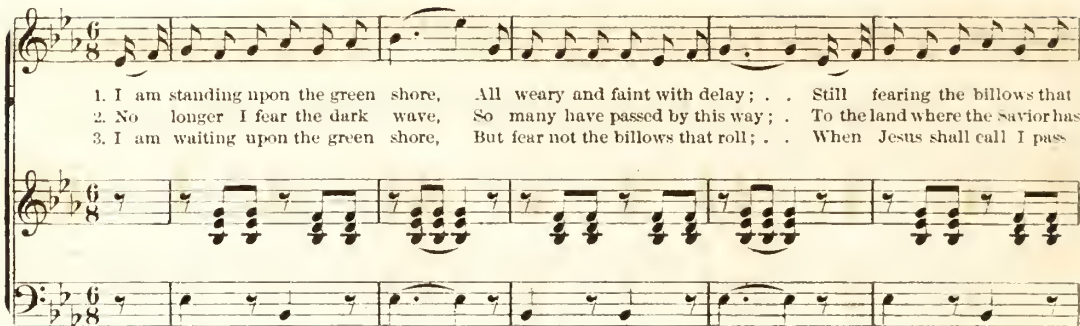


Oh, a - ged be - liev - er whose feet On the shores of e - ter - ni - ty stand, Bear



calm - ly the tri - als you meet, For the year of re - lease is at hand.

ON THE GREEN SHORE.



1. I am standing upon the green shore, All weary and faint with delay; . . Still fearing the billows that
 2. No longer I fear the dark wave, So many have passed by this way; . To the land where the savior has
 3. I am waiting upon the green shore, But fear not the billows that roll; . . When Jesus shall call I pass

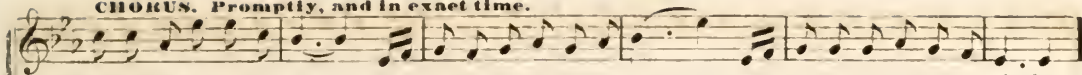


roar, Still dreading the mist-cov-ered way; And oh, if my Sav-ior would come. To
 gone, I'll has-ten, nor long-er de-lay; For thousands have ford-ed the stream, And
 o'er, To the beau-ti-ful home of the soul; There brother and sis-ter, and all, Who

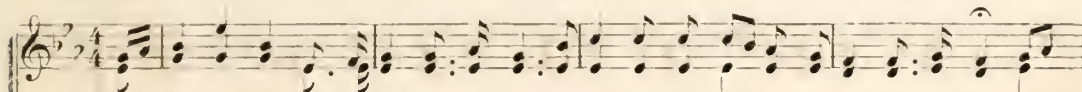
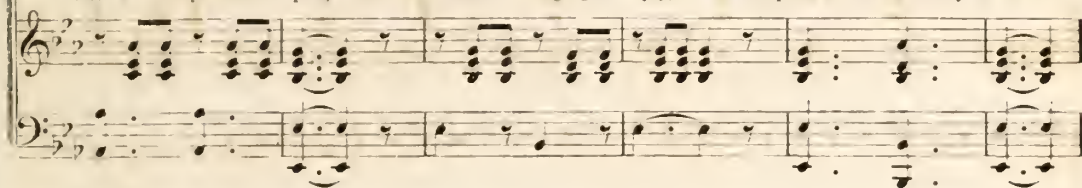
ON THE GREEN SHORE. Concluded.

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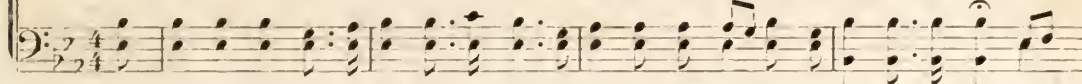
CHORUS. Promptly, and in exact time.



car-ry me safe o'er the way; And oh, were I safe-ly at home, No more the dark waters to brave.
 safely attained yon bright shore, No sor-row nor danger to fear, For sor-row and sickness are o'er.
 left us in days that are past, Will wel-come us, singing for joy, The pleasures which always shall last.



Oh, fear not, dread not, the dark roll-ing wave, The Sav-ior is near thee, and mighty to save; Oh,



fear not the wa-ters, We'll safe-ly pass o'er, And all meet a-gain on the bright, hap-py shore.



1. Did you hear a lit - tle bird, a lit - tle bird a - sing - ing? Did you hear a lit - tle bird in the ear - ly morn?

2. A little child, a maiden fair, her watch beside him keeping? And angels wondered as they gazed, And shook their starry wings;

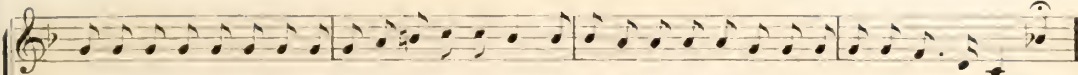
Did you hear the merry bells, the merry bells a - ringing, To tell us all the good, glad news, That Jesus Christ is born? It
They saw their Lord before them, he, an infant, calmly sleeping; Oh, love of God, surpassing all mysterious hidden things; Then

is a strange and wondrous tale, a marvelous old sto - ry; It happened in the distant time, the far - off long a - go; To
praise we now our Father, God, with all our life's endeavor. His loving Christ has borne the cross that we might wear the crown; From

Rit.

CHRISTMAS CAROL. Concluded.

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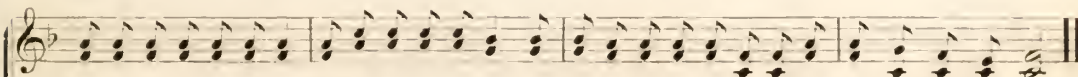
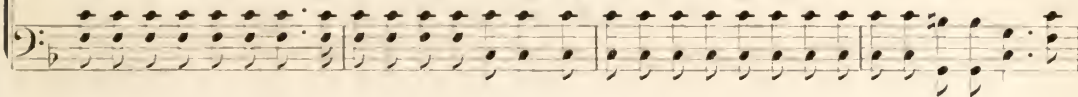
us there came the King of kings, the Lord of life and glory. A helpless babe, a lit-tle child, a weary man of woe. Oh! death to life our souls may rise, to dwell with him forever, For this he left his throne, and laid his regal hon-ors down. Oh!



CHORUS.



Did you hear the lit-tle bird, the lit-tle bird a - singing? The mystic bird that sings at eve, and ver-y early morn? She



singeth in our heart of hearts, "Christmas bells are ringing," And so we know the good glad news, that JESUS CHRIST is born.



ARMY WITH BANNERS.

A. N. JOHNSON.

Allegro.

1. Is that the moon ris - ing o'er yon mountain's crest? Is that the sun glid - ing the
 2. Is that the great o - cean that breaks on the shore? Is that the loud thun - der or
 3. In days long de - part - ed the fore - most have passed, No eye of the liv - ing shall
 4. Come, join the great ar - my, and march with the host, Tho' king - doms and em - pires shall

land of the west? Oh, no! 'tis the ar - my, with psalms and ho - san - nas. They
 fierce tem - pest's roar? Oh, no! 'tis the shout - ing, with bright shin - ing ban - ners. They're
 num - ber the last; March on, val - iant ar - my, with psalms and ho - san - nas. Sing
 crum - ble to dust; To power and do - min - ion, to con - quest our ban - ners. Ad -

ARMY WITH BANNERS. Concluded.

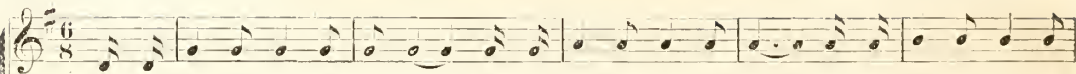
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praise their great lead - er, and lift high their ban - ners, And lift high their ban - ners!
march - ing to con - quest with psalms and ho - san - nas, With psalms and ho - san - nas!
prais - es to Je - sus, and lift high your ban - ners, And lift high your ban - ners!
vance with the war - riors, with psalms and ho - san - nas, With psalms and ho - san - nas!

CHORUS. ff

our host ever shining, the Army with banners! We're marching to Zi - on, with psalms and ho - san - nas, We're

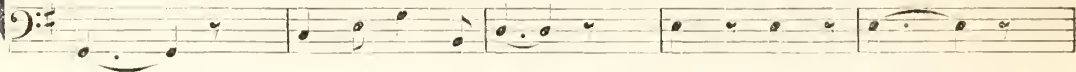
marching to Zi - on, We're marching to Zi - on, We're marching to Zion with psalms and ho - san - nas.



1. Ho! thou trav'-ler on life's high-way, Mov-ing care-less-ly a-long; Pans-ing not to watch the
 2. Look! up-on thy right a-bro-ther Wanders blind-ly from the way; And up-on thy left, a



shad-ows Low'r-ing o'er the might-y throng: Stand a-side, and mark how fee-bly Some are
 sis-ter, Frail and err-ing, turns a-stray: One kind word, perchance, may save them. Guide their



strug-gling in the fight. Turn-ing on thee wist-ful glan-ces, Beg-ging thee to hold the light.
way-ward steps a-right; Canst thou, then, with-hold thy coun-sel? No; but fly and hold the light.

CHORUS. *Cres.* *Rit.*
Hold the light! Hold the light! Hold the light!
Hold the light! Hold the light!

3. Hark! a feeble wail of sorrow
Bursts from the advancing throng;
And a little child is groping
Through the darkness deep and long.
'T is a timid orphan, shivering
'Neath misfortune's withering blight;
Friends, home, love, are all denied her;
Oh, in pity hold the light. *Choro.*

4. Not alone from heathen darkness,
Where the pagan bows the knee,
Worshipping his brazen image
With a blind idolatry

Where no blessed gospel teachings
E'er illumine the soul's dark night;
Come, the cry to fellow-mortals,
Wild and pleading, "Hold the light." *Choro.*

5. Here as well, in life's broad highway,
Are benighted wanderers found;
And if all the strong would heed them,
Lights would glimmer all around.
Acts of love and deeds of kindness
Then would make earth's pathway bright,
And there'd be no need of calling,
"Ho! thou traveler hold the light." *Choro.*



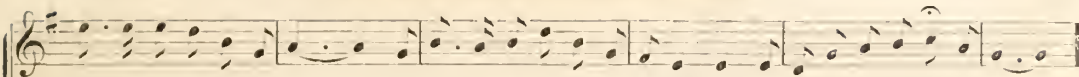
1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see: For if it were burn-ing, then
 2. There are many and many around you, Who fol-low wher - ev-er you go: If you thought that they walked in the
 3. There is many a lamp that is lighted: We behold them a-ear and afar: But not man - y a - mong them, my
 4. If once all the lamps that are lighted, Should steadily blaze in a line, Wide o - ver the land and the



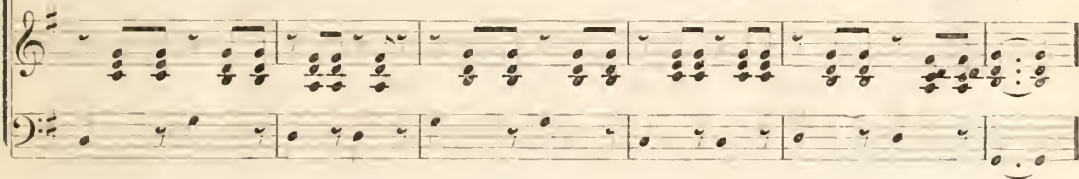
sure - ly Some beams would fall bright up-on me. Straight, straight is the road, but I fal - ter, And
 shad - ow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know. Up - on the dark mountains they stumble, They are
 broth - er, Shine stead - i - ly on like a star. I think, were they trimmed night and morning, They would
 o - cean, What a gir - dle of glo - ry would shine! How all the dark pla - ces would brighten, How the



SAY, IS YOUR LAMP BURNING, MY BROTHER? Concluded. 165



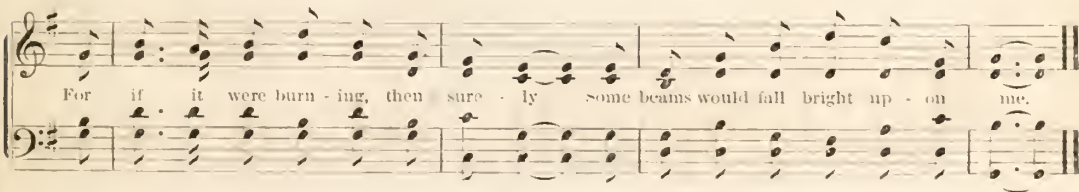
oft I fall out by the way; Then lift your lamp higher, my brother, Lest I should make fatal de-lay,
bruised on the rocks, and they lie, With their white, pleading faces turned upward To the clouds and the pitiful sky,
nev-er burn down nor go out, Though from the four quarters of heaven, The winds were all blowing a-bout,
mists would roll up and a-way! How the earth would laugh out in her gladness To hail the mil-len-ni-al day.



CHORUS.



Say, is your lamp burn-ing, my broth-er? I pray you look quick-ly and see



For if it were burn-ing, then sure-ly some beams would fall bright up-on me.

ROOM AMONG THE ANGELS.

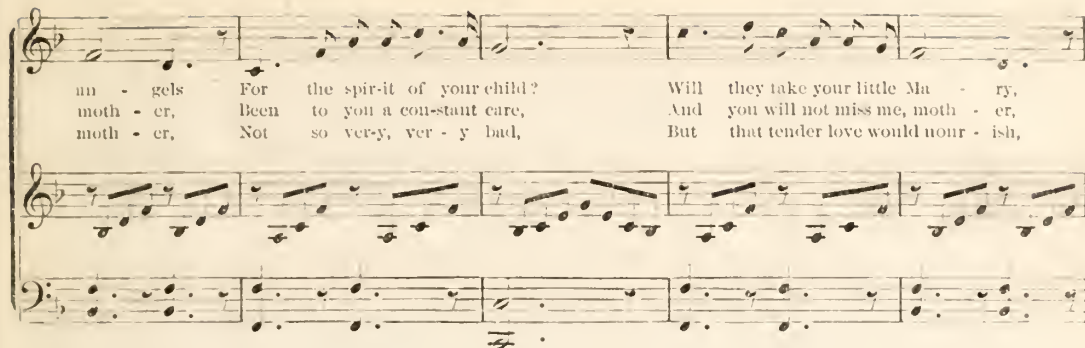
Music by W. A. OGDEN.

A mother, who was preparing some flour to make into bread, left it for a few moments, when little Mary—with childish curiosity to see what it was—took hold of the dish, which fell to the floor, spilling its contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying, with anger, that she was “*always in the way.*”

Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be “room for her among the angels.” When too late, the broken-hearted mother felt no sacrifice too great could she have saved her child.

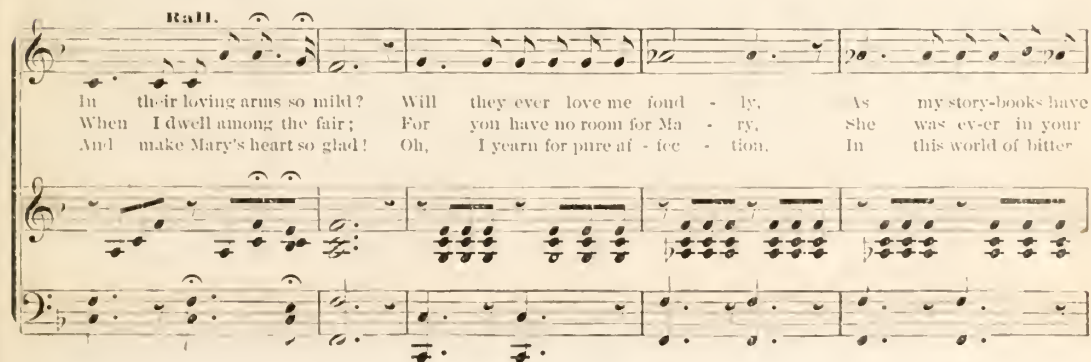
Andante.

1. Is there room among the
 2. I have sorely tried you,
 3. I was not so way-ward.



an - gels For the spir-it of your child? Will they take your little Ma - ry,
 moth - er, Been to you a con-stant care, And you will not miss me, moth - er,
 moth - er, Not so ver-y, ver - y bad, But that tender love would nour - ish,

Rall.



In their loving arms so mild? Will they ever love me fond - ly, As my story-books have
 When I dwell among the fair; For you have no room for Ma - ry, She was ev-er in your
 And make Mary's heart so glad! Oh, I yearn for pure af - fee - tion, In this world of bitter

ROOM AMONG THE ANGELS. Concluded.

Ad lib.

said? Will they find a home for Ma - ry— Ma-ry, num-bered with the dead?
 way, And she fears the good will shut - her, Will they, dar-ling moth - er, say?
 woe, And I long for bliss im - mor - tal, In that land where I must go.

CHORUS. *Play accompaniment to first eight measures of solo with the chorus.*

Tell me tru - ly, dar - ling moth - er, Is there room in heaven for me?

Rall.

Will I gain the home of spir - its, And the shin - ing an - gels see?

BOW DOWN THINE EAR. Anthem.

W. A. OGDEN.

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Andante. *Cres.*

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me, Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me: Preserve my soul, Pre-

Dim. *Rall.* *DUET, p*

serve my soul, O thou my God! save, save thy servant. I stretch my hands unto thee, unto thee.

Cres. *Dim.* *Cres.* *Dim.*

Incline thine ear, and hear my call. Bow down thine ear, bow down thine ear, Hear thou my cry, hear thou my

BOW DOWN THINE EAR. Concluded.

Allegro con spirito.

ery; So will I praise thee, O Lord, I will glo - ri - fy thy name; I will praise thee, O Lord, I will glo - ri - fy thy

The first system of the musical score is in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Allegro con spirito.' The lyrics are: 'ery; So will I praise thee, O Lord, I will glo - ri - fy thy name; I will praise thee, O Lord, I will glo - ri - fy thy'.

name; So will I praise thee, O Lord, I will glo - ri - fy thy name; I will praise thee, O Lord, I will

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'name; So will I praise thee, O Lord, I will glo - ri - fy thy name; I will praise thee, O Lord, I will'.

glo - ri - fy thy name; So will I praise thee, O Lord, and will glo - ri - fy thy name, name. A - men, A - men.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It includes a repeat sign with first and second endings. The lyrics are: 'glo - ri - fy thy name; So will I praise thee, O Lord, and will glo - ri - fy thy name, name. A - men, A - men.' The first ending leads back to the beginning of the piece, and the second ending leads to the final cadence.

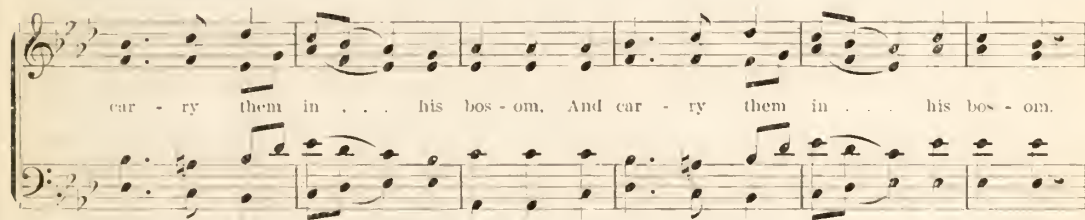
HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK.

I. B. WOODBURY.

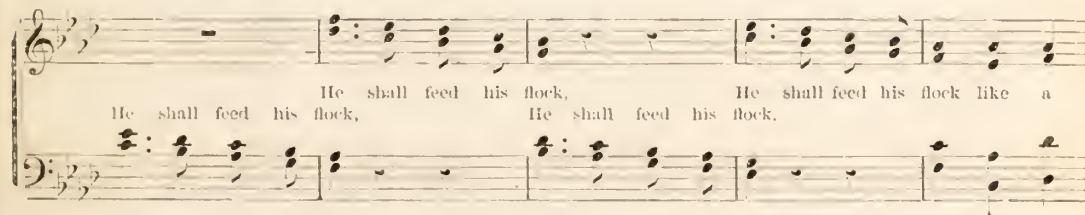
171



He shall feed his flock like a shep-herd, He shall gath-er the lambs in his arms, And



car - ry them in . . . his bos - om, And car - ry them in . . . his bos - om.



He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock like a
He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock,

shep - herd, He shall feed his flock, shall feed his flock like a shep - herd, And

This system of musical notation is in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'shep - herd, He shall feed his flock, shall feed his flock like a shep - herd, And'. The word 'a' is written above the melody line.

gath - er the lambs in his arms, And gath - er the lambs in his arms, And gath - er the lambs in his arms, And

This system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: 'gath - er the lambs in his arms, And gath - er the lambs in his arms, And gath - er the lambs in his arms, And'. There are long horizontal lines under the melody in the first and third measures of this system, indicating a continuation of the line.

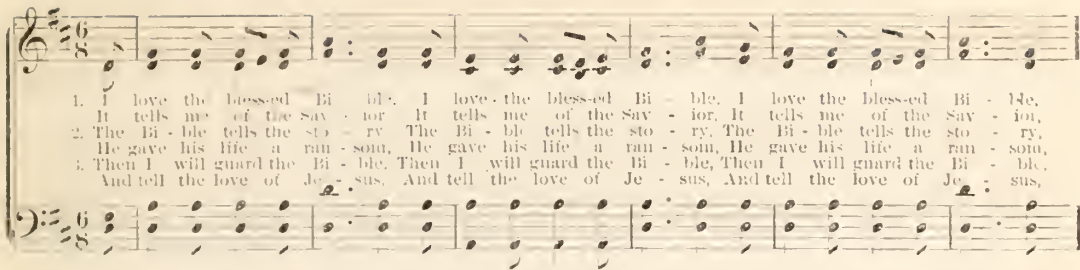
arms, And gath - er the lambs in his arms, The lambs in his arms

gath - er the lambs in his arms,

This system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: 'arms, And gath - er the lambs in his arms, The lambs in his arms' on the top line, and 'gath - er the lambs in his arms,' on the bottom line. The system ends with a double bar line.

I LOVE THE BLESSED BIBLE.

173



1. I love the blessed Bi - ble, I love the bless-ed Bi - ble, I love the bless-ed Bi - ble,
 It tells me of the Sav - ior It tells me of the Sav - ior, It tells me of the Sav - ior,
 2. The Bi - ble tells the sto - ry, The Bi - ble tells the sto - ry, The Bi - ble tells the sto - ry,
 He gave his life a ran - som, He gave his life a ran - som, He gave his life a ran - som,
 3. Then I will guard the Bi - ble, Then I will guard the Bi - ble, Then I will guard the Bi - ble,
 And tell the love of Je - sus, And tell the love of Je - sus, And tell the love of Je - sus,



By in - spi - ra - tion given, I love, I love I love the bless - ed
 And points the way to heaven,)
 Or Je - sus' love for aye,)
 The debt of sin to pay,)
 From ev - ery trench - ous foe,)
 To sin - ners here be - low,)



I love, I love, I love, I love,
 Bi - ble, I love, I love, I love, I love, That pre - cious book di - vine.

CHRIST ON THE SEA.

"And the same day, when the even was come, he saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side." Mark iv. 35.

Moderato.

Let us pass o - ver, the Mas - ter said, I'n - to the oth - er side; When, with its la - bors, the
Mad - ly the bil - lows like moun - tains swell, Ter - ror is on the wave; Cour - age, dis - ci - ples, your
We must pass o - ver the sea of death I'n - to the oth - er side; Ere long shall van - ish our

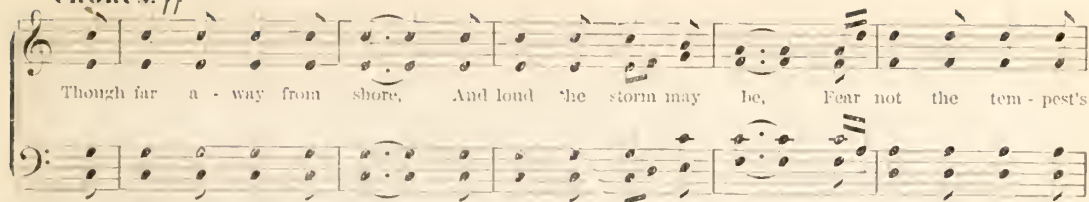
day had sped, And come the e - ven - tide; O - ver the wa - ters they took their way, As
dan - ger tell To Je - sus, he will save; Up from his pil - low the Mas - ter rose, And
fleet - ing breath, Shall come the e - ven - tide; Mer - ci - ful Sav - ior, when life is o'er, Save

Je - sus gave com - mand; While in the ves - sel a - sleep he lay, And they were far from land,
to the storm he said, "Peace, be still," then a deep re - pose O'er all the bil - lows spread.
thou our found'ring bark, And guide us safe - ly to yon - der shore, O - ver the wa - ters dark.

CHRIST ON THE SEA. Concluded.

175

CHORUS. *ff*



Though far a - way from shore, And loud the storm may be, Fear not the tem - pest's



roar. If Christ is on the sea, Fear not, fear not the
Fear not the tem - pest's roar. Fear



tem - pest's roar. If Christ is on the sea.
not the tem - pest's roar. If Christ is on, if Christ is on the sea.

THAT BEAUTIFUL THRONE ABOVE.

A. J. ABBEY.

Moderato. SENT-CHORUS.**FULL CHORUS.**

GIRLS. I want to go where the Savior reigns, On that beautiful throne above, } Oh, that beautiful, beau-ti-ful!
BOYS. And catch the strains of the heavenly choir, As they sing of his dying love. }
GIRLS. I want to sit by the liv-ing stream, As it flows from the golden throne, }
BOYS. And bathe my soul in its crys-tal flood, And dwell with the saints at home. }

throne. That beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful throne. I want to go where the Sav-ior's gone, And
beau-ti-ful throne, That beautiful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful throne.

Fine. REFRAIN. A few voices. mp

sit on the beau-ti-ful throne. Beau-ti-ful throne, Beau-ti-ful throne, Beau-ti-ful throne.

3. GIRLS. I want to taste of ambrosial fruit,
As it grows on the tree of life,
BOYS. And feast and live by the throne of God,
Where the saints are all free from strife.

4. GIRLS. I want to walk in the golden streets,
Along with the blood-washed throng.
BOYS. And greet the friends who are gone before,
And unite in the new-made song.

FULL CHO & REF.

FULL CHO & REF.

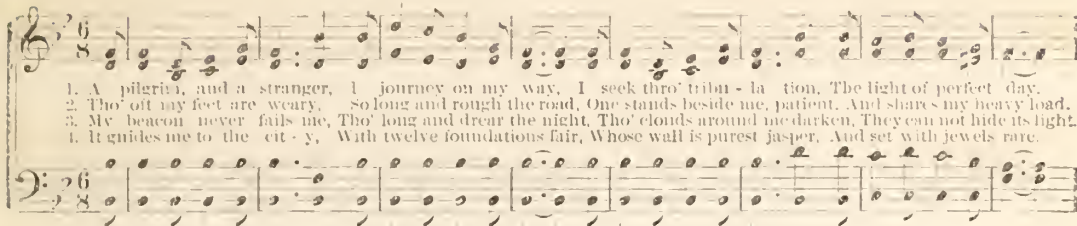
THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

177

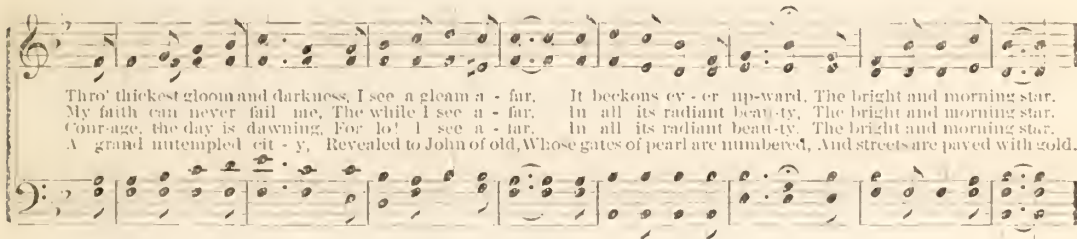
Words by LILY W. GRAFTON.

Music by W. A. OGDEN.

"I am the root and the off-spring of David, and the bright and morning star." REV.



1. A pilgrim, and a stranger, I journey on my way, I seek thro' tribu - la - tion, The light of perfect day.
 2. Tho' oft my feet are weary, So long and rough the road, One stands beside me, patient, And shares my heavy load.
 3. My beacon never fails me, Tho' long and drear the night, Tho' clouds around me darken, They can not hide its light.
 4. It guides me to the cit - y, With twelve foundations fair, Whose wall is purest jasper, And set with jewels rare.



Thro' thickest gloom and darkness, I see a gleam a - far, It beckons ev - er up-ward, The bright and morning star.
 My faith can never fail me, The while I see a - far, In all its radiant beau - ty, The bright and morning star.
 Courage, the day is dawning, For lo! I see a - far, In all its radiant beau - ty, The bright and morning star.
 A grand untrodden cit - y, Revealed to John of old, Whose gates of pearl are numbered, And streets are paved with gold.

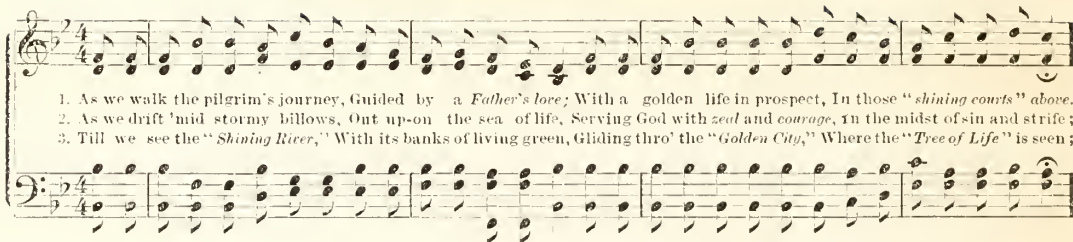
CHORUS.



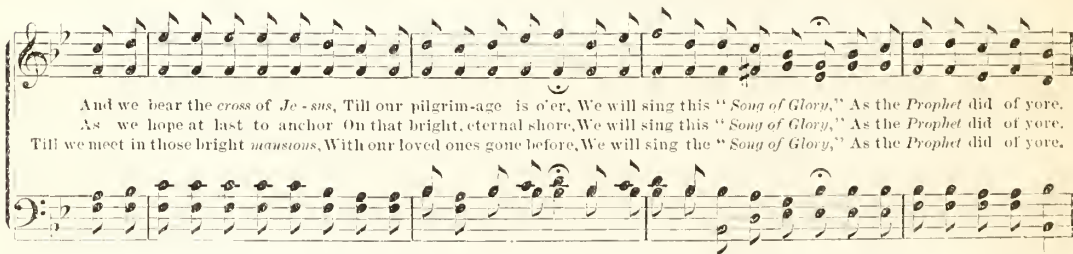
That bright, bright star, By faith, I see;
 That bright and morning star, By faith, by faith I see; Behold him high in glo - ry, To in - tercede for me.

"THE SONG OF GLORY."

A. J. ABBEY.

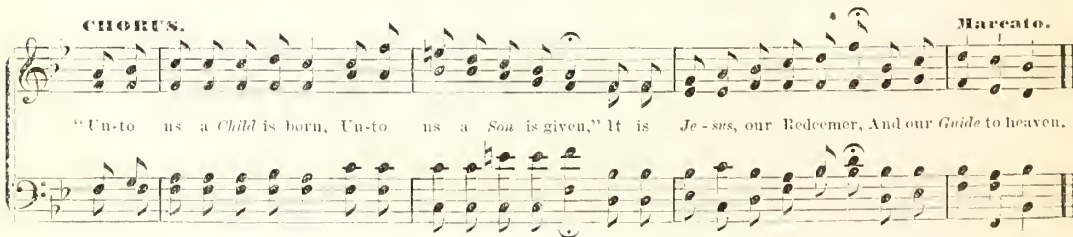


1. As we walk the pilgrim's journey, Guided by a *Father's love*; With a golden life in prospect, In those "*shining courts*" above.
 2. As we drift 'mid stormy billows, Out up-on the sea of life, Serving God with *zeal and courage*, In the midst of sin and strife;
 3. Till we see the "*Shining River*," With its banks of living green, Gliding thro' the "*Golden City*," Where the "*Tree of Life*" is seen;



And we bear the cross of *Je - sus*, Till our pilgrim-age is o'er, We will sing this "*Song of Glory*," As the *Prophet* did of yore.
 As we hope at last to anchor On that bright, eternal shore, We will sing this "*Song of Glory*," As the *Prophet* did of yore.
 Till we meet in those bright *mansions*, With our loved ones gone before, We will sing the "*Song of Glory*," As the *Prophet* did of yore.

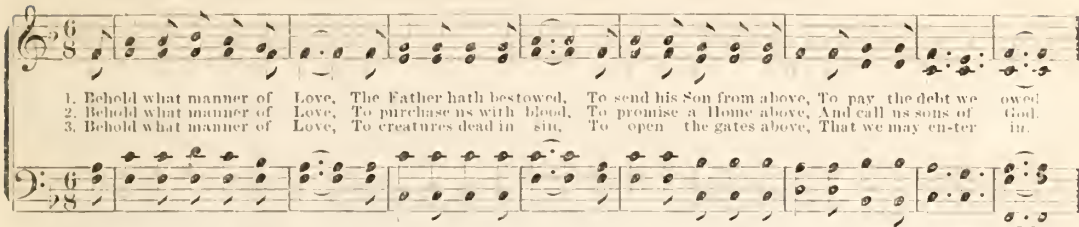
CHORUS.



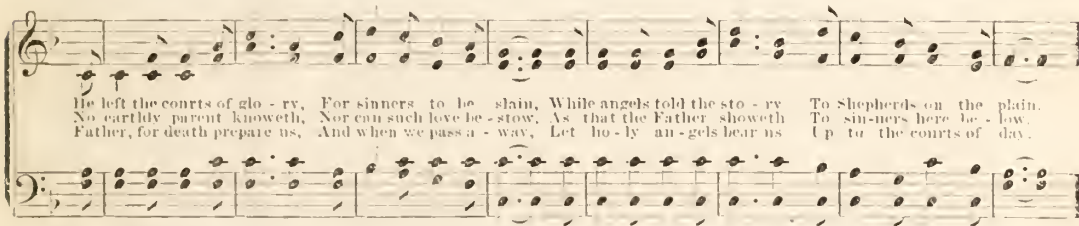
Marcato.

"Un-to us a *Child* is born, Un-to us a *Son* is given," It is *Je - sus*, our Redeemer, And our *Guide* to heaven.

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—1 John iii, 1.



1. Behold what manner of Love, The Father hath bestowed, To send his Son from above, To pay the debt we owed God.
2. Behold what manner of Love, To purchase us with blood, To promise a Home above, And call us sons of God.
3. Behold what manner of Love, To creatures dead in sin, To open the gates above, That we may enter in.



He left the courts of glo - ry, For sinners to be slain, While angels told the sto - ry To Shepherds on the plain.
No earthly parent knoweth, Nor can such love be - stow, As that the Father showeth To sin - ners here be - low.
Father, for death prepare us, And when we pass a - way, Let ho - ly an - gels bear us Up to the courts of day.

CHORUS.




Bright an - - gels told
Bright an - - gels send
Bright angels told the sto - ry, To shepherds on the plain,
Oh, send thy shining angels, To meet us when we die,
That Christ . . . had come,
To bear . . . our souls,
That Christ had come from glory, For sin - ners to be saved,
To bear our ransomed spirits, Up to our home on high.


Sing words in *Italics* to 1st and 2d verses.

HARK THE VOICE OF JESUS CALLING.

W. A. OGDEN.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi, 28.


1. Hark the voice of Je - sus call-ing, Gen - tly to us from his word,
As in lov - ing accents fall-ing, (Omit.) Once on earth his voice was
2. Hark the voice of Je - sus call-ing, Where-so - ev - er we may stray,
Hear the ten - der accents fall-ing, (Omit.) Bid - ding us to come a -
3. Hark the voice of Je - sus call-ing, From the bless - ed home a - bove,
List the heavenly accents fall-ing, (Omit.) Hear the Sav - ior's voice of



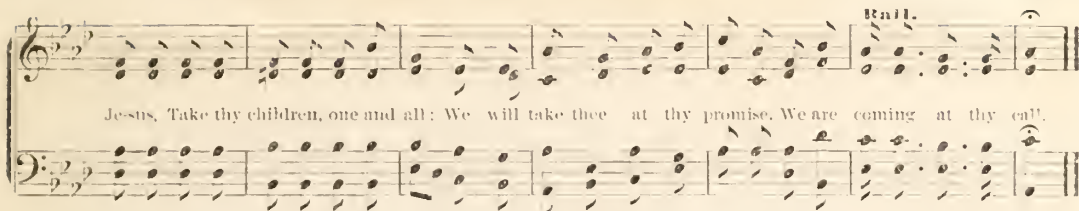
heard, Say - ing, Come, ye heavy lad - en, Ye with la - bor sore op - pressed; I will
way; We will come, oh gentle Shepherd, We will lean up - on thy breast; Thou wilt
love; He is wait - ing to re - ceive us, To the man - sions of the blest; We are

CHORUS.



hear your ev' - ry bur - den, Come, and I will give you rest. We are coming, blessed
take a - way our bur - dens, Thou wilt give our spir - its rest. We are coming, etc.
com - ing, blessed Je - sus, To en - joy the promised rest. We are coming, etc.

Ball.

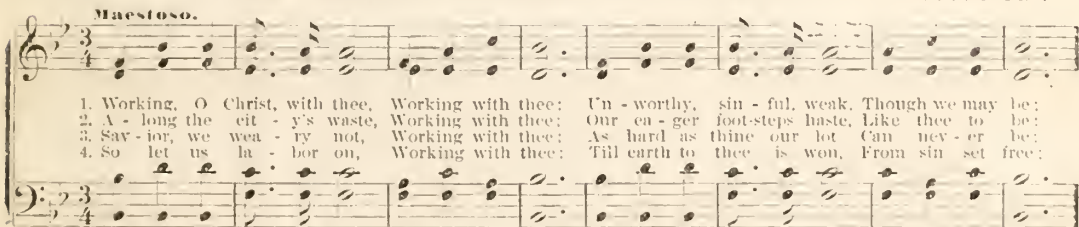


Jesus, Take thy children, one and all: We will take thee at thy promise, We are coming at thy call.

WORKING, O CHRIST, WITH THEE.

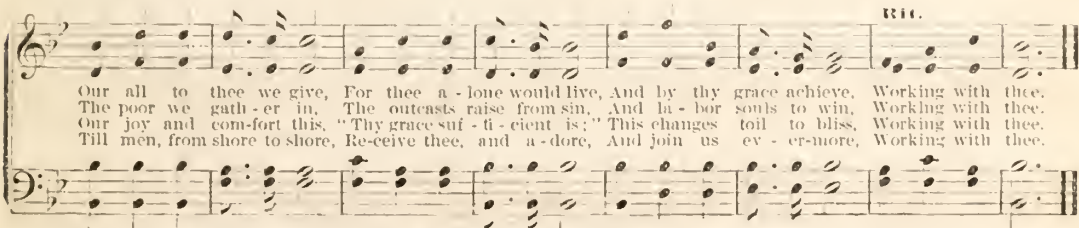
W. A. OGDEN.

Maestoso.



1. Working, O Christ, with thee, Working with thee: Un - worthy, sin - ful, weak, Though we may be;
 2. A - long the cit - y's waste, Working with thee: Our en - ger foot-steps haste, Like thee to be;
 3. Sav - ior, we wea - ry not, Working with thee: As hard as thine our lot Can nev - er be;
 4. So let us la - bor on, Working with thee: Till earth to thee is won, From sin set free;

Rec.



Our all to thee we give, For thee a - lone would live, And by thy grace achieve, Working with thee.
 The poor we gath - er in, The outcasts raise from sin, And la - bor souls to win, Working with thee.
 Our joy and com-fort this, "Thy grace suf - fi - cient is;" This changes toil to bliss, Working with thee.
 Till men, from shore to shore, Re-ceive thee, and a - dore, And join us ev - er-more, Working with thee.

N. B.—This tune can be sung as well to the words, "Nearer, my God, to thee."

"THERE IS REST IN THAT HAPPY LAND."

A. J. ABBEY.

Moderato. SOLO, or QUARTET.



1. This is not my place of rest - ing, Mine's a cit - y yet to come; Onward to it I am hast'ning, On to
 2. In it all is light and glo - ry, O'er it shines a nightless day; Ev' - ry trace of sin's sad sto - ry, All the
 3. Here the Lamb our Shepherd leads us, By the streams of life a - long; On the freshest pastures feeds us, Turns our
 4. Soon we pass this des - ert dreary, Soon we'll bid farewell to pain; Never more are sad or weary, Nev - er,



REFRAIN.



my e - ter - nal home.
 curse hath passed away.
 sigh - ing in - to song.
 nev - er sigh a - gain.

Hap - py land,

Happy land,

Hap - py land,

Happy land,

There is rest in that hap - py



Hap - py land,

Happy land,

Hap - py land,

Happy land,

Happy land,

Happy land,



land, Hap - py land,

Hap - py land,

Hap - py land,

There is rest in that happy land.

Happy land, Hap - py land, Happy land,

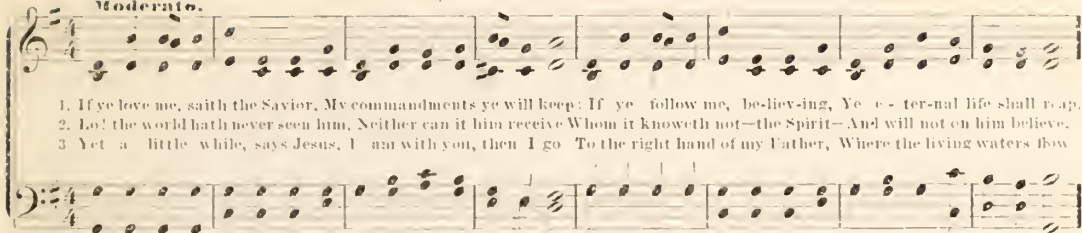
"IF YE LOVE ME."

Words and Music by AUGUSTINE.

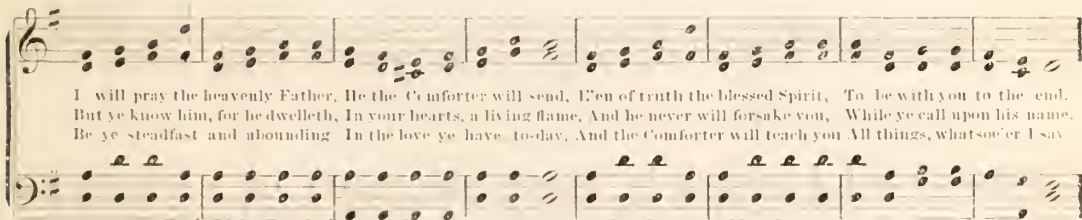
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"If ye love me, keep my commandments."—St. John xiv, 15.

Moderato.

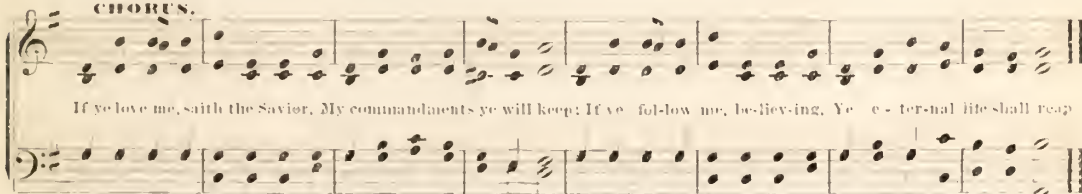


1. If ye love me, saith the Savior, My commandments ye will keep: If ye follow me, be-liev-ing, Ye e - ter-nal life shall reap.
2. Lo! the world hath never seen him, Neither can it him receive Whom it knoweth not—the Spirit— And will not on him believe.
3. Yet a little while, says Jesus, I am with you, then I go To the right hand of my Father, Where the living waters flow



I will pray the heavenly Father, He the Comforter will send, Even of truth the blessed Spirit, To be with you to the end.
But ye know him, for he dwelleth, In your hearts, a living flame, And he never will forsake you, While ye call upon his name.
Be ye steadfast and abounding In the love ye have to-day, And the Comforter will teach you All things, whatsoever I say

CHORUS.

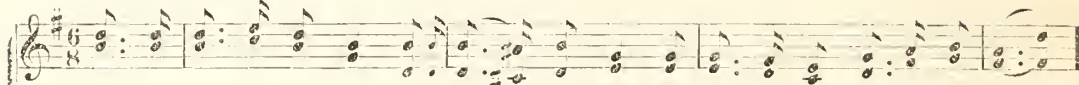


If ye love me, saith the Savior, My commandments ye will keep: If ye fol-low me, be-liev-ing, Ye e - ter-nal life shall reap

WANDERING HOME, OR THE HEAVENLY SHORE.

Words by E. A. BARNES, Esq.

A. J. ABBEY.

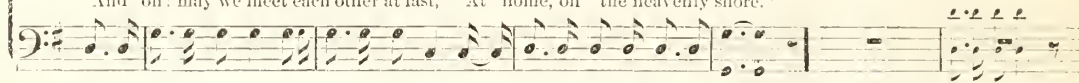
Gently. Cres. and Dim.

1. We are wan - der - ing home, as time glid - eth by, And weav - eth its gar - land of years
 2. We are wan - der - ing home by the same old way; Our Fa - thers be - fore us have trod
 3. We are wan - der - ing home, o'er a storm - y plain, Re - plete with temp - ta - tion and sin,
 4. We are wan - der - ing home, yes, wan - der - ing home; But soon we shall wan - der no more;

**CHORUS. with emotion.**

To a beau-ti-ful home, and bet-ter by far Than the one in this val-ley of tears.
 The shadow of death and the city be-yond— The glo - ri - ous cit - y of God.
 To a beau-ti-ful fold, where wardens await To welcome each wanderer in.
 And oh! may we meet each other at last, At home, on "the heavenly shore."

Wan - der - ing home.

**Emphatic.****Cres.****Ritard.**

Wandering home, Soon we shall wander no more: And oh, may we meet each other at last, At home on "the heavenly shore."

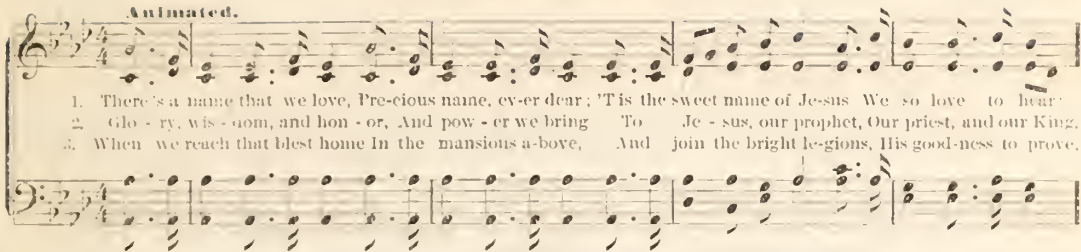


THAT DEAR BLESSED NAME.

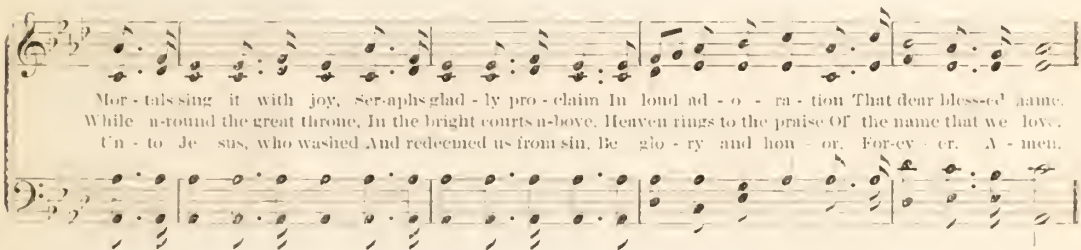
Words and Music by
W. A. OGDEN.

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Animated.

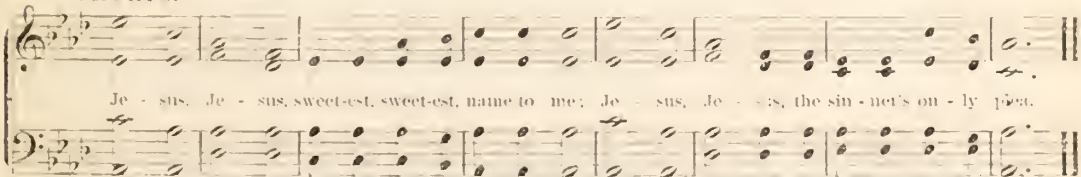


1. There's a name that we love, Pre-cious name, ev-er dear; 'Tis the sweet name of Je-sus We so love to hear:
2. Glo - ry, wis - dom, and hon - or, And pow - er we bring To Je - sus, our prophet, Our priest, and our King,
3. When we reach that blest home In the mansions a-bove, And join the bright le-gions, His good-ness to prove,



Mor - tal sing it with joy, Ser-aphs glad - ly pro - claim In loud ad - o - ra - tion That dear blessed name.
While n-round the great throne, In the bright courts a-bove, Heaven rings to the praise of the name that we love.
Un - to Je - sus, who washed And redeemed us from sin, Be glo - ry and hon - or, For-ev - er. A - men.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, sweet-est, sweet-est, name to me: Je - sus, Je - sus, the sin - ner's on - ly plea.

Grazioso.

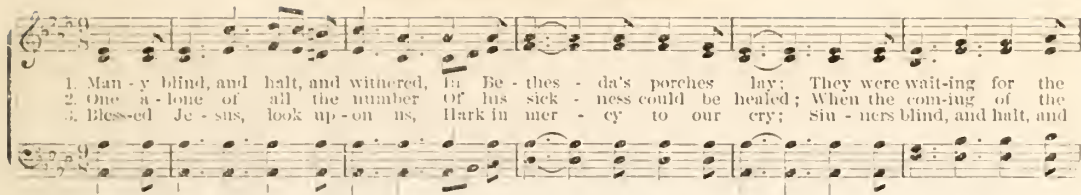
1. There's a beau-ti-ful island just now in our view, With trees always green, and with skies ever blue. Where
 2. Thro' dark nights of sorrow, 'mid anguish and tears, When hearts are so heavy, and trembling with fears, Still
 3. When weary of waiting, when friends are untrue, And heavy the work which our hands find to do, Hope
 4. When dear ones grow weary, and fall by our side, And voices are drowned in the roar of the tide, We

CHORUS. Sprightly.

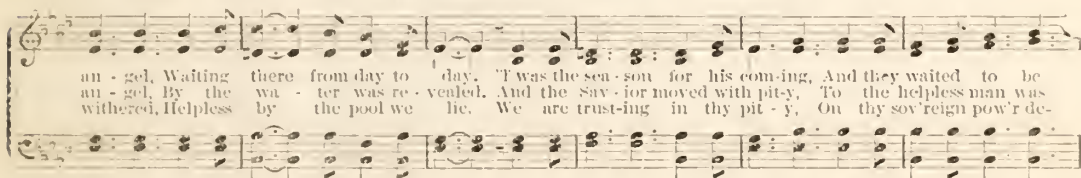
flow'rs of sweet fragrance, look up thro' the dew, 'T is the beautiful golden "sometime." Beanti-ful gol-den "sometime."
 looms up before us thro' wearisome years, The ever bright, beautiful "sometime." Beanti-ful, etc.
 beckons us onward, still keeping in view, The beau-ti-ful island of "sometime." Beanti-ful, etc.
 still leave that promise that we shall abide, With them in the beautiful "sometime." Beanti-ful, etc.

Mod.**Rall.**

"sometime," "sometime," Hope beckons us onward, still keeping in view, The beau-ti-ful island of "sometime."

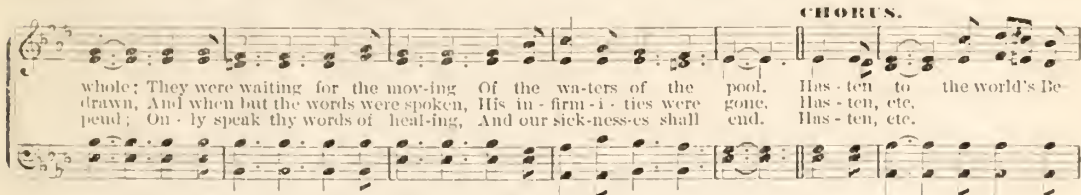


1. Man - y blind, and halt, and withered, In Be - thes - da's porches lay; They were wait-ing for the
 2. One a-lone of all the number Of his sick - ness could be healed; When the com-ing of the
 3. Bless-ed Je - sus, look up-on us, Hark in mer - cy to our cry; Sin - ners blind, and halt, and

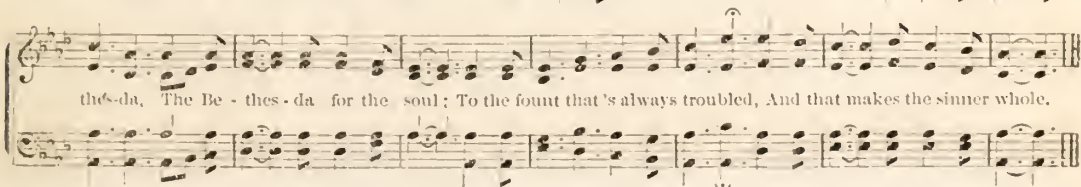


an - gel, Waiting there from day to day. 'T was the sea-son for his com-ing, And they waited to be
 an - gel, By the wa - ter was re-vealed. And the Sav - ior moved with pit-y, To the helpless man was
 withered, Helpless by the pool we lie. We are trust-ing in thy pit - y, On thy sov'reign pow'r de-

CHORUS.



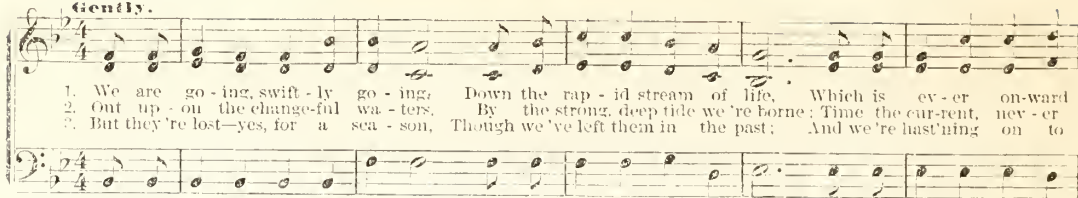
whole; They were waiting for the mov-ing Of the wa-ters of the pool. Has - ten to the world's Be-
 drawn, And when but the words were spoken, His in - firm-i - ties were gone. Has - ten, etc.
 peud; On - ly speak thy words of heal-ing, And our sick-ness-es shall end. Has - ten, etc.



tho-da, The Be - thes - da for the soul; To the fount that's always troubled, And that makes the sinner whole.

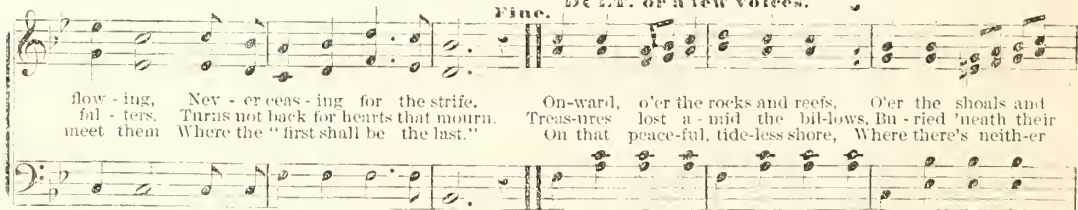
"WAITING FOR US THERE."

A. J. ABBEY.

Gently.


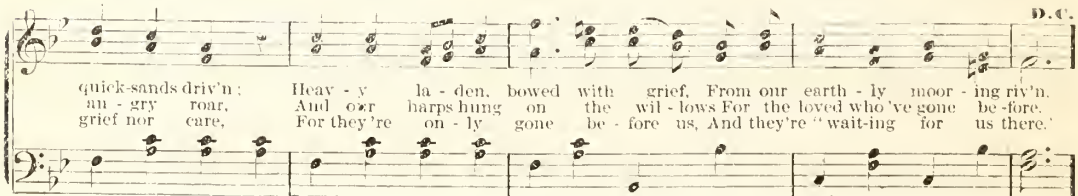
1. We are go-ing, swift-ly go-ing, Down the rap-id stream of life, Which is ev-er on-ward
 2. Out up-on the change-ful wa-ters, By the strong, deep tide we're borne; Time the cur-rent, nev-er
 3. But they're lost—yes, for a sea-son, Though we've left them in the past; And we're hast'ning on to

1st & 2d D.C. We are going, swift-ly go-ing, Down the rap-id stream of life, Which is ev-er on-ward
 3d D.C. We are going, swift-ly go-ing, Where there's neither grief nor care, Where our friends have gone be-

Fine. DUET, or a few voices.


flow-ing, Nev-er ceas-ing for the strife, On-ward, o'er the rocks and reefs, O'er the shoals and
 fal-ter, Turns not back for hearts that mourn, Treas-ures lost a-mid the bil-lows, Bu-ried 'neath their
 meet them Where the "first shall be the last." On that peace-ful, tide-less shore, Where there's neith-er

flow-ing, Nev-er ceas-ing for the strife,
 fore us, And they're "waiting for us there."

D.C.


quick-sands driv'n; Heav-y la-den, bowed with grief, From our earth-ly moor-ing riv'n.
 an-gry roar, And o'er harps hung on the wil-lows For the loved who've gone be-fore,
 grief nor care, For they're on-ly gone be-fore us, And they're "waiting for us there."

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

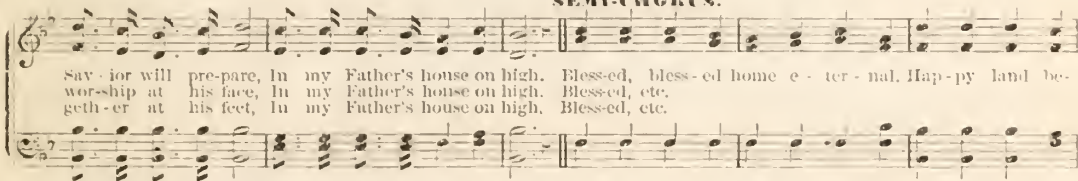
Words and Music by
AUGUSTINE 189

In March time.



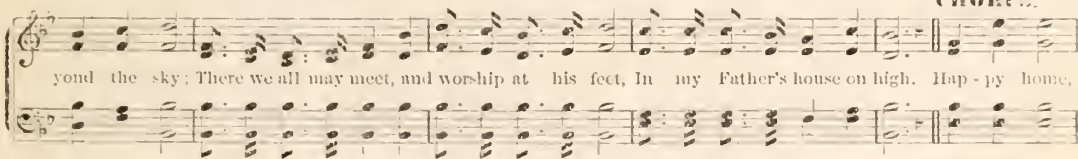
1. In my Father's house are many mansions fair, In my Father's house on high, and There a blessed home there
2. In my Father's house the children saved by grace, In my Father's house on high, shall Meet from every land
3. In my Father's house the ransomed all shall meet, In my Father's house on high, the Saints and angels bow to

SEMI-CHORUS.



Sav-ior will pre-pare, In my Father's house on high. Bless-ed, bless-ed home e - ter - nal, Hap-py land be-
wor-ship at his face, In my Father's house on high. Bless-ed, etc.
geth-er at his feet, In my Father's house on high. Bless-ed, etc.

CHORUS.



yond the sky; There we all may meet, and worship at his feet, In my Father's house on high. Hap-py home,



Bless-ed home, Happy, hap-py home e - ter - nal; Hap-py home, Bless-ed home, Happy home beyond the sky

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

"Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name."—Luke xi, 2.

1. Fa - ther up in heaven, Ev - er - more the same; We have met to praise thee, Hallowed be thy name.
 2. Fa - ther up in heaven, Put our hearts in frame, To a - dore thy goodness, Hallowed be thy name.
 3. Fa - ther up in heaven, Kin - dle to a flame, Love we faint - ly bear thee, Hallowed be thy name.
 4. Fa - ther up in heaven, We thy blessing claim, While with rapture sing - ing, Hallowed be thy name.

On each Sabbath morning It shall be our rule, Thus to give thee praises, In the Sab - bath - school.
 We will be thy servants, Un - dismayed and true, What - so - e'er thou say - est, We will glad - ly do.
 We would love thee tru - ly, Worthy, Lord, thou art, We would love thee ev - er, And with all the heart.
 Make us thy dis - ci - ples, Fill our hearts with love, Fit us for the mansions Of thy house a - bove.

CHORUS.

Fa - ther up in heaven, Ev - er - more the same; Un - to thee be glo - ry, Hallowed be thy name

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